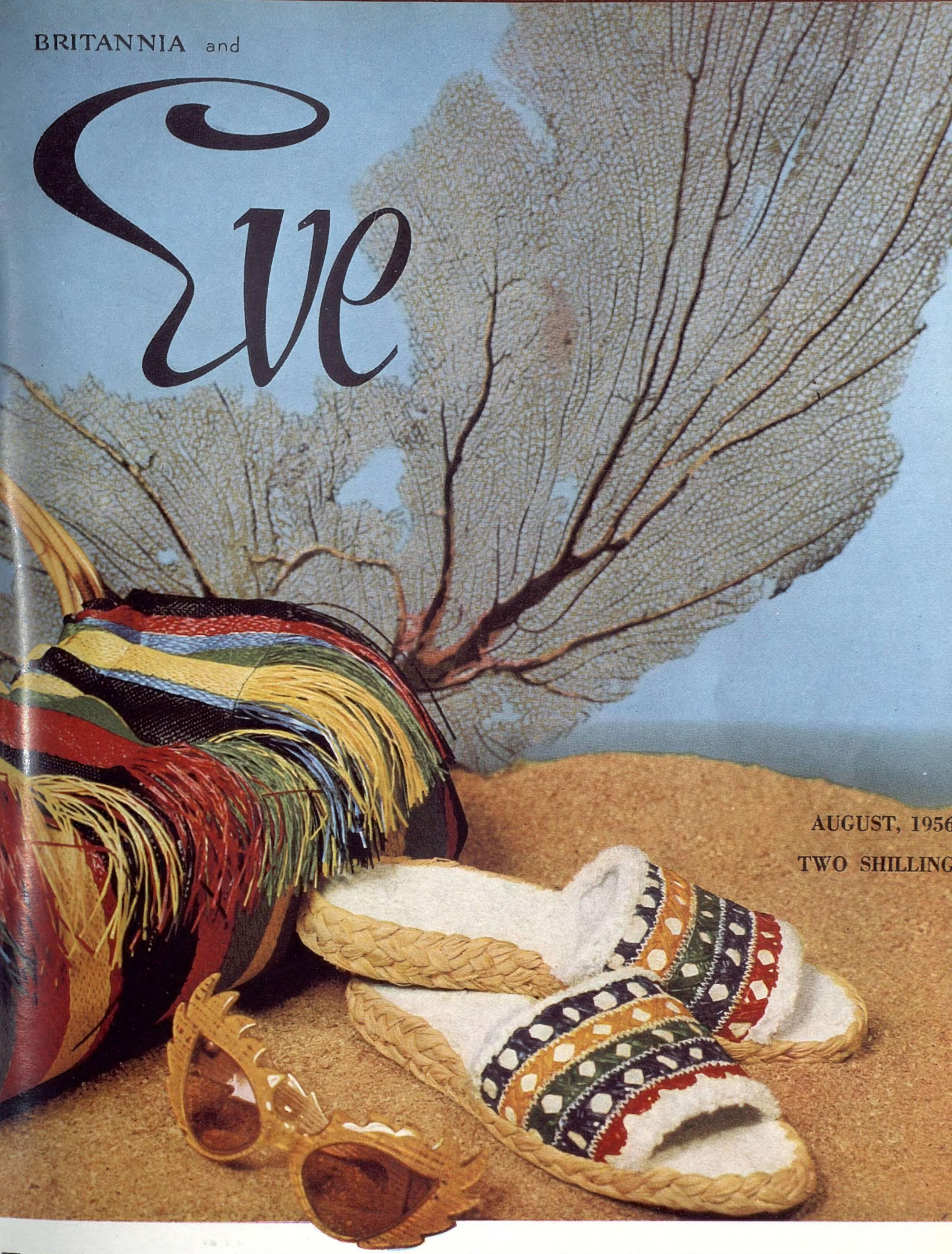
BRITANNIA and

Eve



AUGUST, 1956

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BRITANNIA and

Eve

AUGUST 1956

VOL. 53 NO. 2

INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

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INSIDE INFORMATION

Round-the-world girl Sheila Cole (page 42) is that unique all-American blend of tough exterior, tender heart. She is twenty-five, became an airborne gipsy four years ago and has visited twenty-one countries so far. At the moment of writing she is wavering between a long-delayed visit to Mama in Milwaukee and a trip (her second) to Beirut for EVE. Lives—between assignments—in London, where she has a flat just a little larger than a suitcase

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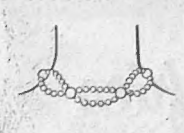

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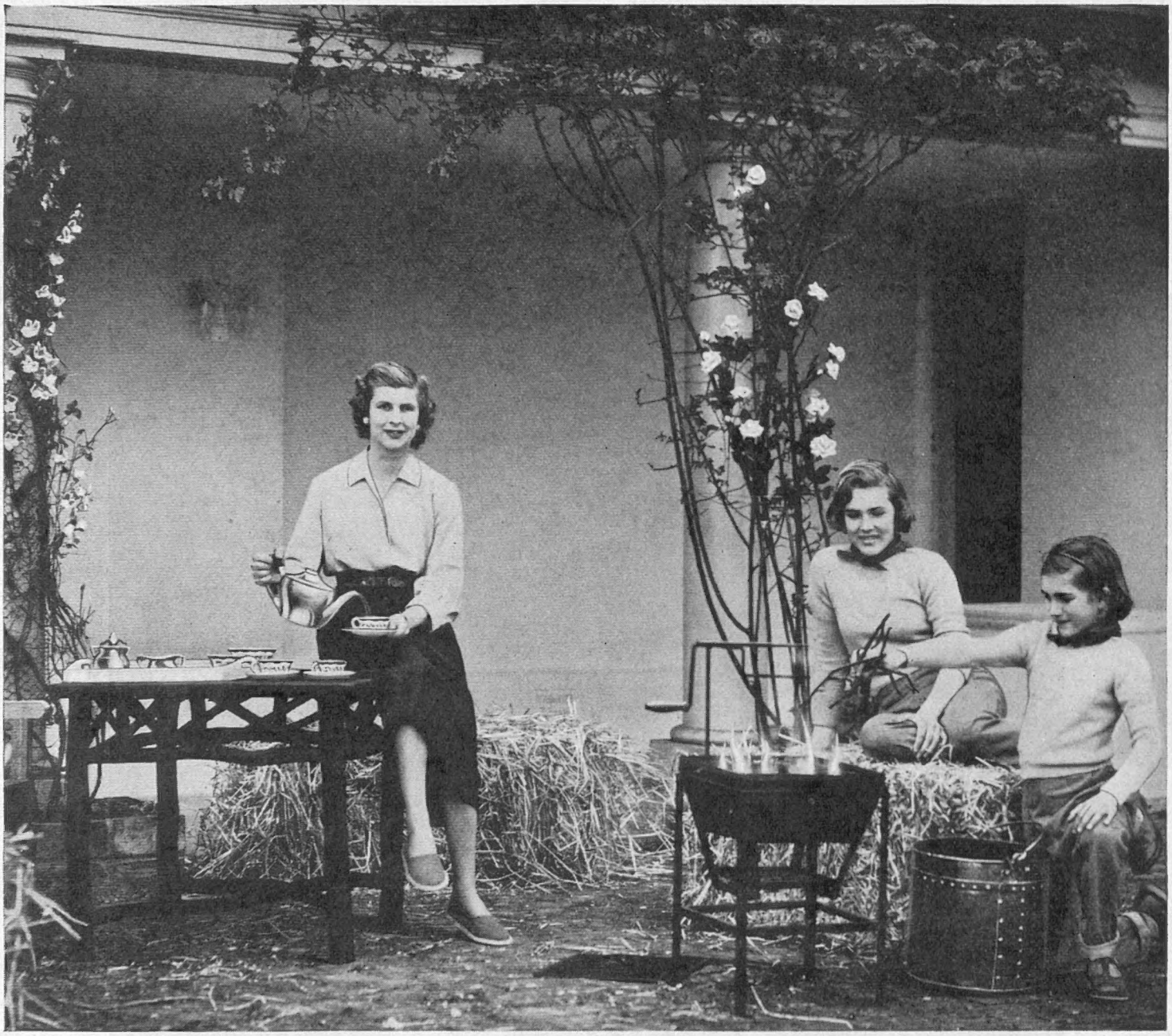
BARON TAKES TEA WITH THE HON. MRS. DAVID WOODHOUSE

This happy, informal photograph of the Hon. Mrs. David Woodhouse and her daughters Lavinia, aged twelve and Caroline, nine, was taken at the family's charming 17th century Hertfordshire home, Walkern Old Rectory, by eminent photographer Baron. Mrs. Woodhouse, who is the wife of the Hon. James Allen David Woodhouse, spends much of her time supervising their extensive market garden and the farm which includes a prize herd of Justicetown Jerseys.



MRS. WOODHOUSE: I'm so glad you could come early, Baron. We've never had a barbecue before, but you see we're doing it properly—straw to sit on and all!

BARON: *Well, actually, it's* my *first barbecue, too, so I'm doubly delighted to be here. Whose idea was it—yours?*

MRS. WOODHOUSE: No, the girls—Lavinia and Caroline thought it up. They've done all the preparations too . . . worked like mad, haven't you darlings? I must say we all feel like a cup of tea while we're waiting . . . it takes such ages to prepare, this barbecue business. How about you Baron. Would you like a cup?

BARON: *Me? I'm always ready for a cup of tea. I suspect I drink more tea than anyone else in the country.*

MRS. WOODHOUSE: Well I've got a nice surprise for you. The tea we're about to drink is Brooke Bond 'Choicest'. I know it's your favourite.

BARON: *You shouldn't have bothered . . . really . . .*

MRS. WOODHOUSE: Oh—I'm sorry—we didn't really get it specially for you. Actually we always have it. Awfully fresh and good, isn't it—and so blissfully accessible. Our local grocer stocks it. Milk or lemon?

A NEW CHUM DOWN-UNDER

"T-bone steak?" said the butcher. "We don't teach our flamin' cows to read!"

by TREVOR ALLEN

Ronald Ferns

MULAIKA CORBEN got a shock when she arrived in Melbourne with her Australian husband. His father met them with the whole Corben dynasty—all forty-two of them.

"When," she says,* "they saw a scared girl, whose teeth were chattering like badly played castanets, they put me down as a human version of Daisy Duck, rather than the hoped-for Greer Garson or Rosalind Russell.

"Bert and I were tossed like volley balls from one pillar of the Methodist church to another. I really got tangled up and kissed an innocent bystander . . . the only one there not shocked by my lipstick.

"In this labyrinth of aunts, and uncles, and cousins I found myself as amazed by the fertility of Bert's grandfather as probably his grandmother had been."

Father's first words were: "Welcome 'ome, Bert. So this is yer better 'ahf from overseas? Well, well. What d'yer think er the *Spirit er Progress*? Some trine, eh? Guess yer don't 'ave anythin' like that over in America. . . ."

During the next few months Mulaika was to discover quite a lot of things they don't have over in America. She is deliciously frank and amusing about them. But can the Aussies take it? I hope so, for as humour it 's fair dinkum, even bonzer, and the reactions of this California girl are bound to be challenging.

The seven-times-a-day tea-swilling made her hoot with laughter when she saw a notice in the communal bathroom: "Save water, the position is critical."

When she lit her first cigarette it was knocked from her lips. "Only a woman of the streets smokes," said father. "If me son has married a woman of the streets, please don't advertise it."

The first time she took a taxi the driver gave her the works on a National Problem, seeing she was a foreigner.

"We 've got a lot of b—— fools in our Government," he said, "trying to sell us the slogan FILL UP OUR EMPTY SPACES, and they want us to call these blighters 'new chums.' I 'm a dinkum Aussie, and me and my cobbers believe in the slogan AUSTRALIA FOR THE AUSTRALIANS."

Father was very proud of the Bert she 'd married. Before he was eight, father told her, he could recite the names of all the books in the Bible, his only Sunday reading. "And he never whistled anything but a 'ymn either."

Bert had also been a great help in father's stonemason business. Every day he cut the "death" notices out of the *Argus* and filed them away, so that three months later father could call on the relatives and ask if they would like to put up a nice tombstone.

Pending an appointment as Melbourne's Trinity College dean, he took a six-month teaching job at the Armidale branch of Sydney University. Mulaika swears that the narrow-gauge train, which bucked like a bronk, took precisely 13 hours

(*Continued overleaf.*)

* **Not to Mention the Kangaroos** (Hammond, Hammond, 12s. 6d.).

A new chum down-under

(Continued from previous page)

11 minutes to cover the 250 miles, Sydney to Armidale, and that an emu nonchalantly *walked* a race with it.

Emus are said to run sixty-an-hour for short distances, but " I know that no bird could have been running even fifteen miles an hour and managed occasionally, without the slightest change of pace, to raise its foot and thoughtfully scratch its neck."

At her first meeting with the college bobby-soxers they presented a signed petition asking her to sing the newest U.S. song hits.

She was explaining that she couldn't even sing *My Country 'tis of Thee* without going off-key on the first bar, and had a voice like a bull frog with laryngitis choking on a fly, when one girl timidly asked : " Excuse me, ma'am, but are those your own teeth ? "

" Why, of course they are," Mulaika replied. " Why do you ask ? " " Well, you didn't seem to have any teeth missing, and so I was wondering if they were a new kind of American falsies."

Three of them—average age, nineteen—had complete false sets—possibly on account of their dental philosophy : " If a tooth hurts, you might as well have it pulled out now because it 's going to come out sooner or later anyhow."

Marriages may be made in Heaven...

. . . but if you 're wise, you 'll have an earthly training first, agree readers who answered *Eve's* June competition " The Facts of Marriages."

First learn to cook, said over 50 per cent. ; then learn as many arts of home-making as you can.

How soon should the training start ? Said the writer of the winning letter, Mrs. F. L. Metz, of Chaldon Common, Caterham, Surrey :

" A girl is never too young to learn from mother. And while she is a schoolgirl she should go to classes to learn the art of budgeting, cooking, dressmaking."

What 's good for the East—where girls of fifteen are ready to become good wives after a five-year course from mama—should go for the West, say readers.

To Mrs. Metz goes *Eve's* prize of a five-guinea bottle of Chanel.

The flat the Corbens rented was definitely Old English, with use of wood-stoked copper for laundry. Into the living-room she put her personal heir-looms—an African musical instrument and witch doctor's mask. Some out-landish knick-knacks and two weird statuettes in corners nicely rounded it off.

But. . . . " Even the brightest sunlight filtering through the stained-glass windows seemed to bathe the room in green ecto-plasm. It reminded one of the hideaway of a mediæval witch . . . where she would chuckle gleefully as she turned another baby on the spit and wracked her brains for some really grisly deed to do."

Mulaika put out a billy-can for the milk ; bottles were used only in the big cities. The butcher, who came around in a horse-cart singing " Meat-O, Meat-O ! " pulled the meat from under a smeared tarpaulin. And Aussies, she adds, joke about the flies, explaining that they speak through clenched teeth because if they open their mouths the flies pop in.

Once she left a note asking for a pot roast, and got a queer-looking joint with a reply-note saying, " I didn't know what a pot roast was so I cut this to look as much like a pot as I could."

When she ordered T-bone steak the butcher growled, " I know everything in America is bigger and better than anywhere else, but this is the first time I 've ever heard of a flamin' cow knowing the alphabet. Here in Australia we don't *educate* them." But the Queensland fruits were a delight.

One stormy night there was a zooming and tapping all over the house. When the Corbens ran to the door to investigate, a plague of grasshoppers swarmed in, smothering everything, compelling them to open all the windows, turn off the lights, and sit up in chairs till near morning. Then the pests could be swept up and burned.

WHEN eventually they moved to Melbourne they were allotted seven rambling rooms in the former servants' quarters of the Lodge, each on a slightly different level, so that at every doorway they had either to raise or lower a leg.

Once, however, the poet laureate had stayed (briefly) at the Lodge. So now it had a " John Masefield Bedroom," " John Masefield Bath " and " John Masefield Walk "—a 15-ft.-long twisted garden path.

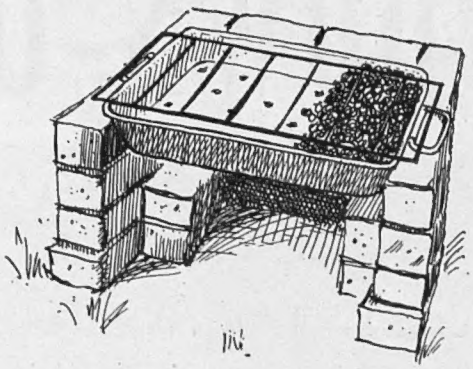
As for the bed, even in broad daylight, she says, it looked evil. Large enough to sleep five comfortably, " it resembled a miniature cathedral for the Black Mass with its dark, shiny wood vaulting high over our heads into a spire. . . . Just before we put out the light I saw a monstrous tarantula poised above our heads. . . . Cowering in that monstrous bed, I listened to the wailing of the wind and the scurrying of the rats."

All this is but a trailer to other delirious experiences Mrs. Corben brilliantly records. No doubt patriotic Aussies (whom I respect) have an answer to them in words of one syllable ; but they are funny, oh so funny.

When at last the Corbens decided to take a U.S. post because Australia is a land where labour flourishes but deans financially wilt, a student said " But you can't do that ! Australia desperately needs men like you," then called on Sir Keith Murdoch, Melbourne *Herald* publisher, and got him to give the university £500 yearly to be added to Mr. Corben's salary.

But they found that income-tax would filch half of it, so . . ." Carnegie Tech., here we come ! "

BUILD



Forty-two bricks, perforated meat tin, oven racks, charcoal . . . that 's all you need to build this type of barbecue

Eve's home editor tries a new kind of garden party—with no washing-up to worry about

THERE 's fun for everybody at a barbecue. It 's the easiest way of entertaining I know, with few pans to wash, and *no* plates if you use rounds of fresh, crisp bread.

No special equipment is required—it depends on your own resourcefulness, and whether or not you want an elaborate, permanent barbecue fire or simply something for one evening.

The party can be as rough or as sophisticated as you want to make it. Either way the food tastes good.

The photographs were taken when my husband and I gave a barbecue at short notice at a week-end party. Our arrangement shows what can be done with limited resources.

Preparations started early in the afternoon. While I busied myself with food, David set about building the fire-place from old bricks. He placed them about five high on three sides of a square, with the fourth side open to the prevailing breeze.

A meat pan, hung by its flanges on top of the bricks, held the charcoal fire, and an oven rack made the grill. The fire was lit an hour before cooking began, so that a good body of coals built up.

In the kitchen I mixed two weird and wonderful sauces, one for marinating and basting spare-ribs, the other for basting minute steaks and hamburgers.

I started an hour and a half before dinner, to give enough time for the marinating, which requires forty minutes. Then I made Canadian butter tarts for a pudding and an orange salad just before the guests arrived.

Incidentally, the tarts can be made the day before. But take a tip : hide them away until they are needed, for they are

No formality—fingers are the order of the day—for everyone joins in at a barbecue party ▶

YOUR OWN BARBECUE

—and he'll do the cooking

by BARBARA RICHES

much too tempting to leave around in the open!

The cooking is quite simple. See that the bed of coals is even, and that you have space on the bricks to place the jars of sauce, a plate or two, and the brush used for basting.

The height the grill is above the fire should vary according to the thickness of the meat. For minute steaks, 3 or 4 ins. is sufficient. But 6 ins. is safer for thicker steaks which need half an hour or so. Our spare-ribs were cut fairly thin, so that 3 ins. was right for everything.

We broiled all but the hamburger directly on the grill, basting constantly and turning frequently. About fifteen minutes was ample for a well-done steak.

With the hamburger we were less fortunate. For them we had to use a small-meshed toasting grill which made it difficult to pick them up when done, and their tendency to fall apart did not help! The proper method, I know now, is to use a flat metal sheet and an egg-turner.

On the advice of a Soho baker we chose rye bread to eat with the meat. It was good with the cheeses, too—Bel Paese, Port Salut and Camembert. Two bottles of burgundy were just enough to wash everything down. The salad was eaten with fingers from a big wooden bowl.

THE FIRE-PLACE.

You need about forty bricks and a pan about 18 ins. by 14 ins. Holes must be driven all over the bottom of the pan, about a ¼-in. wide and 2 ins. apart, for draught.

The beauty of a fire-place of this sort is that it can be built on lawn, with no danger to the grass.

Spare-ribs : Marinate 3 lb. in this sauce. Mix together 3 tablespoons each of soy sauce, white vinegar, and honey; 6 tablespoons tinned crushed pineapple; 1 tablespoon cointreau; sliced half-lemon; 1 teaspoon powder ginger; 2 cloves garlic (crushed with a big pinch of salt). Marinate for 40 minutes, turning once. The sauce is also used for basting the spare-ribs.

Hamburgers : Shape 1 lb. minced, lean, raw beef; 1 minced onion; 1 lightly beaten egg; ¼ teaspoon each of nutmeg and pepper; 1 clove garlic and 1 teaspoon salt into six rounds.

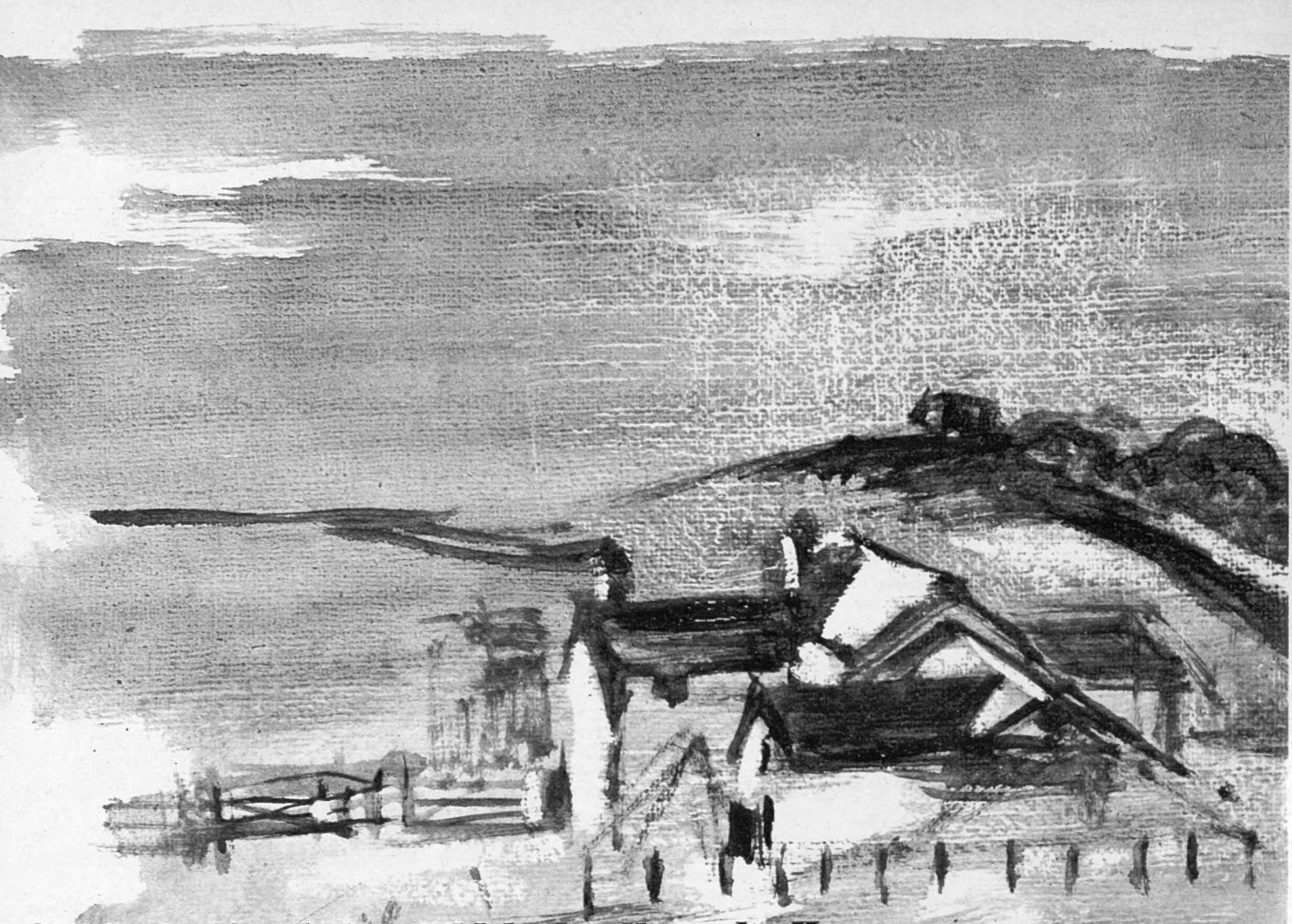
Minute Steaks : Rub steaks over with olive oil, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and beat well with rolling-pin.

Basting Sauce : Mix in a saucepan one cup *vin ordinaire* (red); 2 tablespoons each of brandy, olive oil and chopped parsley; 1 small tin tomato *purée*; 2 ozs. chopped mushrooms; crushed clove of garlic; salt and pepper. Bring to boil, stir and simmer gently for 10 minutes.

Orange Salad : Toss a large bowl of lettuce, watercress and fresh orange segments. Cover with a French dressing. Mine was made like this: Put into a small bowl 1 tablespoon vinegar; ½ teaspoon salt, sugar, mustard and pepper; add three tablespoons olive oil, and beat with a fork until mixture thickens.

Canadian Butter Tarts : For these you need 6 ozs. short crust pastry. Use a medium-size mixing bowl and cream 4 ozs. butter, 4 ozs. brown sugar, ¼-cup golden syrup; blend in one egg; add 1½ teaspoons vinegar, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, ¼-cup each of sultanas, currants and chopped nuts; 1 pinch salt. Mix very well.

Line shallow bun tins with thin pastry, prick and cook in hot oven for 2-3 minutes. Remove from oven, and fill not quite level with mixture. Cook in fairly hot oven (425, Regulo 6) for 5 minutes, then lower (350, Regulo 3). Finish baking in about 5 minutes, or until golden-brown. These tarts can be eaten either hot or cold.



Suddenly his whole world had collapsed. He was a . . .

Boy alone

LIFE was good. Why should it not be good for a little boy, not yet quite five years of age, on whom was lavished the undivided love of his mother and his father ?

There was so much to do, so much to see. He was continually discovering new delights in familiar surroundings. His world was opening like a flower, and to him it was as beautiful and as sweet. After his fifth birthday seemed a long way off, too distant for him to comprehend.

To-day, with its excitements, its promise each morning of fresh joys, was enough. He had not learnt what the future was.

Haytime was hardly over. In these dales the summer was late, and of short duration. Their grass was less thick, not so luxuriant, as in the lowlands, down there in the valleys which he could see on a clear day.

The weather, too, was more of an enemy to them. But an enemy for whom they had more than respect, a sneaking affection perhaps. They would have been lost without the necessity for constant struggle and endurance. They would not have been what they were had their environment been different, softer, less demanding.

In some years the hay was not safe until the end of September. They lost count, almost, of how long the swaths of cut grass had lain in the meadows, undulating with the contours of the hills ; or of how many times they had almost brought it to readiness for leading to the barn, only to be again defeated by the breaking of the clouds.

NOT for Jim the boredom, the incarceration in stone prisons, laid on boys in the towns, too young as yet to leave their mothers, eager, nevertheless, for play and adventure with their own kind.

He did not need to be kept immured in some dingy kitchen, while his mother was busy with her domestic duties, unable to go out alone, in case he was killed or mutilated on the vehicle-clogged streets.

He was not the victim of a woman's irritation, the subject of her querulous (*Continued on page* 60)

Part One of a great new two-part serial by GEOFFREY HORNE

Jim felt uneasy: nobody seemed to want him now

THE STRANGE OF JOSEPHINE

Seven children are the ammunition in her battle against racial discrimination

IN the heart of the Perigord district of France, on a 600-acre estate called "Les Milandes," is a square known as *Place Josephine*. And in the centre of the square is a stone statue of a woman surrounded by seven adoring cherubs.

Look and you will see that the cherubs are very different from the chubby children immortalised by Botticelli. One has the crisp-curled hair of Negro stock. Another has the slanting eyes of the East.

Look yet again—at the woman. Here is no conventional European beauty. And the face may be familiar—particularly if you know the night-life of Paris and London. For the statue depicts 50-year-old Josephine Baker, former dancing star of the Casino de Paris.

The group is supposed to symbolise the work that "Jo and Jo"—Josephine Baker and her French husband Jo Bouillon—have been doing for the last ten years. Work summed up by their motto: "Understanding, tolerance and love."

LAST year 160,000 tourists flocked to the estate, curious to see this strange statue and find out about the "Understanding, tolerance and love" experiment.

At the centre of the scheme are seven children. Surrounding them is a commercial edifice based on trippers' francs.

Josephine Baker and Jo Bouillon believe that all racial, social and religious discrimination should be wiped out. *Can* be wiped out. To prove it they have adopted seven children of different nationalities and are bringing them up together.

◀ Picture taken on Miss Baker's farewell tour to raise funds for her "International family"

STORY

BAKER

Their multi-coloured family of nations lives on the Perigord estate, supported by revenue from a museum, a restaurant and a bar.

Josephine Baker bought the estate in 1945. It consisted then of a crumbling castle, two farms and various other buildings built from the remains of an ancient collegiate church.

Now the nineteen-room castle has been completely restored.

The two farms have become one. A model holding with 23 cows, 100 pigs, and 40 sheep. (*Continued overleaf*)

Thousands flock to see this odd statue

This stone group, dominated by Miss Baker in flowing Biblical robes, raises eyebrows even in France. It stands in the *Place Josephine*, in the centre of the singer's 600-acre estate

Four of the family: two Japanese, a Colombian Negro and a fair-headed Finn. Akio (standing) was abandoned in a Tokio department store. All the adopted children have dual nationality

Josephine leads seven children towards a cross—a scene from "Jorama," which re-creates the highlights of the singer's life

Another "Jorama" scene. Nude study on right is by Domergue. Paintings and statue are from Miss Baker's private museum

(*Continued from previous page*)

For a while it looked as if the two Jo's were going to settle down quietly to the life agricultural. But the triumphs of Miss Baker's dancing career and the honours she received for valiant work during the German occupation of France had not effaced the memories of her American childhood.

In St. Louis, Missouri, where she was born, she saw the viciousness of racial persecution. And she never forgot it.

So was evolved the idea of a multi-racial family. The plan to bring up seven abandoned children, of different races but with equal opportunities, to prove the stupidity of racial hatred. First thing to be done was the building of the *Place Josephine*, with its statue. Around it are a restaurant, an auxiliary post office and a tobacco shop. An hotel is almost completed ; so is a hairdresser's.

The hotel, a restored building of the ancient collegiate church, has twenty-three rooms, and cost £15,000. The best room is, naturally, called "Josephine" ;

Jo Bouillon: director, manager, husband—and creator of " The legend of Josephine," at work in his office in the castle. From this desk he controls the 600-acre estate and its farm. There were 160,000 visitors in 1955. He expects even more this year

others are called the more conventional " Pompadour " and " Dubarry."

To finance all this, Josephine had to go on tour again, and sell some flats she owned. With the money, she built the " Parc des Milandes " at the foot of her chateau, a sort of miniature amusement-park, with a zoo, bowling alleys, miniature golf, swimming-pool and dance-floor. A winter theatre and a children's nursery are planned.

But the most important creation, the one which really draws the tourists, is the " Josephine myth."

THE estate's main attraction is a museum devoted to this myth. It is oddly named : Jorama, and is full of glass cases in which, with the aid of wax dummies, the main episodes of Josephine's life are re-created.

They include her childhood in St. Louis ; her début in Paris in a Negro revue ; the action she saw in the Resistance movement ; her audience with the Pope.

On the walls is engraved " The Legend of Josephine," written by Jo Bouillon.

It reads : " On the banks of the Missouri, the girl Josephine meets an old fairy who tells her : ' The words you seek are Understanding, Tolerance and Love.'

" Josephine at once sets off to spread this motto throughout the world. She spreads it by dancing and singing, and thus conquers France, Europe and Africa."

When war breaks out, the fairy again appears. This time she says : " Josephine, you must fight and suffer to free the victims of hate. . . ."

AS a reward, the fairy gives her a heart " which will only beat for her "—the heart of Jo Bouillon. Finally, she orders her to adopt a child of every race.

" It 's only a legend," Jo Bouillon says staunchly, " But a legend which has come true. . . ."

The children are there in Les Milandes to prove it : two Japanese, a Colombian, a Finn, an Israeli, a Mexican, a French orphan. They all bear, or will bear, the name of Bouillon, and live in a nursery christened " *Deux Amours*." Two Loves ? —it is the title of their adopted mother's greatest success.

Josephine's family have joined her at Les Milandes. Seen here are her mother, Mrs. Martin; her sister, Marguerite Wallace; and her sister-in-law, Jenny Martin, holding two-year-old Correa. All help look after the singer's adopted children

THE CONVERSION OF COURT FARM

A HOUSE IN THE

'Our white and gold scheme caused trouble. Country people only like flowered prints!'

AFTER living in Africa it is hardly surprising we chose to buy Court Farm, a house where luxuriant greenery was practically growing through the windows—*writes Mrs. E. M. Kellock.*

Moss flourished on the roof and walls, brambles were rampant, ground elder and buttercup fought with couch grass for liebensraum. And the granite walls were held together by ferns and ivy—the mortar had crumbled long ago.

We both liked the simple stone front; my husband liked the land; and I knew that the place had "possibilities." Poor thing, it had little else that January day—except the ancient grazing rights of venville, an old treadmill, a cider press, and huge derelict barns built for storing grain and wool.

Once it was the largest farm in the parish. Now it was a dilapidated boarding house.

I could scarcely credit that the electric light fittings were not dummies to entice a buyer, and had to check that "mains" really existed in such an out-of-the-way cul-de-sac.

So we bought Court Farm and began a

Colour scheme for the exterior was a headache. White was too ghostly; red too bright; green too dreary. Final choice: a grey-green blue

Mrs. Kellock enlarged the kitchen to make a dining space by cutting a door into the adjoining barn and adding a scullery. Fitments are painted white, with work surfaces of red plastic

LIVING IN BRITAIN—a new "Eve" series on Other People's Houses

COUNTRY

term of hard labour that would not be out of place at the prison a few miles farther on.

There are no bargains in houses. You buy what you want ready made and pay a stiff price; or you get a tumble-down place and pay an equally stiff price for repairs. Or—you do it yourself.

The thrill, and the skill, lies in learning to judge in advance whether you will achieve what you want and come out on the right side, always allowing for some awful, unforeseen snag.

My problem throughout was how to combine labour-saving efficiency with beauty and still keep within a rigid budget. For I had a certain amount to spend and no more: the difference between what we sold our last house for and what we paid for this.

Before we began I asked the head of a firm of builders to go over the place with me and we agreed the essentials. I told him frankly what I had to spend and that I proposed to do everything myself that I knew about and a few things that I didn't.

Amateur labour and skilled mingled successfully and the amateur labour learned a lot. Many evenings were spent with squared paper working out positions of new walls, doors, windows, equipment and furniture, trying to utilise existing flues, switches, pipes and drains. If you have ever tried to invent a crossword puzzle you will know what I mean.

AS the plans (next page) show, there were three doors at the front of the house, and three rooms divided by useless passages, one of which ran right through the house to the back door, maintaining a constant draught. Both passages and one door had to go.

I decided to make the middle door into a window, using stone lying about the garden to fill in the doorway. The small eye-level window in the kitchen was lowered so that now all the windows match and it is hard to see any trace of the old openings.

I soon abandoned the squared paper for a pickaxe, and took down the passage wall to enlarge the kitchen. As I wanted the kitchen to be big enough for dining too, I made a doorway on the far side of it into the barn, part of which became a scullery.

The kitchen and its surrounding offices were my main concern. On a farm these are the heart of the place and their planning can make or mar one's existence.

Long experience of country life has taught me that a farm presents problems all its own. Life is literally "in the raw," and somewhere "the raw" has to be reconciled to civilisation within.

Decontamination areas are essential: halfway houses between outdoors and indoors where muddy boots and soaked clothes may be removed, muddy vegetables and bloody creatures put down, and where post, bread, fish, meat and parcels can wait under cover.

There are *no* clean jobs on a farm, at any rate for nine months of the year. . . .

My scullery houses washing-machine and wringer, clothes airer, apples, onions, potatoes, pickled eggs, home-made wine, saddlery, tools, paint, and heaven knows what else. And for some reason my husband also elects to shave there, instead of the old wash-house which is now a downstairs cloakroom. Except for the floor of the small sitting-room, which was wood and needed a lot of repair and a new skirting, the floors downstairs consisted of patches of cement, granite flagstones, earth and rotten lino.

The builders laid a level concrete floor and then fixed a small partition between the new front window and the door that once led from the hall into the kitchen passage.

I also left about 5 ft. of the passage wall on the other side as a screen inside the inner back door and to gain extra wall space for the kitchen.

Only other alterations on the ground floor were the two fireplaces. In the hall was a monstrosity *(Continued overleaf)*

Picturesque hall fireplace sent thick smoke billowing through the stair treads (above). *Right:* Mrs. Kellock's white and gold bedroom

STORY OF COURT FARM

THIS WAS WORTH THE

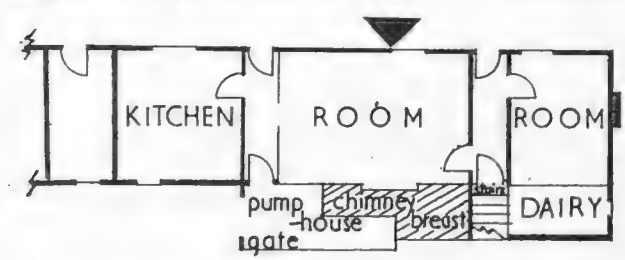
Main object of the conversion was to eliminate useless passages, one of which ran through the house, bringing with it a steady blast of cold air. Mrs. Kellock spent evening after evening with squared paper working out the position of new walls, doors and windows before she finally decided on the best plan. Then she bought herself a pickaxe and started!

(*Continued from previous page.*)
of fancy brickwork, very stoutly built and hard work to break up. Behind it were the usual bread ovens, a massive oak mantel and thick iron bar for hanging pots.

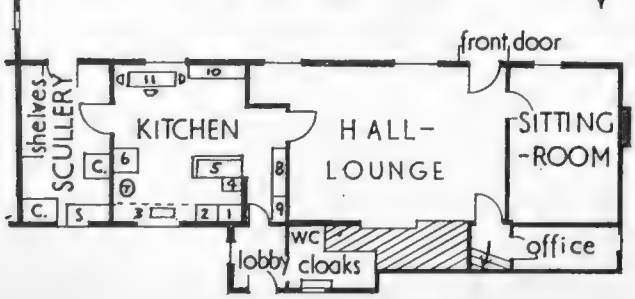
Alas, this picturesque hearth smoked until the tears ran down our cheeks and whisps emerged in all sorts of unlikely places; through the stairs, in the lavatory and between the bedroom floors.

Several times I climbed up inside the chimney to point up the stonework and fill the holes, and finally we had to resort to a hood made by the local blacksmith. Even this had to be enclosed before we had real success. Now we have a simple hearth that burns home-grown timber.

The last owner had run a pin-table saloon and in his leisure was addicted to carpentry, running up ornate shelves and cupboards. I turned some of these into kitchen fitments; the insides are still pock-marked with groups of pin holes and gouged-out chutes for the little balls.



COURT FARM BEFORE ... AND AFTER



Kitchen table was bought for 3s., given a coat of paint and a laminated-plastic top. Radiator set high on wall helps keep the kitchen warmed

The budget was tight—so the Kellock's set to with paint-brush and mortar

WORK...

One particularly florid masterpiece was the overmantel which overwhelmed the sitting-room, filling one wall to the ceiling. It yearned after the Taj Mahal and had inlet mirrors, fancy knobs, cupboards that didn't open and twiddly bits.

It gave me much pleasure to wrench it off and substitute a plain brick fireplace. The overmantel was finally converted into shelves for my "bed-sit" where I keep files and papers connected with my writing activities.

Only other major alteration was to make two poky little rooms into my bedroom. There were five bedrooms and an invaluable boxroom, one being up its own circular staircase. I could only afford to redecorate these and to design large built-in cupboards for my husband's room. So again I began my assault with crowbar and pickaxe on the dividing wall revealing some lovely oak studs which have since been used elsewhere.

I also revealed an awkward problem: how to keep up the ceiling. This involved the builders working on a "time and materials" basis and slipping a new beam across the whole width of the house.

OLD thatch, birds-nests, broken glass and choking plaster dust permeated the house for weeks after this. But my bedroom is a great success.

The entire house is decorated in white because I wanted as much light as possible. And because it isn't a pastel kind of house nor am I a pastel kind of person.

The only exception is the large spare room where I had a fling in primrose yellow for the walls with blackberry as a contrast.

Carpets and flooring are yellow or gold, which gives warmth.

Our colour scheme, incidentally, caused a lot of trouble. Rural areas are apt to be conservative and stick to flower patterns on neutral grounds!

White is a kind setting to our heterogeneous collection of furniture and chattels acquired during a lifetime. And the scheme of gold and white was kind to our Dutch blue, white-medallioned curtains, made from one huge curtain once used across a picture window. Let me admit, incidentally, that I got heartily sick of flat white, glossy white, white emulsion and white distemper as I worked my paint-brush right through the house! I had to prepare every wall by stripping and scraping and repair skirtings—and take off up to fifteen layers of paint from old doors. Some were so bad that I had to panel them with hardboard, straighten the hinges and refit the locks.

All the floors in the house go up and down like a ship at sea; the walls wave about; nothing is square or level. But there is a sort of coherence about it all like a natural growth—as indeed it was.

We found floors underneath floors, and a halfpenny of George II dated 1742. Since then the house must have undergone many changes, all haphazard and piecemeal. The stone front must be of much later date than the curved, three-storied back whose walls are made of mud and smooth round stones.

One tiresome problem was the bathroom. It had been made fairly recently and the walls and ceilings were of paperboard, which had warped away from the battens, owing to the steam.

TO remove this and plaster and tile the inner walls would have been costly for all the plumbing would have to have been moved. So I painted out the vicious poison green, covered the floor with black linoleum and ran a flexible rail round the two walls behind the bath. From this I hung plastic curtains patterned with shells, fish and seaweed; effective and efficient!

Now the garden is gradually being furnished. As I hope never to move again I have planted an asparagus bed, some espalier fruit trees, and many flowering shrubs which like our acid soil.

While I work my husband is busy changing the face of Nature on his land. No, somehow I don't think we shall move again. . . . *Yet!*

Both sitting-rooms have white walls and gold close-fitted carpets. Original floors were a mixture of "cement, earth and lino"

NEW SHORT STORY by R. H. FERRY

The woman was desperate: she must find the money to keep this place going. And now here was a rich Señor at her door

The last

THE woman was brushing a long passage in the Hospice. As she worked she could hear the voices of the young children as they played in the hot sunshine.

She was in her thirties; her hair was jet-black, and her sun-browned face a perfect oval. She had a rare quality in a Southern race, maturity with the freshness of youth.

She stood for a moment in the cool wide hall of the building looking out. The children had strayed away. She raised her arms, clasping her fingers in the nape of her neck beneath the bun of her hair. Without doubt the spring had come . . . early flowers sparsely studded the margin of the road below.

And with the spring came great sorrow. No money was left. She had been warned by the Father that the grant of charity they had asked for had been refused by the state. Very soon the Hospice would be broken up and the children dispersed. The fear of it haunted her. Slow tears coursed down her cheeks.

Suddenly in the far distance there was a sharp report—like the crack of a gun. Probably some Señor had come out to shoot the white-tailed rabbits in the hills. The sound had brought her back to the realisation of tasks to be done. She pushed the broom more vigorously, and swept a cloud of fine dust out of the door, as if to brush the worrying thoughts from her mind.

Half an hour later, as she finished preparing a meal for the children, she heard footsteps coming up the steep path. They were the laboured steps of someone unaccustomed to travel in the hills.

As the woman walked into the hall of the building a man was already approaching the open door.

He was tall, not without elegance, dressed in a black, well-fitting suit of the type worn by prosperous business men in Madrid. In one hand he held a wide-brimmed felt hat, and with the other he mopped the sweat from his forehead with a white linen handkerchief.

The woman's eyes were not friendly, but as the man glanced at her he looked surprised. In such a place, off the beaten track, he had expected an old crone, or at best a nun with dull eyes in pallid face. This woman had good looks.

He bowed a shade lower than was his custom and said: "My car—the tyre has blown out and the driver has no tools to change the wheel. . . . I have come from Madrid and journey to the coast. . . . I understand there is a small town some distance to the south . . . if you could——"

"I CANNOT help you, Señor," said the woman severely. "I have only a mule cart, and Pedro, poor beast, has a sore back . . . the children ride him too much."

The telephone was in view, hanging precariously on a single nail driven into the bare plaster wall. The man looked towards it.

"Then if you will allow me, Señora, I will use the telephone."

He walked a little way within.

Hastily, the woman extended a hand.

"You cannot come in here, Señor. This is a Hospice For Unwanted Children. No man may enter other than a priest."

He retreated, surprised, to the door. "Then perhaps, Señora, you will use the telephone on my behalf." He was a little impatient. (*Continued on page* 58)

chance
Arthur Dion

BARBARA CARTLAND—

"the woman who sets

the world talking"—

reports on . . .

Trusting eyes reflect the security of a happy home—
special child study by George Harmwood Banner

THE CHILDREN NOBODY WANTS

- "Reports of cruelty to children can be read every day. Yet only two cases out of 100 actually go before a court."
- "Last year the N.S.P.C.C. dealt with 65,648 cases of neglect and 7,725 cases of cruelty involving children."
- "Five thousand children in this country have never heard a sound in their lives. For many there are no schools."

400,000 children have been "lost"—

many more are illiterate or ill-treated. Who is to blame?

SHORTLY before nine o'clock, on any weekday morning, you may watch a heartening scene in every town and village of Britain.

The children are going to school—an army of more than seven million happy, healthy youngsters. Well clothed, full of vitality, and intelligently fed.

Yet, whether you see the boys and girls pouring through the gates of one of the new comprehensive schools, the boater-adorned boys who hurry past the view that Byron loved so well on Harrow Hill, or a crocodile of infants walking into a church school in some Cotswold village, the rosy promise of the picture cannot disguise some disconcerting facts.

Compared with the population in the 5–15 age group, there is a missing figure in the scholar totals. *About* 400,000 *children remain unaccounted for.*

A few—very few—are educated privately by tutors. A few more are abroad, either at schools or with their parents. Several thousand are in hospitals for the chronically sick or the mentally deficient.

But tens of thousands remain an enigma that is disturbing.

AND not all those children in the playgrounds and streets are as happy or as healthy as they have a right to be. Ignored among the high-spirited majority, are youngsters with the ivory pallor of neglect who show the tell-tale signs of malnutrition, and some who bear the weals and bruises of ill-treatment.

These are some of the children whose well-being has escaped the state welfare machine. Either through inefficiency, red tape, or the simple inability of overworked officials to grapple with the mighty problems that no official directive can solve automatically.

I have no intention of colouring this sombre picture with accounts of recent cases in the courts.

For one thing the latest horror of sadism, ignorance and brutality can unfortunately be read this week and every week in the newspapers. Secondly, they are but the spectacular peaks of an iceberg of loathsome conditions which bear little relation to the whole.

Fewer than two cases out of every hundred ever come before the courts. Even then the details are expurgated, for the facts are often unprintable in a lay publication.

There must be some insidious moral rot in the adult population which foments this terrifying mis-treatment of children. It is true the position has improved in the past forty years. Up to the outbreak of the first World War the N.S.P.C.C. investigated the lives of 150,000 children every year. Today the figure keeps below 100,000.

But statistics of this kind are dangerously comforting. In our grandparents' time drunkenness and extreme poverty were the twin evils which menaced the child.

Today drunkenness is neither a national problem nor very often the cause of a child's suffering. Poverty of the type that meant a child starved or went around in rags no longer exists.

The causes are less understandable—and for that reason less forgivable. Callous indifference, a complete lack of parental love and planned cruelty are the evils which have replaced the sins of the past.

Last year the N.S.P.C.C. dealt with 65,648 children on the grounds of neglect, and a further 7,725 because of ill-treatment or assault. Ninety-nine out of every hundred persons involved were related to the victim—usually, of course, as a parent.

While I have been reading the tragic records of these neglected and ill-treated children it has become increasingly clear to me that one baby has the mark of misery within a few days of birth. The one who is born illegitimate!

The "love child," so tragically misnamed, runs almost twice the risk of unhappiness compared with the baby born in wedlock.

NEARLY five out of every hundred children born in Britain today are illegitimate. But nine out of every hundred children coming under the notice of the N.S.P.C.C. have unmarried mothers.

For this I fear that we are all partially to blame.

For we still maintain a steady pressure on the unmarried mother and her child in order to ostracize both from society.

It is true that the girl "who has gone wrong"—she is usually nineteen and rarely what is normally known as a bad girl—can avail herself of all the state's facilities for maternity, plus a little help afterwards.

But that help ends abruptly in three months. Then she is on her own.

She may be lucky and get into a hostel. But she may well end by living in some shabby room where poverty and social stigma eventually erase her natural maternal love.

The best that can happen is that the baby will be handed over to officially approved foster parents or legally adopted. The worst may well be that it is illegally adopted, for there is evidence of a widespread traffic in unwanted babies. This occurs among childless couples whom none of the sixty or so adoption societies will consider as suitable parents.

The odds, it will be seen, are terribly against the illegitimate child. But out of the 37,000 born each year some 12,000 will escape to happiness through legal adoption.

The tragic stories of the ill-treated children may also have a happy ending. The human spirit can triumph over obstacles which appear insuperable. Psychological hurt and physical injury do not destroy all chances of eventual repair and rehabilitation.

AN N.S.P.C.C. inspector told me of a young woman who is now regarded as a future ballerina. Ten years ago she was a tragic witness at the court hearing on her parent's brutality. Her injuries were pitiful, her morose suspicion of every human being terrible to see. Time and care healed her ills.

Her story can be repeated many times—but little praise is due to society for such triumphs over adversity. A hundred thousand broken lives tell the more normal story.

More saddening are the stories of children who fight a well-nigh hopeless battle against nature herself. These include the physically handicapped. Some have the good fortune to be in state hospitals or the homes run by voluntary societies.

But fortune is a relative term. Some lie in beds among adults suffering in the same way. Many are orphans, in practice if not in fact.

One despairs of human nature when visiting hospitals with these long-term child patients. I know of one in the home counties, run with wonderful efficiency and superhuman kindness by Catholic sisters. (*Continued on page* 66)

A year ago Susan Hayles and Serena Hunt were landlubbers. Now they handle their scow White Owl with ease in Yarmouth's friendly harbour

SAILING ON A SHOESTRING

. . . at Yarmouth, I. O. W., where more and more weekend yachtsmen are discovering the joy of sailing in its friendly harbour. Yarmouth has no time for the sailing snob—and none of the irksome restrictions of the smart yachting centres.

Membership of the Royal Solent Yacht Club has jumped twenty-five per cent in twelve months. Most of the 620 members are weekend sailors. And two hundred are women —housewives, nurses, teachers, office workers who spend Saturdays and Sundays at sea.

Fees of the club are low; and anyone who wants to buy a boat can find one at a sensible price in Yarmouth. One of the features of its races and regattas is the scow—an eleven-foot yacht easy for a schoolgirl to handle—costing £110.

Once the thrill of sailing was only for the wealthy yachtsmen. Today the weekend sailors are discovering it on shoestring budgets. Maintenance and mooring costs can be much lower than £1 a week; and Yarmouth's welcome includes honorary membership of the Yacht Club for anyone who sails into the harbour and an invitation to the attractive old club house at the water's edge.

Two girls, one sail and a tiller: Susan and Serena set off for a weekend sail in their tiny craft. A scow costs from £45 secondhand

***NEXT MONTH** John Frayn Turner reports from Yarmouth on how the yachtsman budgets for weekends at sea*

A pattern of sails in the August regatta as Y-class yachts strain every canvas in a race through the Solent

PRETTY AS A PICTURE

—that is the trend in furnishing today

Anything goes—from a railway poster to a curtain remnant in a junk shop frame

by JOHN FRAYN TURNER

What makes a picture? Old maps like this (Surrey in 1742 sideways up) should be eighteenth century or earlier. Framed for £2 5s. from Alick Fletcher

◀Sew a picture. Or if it is beyond you, buy one like Jeanne Stubbing's "Indian Dancer," Medici, 8 gns. framed

An old master newly cleaned is Hobbema's "Avenue At Middleharnis." A Ganymed print at £3 4s. 3d. Frame costs £4 18s. 3d.

GAINSBOROUGH or Gauguin, Blake or Braque—pictures add personality. *Your* personality. They are the soul in a room scheme, the glimpse of greatness. And if they really reflect your own taste, you will find that they don't date. Monet's "Summer" has been in our home through ten turbulent years of married life! Yet its green and gold tones look as alive as ever.

But buying a picture nowadays does not necessarily mean an expensive excursion into gloomy gilt-framed oils, real or reproduced. You can still choose facsimiles of many fine classics, but there are as many or more modern reproductions as well.

One firm, for instance, divides its prints into old masters and early English on the one hand and modern French and modern British on the other, with the new outnumbering the old by two to one.

So alongside the dark green and light sun in Constable's "Vale of Dedham" and Canaletto's vivid Venetian scenes are John Piper, Sutherland and Moore.

Typical prices for these prints are £2 10s., plus 14s. 3d. purchase tax. All prints carry this two-sevenths tax and if they are sold ready framed, they attract tax on the combined picture-plus-frame price.

Some firms sell the two separately because wider frames are not liable to tax. So a picture can cost you about 10 gns. when finally framed.

You can cut costs by doing the framing yourself. Or if this is asking too much, look around the junk shops for old framed pictures or prints which sell for a few shillings.

WE have just found a couple the size we wanted for three shillings each. With the wood either stripped or painted over, they will look like new.

Coloured paper, board or felt costs almost nothing and will make mounts in strong shades or quiet, according to the picture and your scheme.

Flame, blue, lime, forest green—these are some of the mounts I have seen recently, usually framed in white for best effect. Have fiery flame mounts, by all means, but remember not to envelop the picture.

Three or four pounds may be very cheap for reproductions of great works but you can come across prints for far less. Industry has become the counterpart of the eighteenth-century patron of painters and commissions many of the leading modern artists.

Lyons' lithographs are available at 13s. for a 30 by 40 in. picture. In case you have not seen them, they are works commissioned by the famous teashops to decorate their premises. But they look just as colourful in the home, as long as they have a large plain wall area around them.

Here is art for all—by such modern masters as John Piper, Michael Ayrton, Barnett Freedman and Edward Ardizzone.

A second patron of art is the textile manufacturer. If you look at the designer's name on fabrics today you will see Sutherland and many others. So why not frame a piece of patterned fabric or wallpaper and display it just as you would a painting? At the cost of perhaps half a yard of material.

(*Continued on page 27*)

Old master, or unknown modern?—it depends on you. For it is not what you choose, but how you use it—as in this Link sitting-room

Four eighteenth-century Japanese chrysanthemum illustrations give a very restful air to this Link bedroom

(*Continued from page 24*)

Hang small prints horizontally and you will widen a room. Or stagger them up the stairs wall. Or arrange them in any pattern you please.

They are a useful way of altering a room's appearance, correcting it where necessary. The four Japanese flower pictures illustrated in colour give stature and an elegance to the bedroom scene.

They are eighteenth-century prints but modern flower or bird pictures are often attractive, too.

Presenting pictures perfectly is a many-sided problem. First, the picture must be right in tone and colour for the rest of the room. Then comes correct weight and colour of frame.

The mount must be right if you have one and the hanging fittings should be invisible.

Finally, the picture must be in scale and uncrowded. The classic mistake of many rooms, even today, is to hang four pictures where two would do. Remember to light a picture properly and it becomes a brilliant part of the room.

But Lyons and London Transport may sound pretty plebeian to you! Perhaps you want something really individual. Then here are three intriguing ideas not yet widely known.

First, you can buy charming old maps of your favourite county, already framed, for a couple of guineas or so.

The second suggestion is to invest in one or two of the works of wood engravers.

The works these craftsmen create are woodcuts, linocuts or wood engravings, and you are unlikely to see the same scene elsewhere. The average cost is about three guineas unframed.

Lastly, for something really original—needlework pictures! These delightful creations are mainly by women like Jeanne Stubbing, whose Indian Dancer is illustrated on page 24.

And a parting shot. Don't be inhibited. If you fancy framing a book open at a page with a particularly pleasing illustration, well why not?

You can make your home as pretty as a picture—and with pictures of pretty well anything.

EVE—an apology

Up and up go the sales of EVE. And more and more readers who have bought the magazine in the past find that their newsagent no longer has a spare copy.

Plans are being made for printing extra copies. In the meantime please accept my apologies.

If you know of anyone who has difficulty in obtaining EVE regularly, please write to me and I will do my best to see she gets priority.

The Editor

YOU and your MONEY

SCHEDULE "A"

HERE'S HOW TO CLAIM RELIEF

UP, up, up go the repair bills. And every penny on a pot of paint, every pound that finds its way into the painter's wage packet, comes eventually . . . from your pocket.

So let's be sure that you are not spending money unnecessarily by ignorance of your rights under the rules for Owner's Property Tax.

Owners' Property Tax?—you probably know it better as *Schedule A*. Just another form of income tax; in fact, a tax on the ownership of land.

The way in which your house is assessed is very similar to the rating "gross value." And—as in Rating Law—the net assessment is derived by deducting certain permissible out-goings and a statutory allowance for repairs from the gross assessment.

☆ ☆ ☆

This repairs allowance is fixed by a sliding scale based on the gross assessment of your house. It is supposed to cover the actual cost of repairs for the year.

But if you spend more than the average figure for the preceding five years you are entitled to claim repayment of income tax on the excess.

The claim can be made annually but in all cases the expenditure incurred has to be averaged over the preceding five years. Thus one year's extra expenditure above the repairs allowance (such as when you have the house painted) is *not* sufficient to give rise to a claim; an average over five years must be proved.

Expenditure included in the maintenance claim must come under the terms "maintenance, repairs, insurance and management." "Maintenance" and "repairs" can be taken to cover all expenditure entailed in normal upkeep including replacing defective parts, such as re-roofing, new doors, windows, etc.

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They do *not*, however, include extensions or improvements. Obviously it is difficult sometimes to be sure whether a certain job, such as renewing a fireplace, is a repair or an improvement. Each case must be judged on its merits.

"Insurance" covers the premiums against fire damage to the house but not insurance for the contents.

Take my friend Black as an example to help clarify the matter.

His house has a gross Schedule A assessment of £50 and a statutory repairs allowance of £10. His expenditure over the past few years has been as follows:

1950-51	New floors in sitting-room and dining-room following attack of dry rot	£60
1951-52	Exterior repainted	£35
1952-53	Garage built	£100
1953-54	New sink unit in kitchen ...	£30
	New fireplace in sitting-room ...	£30
1954-55	Roofing repairs and new door to coalhouse	£25

Now let us look at Black's maintenance claim for 1955-56. First we must exclude improvements or anything not falling within the terms "maintenance." In this case the new sink unit was an improvement but the new fireplace was a repair.

So his permissible expenditure was:

1950-51		£60
1951-52		£35
1952-53		Nil
1953-54		£30
1954-55		£25
	Total	£150

Average over the preceding five years ...	£30
Statutory Repairs allowance	£10
Excess expenditure	£20

So Black is entitled to claim repayment of tax at 8s. 6d. in the £ on the £20 excess expenditure on repairs—a useful £8 10s.

Strictly speaking the maintenance claim only applies if details of five years expenditure are available for obtaining an average. But in the case of newly acquired property for which particulars are not available it *is* possible to get claims admitted based on the actual expenditure of the year of claim until figures for five years are available. This is a great help to new owners.

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For this you need a claim form from the Inspector of Taxes. And obviously it is necessary to produce receipted bills to prove you have spent the money. So it is very important to keep proper records of all the work done to your house.

A tax-payer can claim against his assessment at any time. So if rental values have fallen in your area since the previous re-valuation (for 1936-7) then you can appeal for a reduction immediately. But in practice a householder has to obtain a reduction in his rating assessment first to have any real hope of success.

As I have said, Schedule A is a property tax, unlike local rates which are levied on the occupier. However, in most cases the tax is charged to the occupier in the first instance. Then, if he is a tenant, he has the right to deduct the tax he has paid from his *next* payment of rent.

And it is most important that he *should* deduct it from his next payment of rent. Failure to do so will in most cases lose him the right to recover the tax.

Building societies have a special arrangement with Inland Revenue and no deduction of tax is allowed to be made by borrowers from their payments. However, owner-occupiers who have borrowed money from Building Societies do get relief on the interest they pay.

Every year the society issues a certificate to Inland Revenue showing the amount of interest paid by the borrower and he can claim repayment of tax on it. Usually as owner of a house liable to tax under Schedule A the relief is balanced against that liability.

R.M.

ESCAPE from the STOVE

Illustrations: Pamela Degil

Number One in a bright new series of articles— all devoted to . . .

LIVING WELL ON A LIMITED INCOME

THE garden is at its best. The evenings are long and warm. What a wonderful time to invite a few friends to stay for the weekend.

But . . . and what a big but it is for every woman today. How often have you had the idea and then shuddered at the amount of work involved?

So pardon my smugness. For the dear dead days beyond recall of plentiful servants and help in the house don't worry me at all.

I'm still having weekend parties. For it is perfectly possible for a hostess to enjoy a Friday to Monday party without having to spend the rest of the week recuperating. It's all a matter of planning.

If you have a "treasure" who will come in and do the washing-up for you, well and good. If you haven't—well you can get paper plates, cups and dishes at any store. They're made in most attractive patterns these days, and a few shillings will save you hours at the sink. Regrettably, paper glasses are not available—you do have to wash those!

PREPARE lettuce, radishes and onions for salads well in advance, and keep them in a covered dish in the refrigerator. And remember, too, baked flan cases to be filled in a jiffy. And be enterprising about cheese. A really interesting selection of cheeses and a bowl of fresh fruit makes a better end to a summer meal than an indifferent pudding.

Cold fruit soup, jellied peaches, potato and cucumber salads and sole in aspic can all be prepared in advance and kept in the refrigerator. This means a busy Friday, but all the other dishes are quickies, leaving you time to enjoy your weekend.

Cold Fruit Soup

Any tart fruit may be used—including gooseberries, rhubarb or plums. Cover the fruit with cold water, and cook till pulped. Rub through a sieve, and return the sieved pulp to saucepan.

Sweeten to taste, and thicken with cornflour. A little white wine may be added if you wish. Pour into a large serving bowl, and keep cold. When serving add a spoonful of whipped cream to each portion.

Grilled Salmon or Turbot

Have cutlets about 1 inch thick and dip each in salad oil. Have the grill very hot, and cook the fish 10 minutes each side. Put a pat of maître d'hotel butter on each slice for serving. (This is made by mixing butter, lemon juice and chopped parsley together.)

Jellied Peaches

Drain syrup from a large can of peaches. Add 1 tbsp. of lemon juice, and heat. Pour it hot over ½ oz. of powdered gelatine, and stir until dissolved.

Using paper cases or glass dishes, arrange two caps of peaches in each, cover with the jelly mixture and allow to set. An additional refinement is a layer of crushed raspberries before topping with whipped cream or ice-cream.

Kalischer Klops

1 lb. minced beef; 3 oz. fat bacon; 1 onion; 1 1-inch slice from a large loaf; 1 tbsp. sweet pickle; chopped parsley; 1 egg; pepper and salt

Soak the bread in water for 10 minutes, then squeeze dry. Mince the beef with the bacon and onion. Mash in the bread to the meat mixture, add the parsley and pickles. Season. Beat up the egg, and add it. Mix well. Put into a greased tin or dish, cover with greased paper, and cook in a hot oven for 30 minutes. Serve hot with tomato sauce. Allow the remaining half to get quite cold and store in the refrigerator. It slices well when chilled. When cooking the cauliflower allow enough to leave some flowerets to add to the salad.

Raspberry Flan

Using one of the prepared cases, mash 1 lb. of fresh-frozen raspberries with ½ lb. granulated sugar. Pile into the flan case and cover the top completely with whipped cream.

Guests for the weekend? Then plan ahead—that's the secret of successful entertaining

HERE'S YOUR MENU

Friday dinner

Cold fruit soup
Grilled salmon or turbot steaks
Peas, new potatoes
Jellied peaches and cream

Saturday lunch

Grapefruit
Kalischer klops
Cauliflower, new potatoes
Raspberry flan

Saturday dinner

Clear tomato soup
Sole in aspic
Mixed salad with eggs
Cheese and fruit

Sunday lunch

Œufs Florentine
Grilled chops with epicure sauce, rice, french beans
Pears and chocolate cream

Sunday dinner

Vegetable soup
Cold beef (remains of klops)
Potato salad
German cucumber salad
Fruit custard flan
(or cheese and fruit)

Clear Tomato Soup

1 pint canned or fresh tomato juice; 1 tsp. beef extract; ¼ tsp. celery salt; 1 des. sugar; salt and pepper to taste; few drops Worcester or tabasco sauce; 1 pint water

Mix together, simmer for fifteen minutes. Sprinkle chopped parsley over each helping, and serve with melba toast.

Sole in Aspic

2 fillets of sole per person; sliced hard-boiled eggs; 2 fillets of anchovy per person; 4 shrimps per person; proprietary aspic powder; a little chopped parsley; 1 small onion, grated; 1 wineglass white wine or dry cider

Roll the fillets, and gently poach for ten minutes in a saucepan with the onion and seasoning, barely covering the fish with water. Remove the fish carefully, then add the wine to the liquid, bring to the boil, then dissolve the aspic powder in it. Arrange two fillets in each individual dish, place the anchovies on the fish, add the shrimps and two slices of hard-boiled egg per person, and fill up with the aspic mixture. Sprinkle a little chopped parsley on each. Cool, then store in the fridge.

Œufs Florentine

Spinach (tinned or fresh); 1 egg per person; 1 tbsp. melted butter; 1 tbsp. breadcrumbs; 1 tbsp. grated cheese; 1 pint well-seasoned white sauce

Grease a large oven dish and line with the cooked spinach, which has been tossed in butter or margarine. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Poach the eggs and place carefully in position on the spinach. Cover with the white sauce, then sprinkle with cheese and breadcrumbs. Bake in hot oven five minutes, then serve at the table from the dish.

Grilled Chops, Epicure Sauce

Allow one chump chop per person and grill in the ordinary way. Make the sauce as follows :

Melt 2 tbsp. margarine in a pan, 1 des. mustard with 2 tbsp. water, 1 tsp. Worcester sauce, salt and pepper, a little chopped parsley. Mix well together, heat when the chops are nearly ready and pour the sauce over. Plain boiled rice and French beans go with this dish.

Vegetable Soup

Quickly prepared by grating onions, carrots and turnips together. Cover with cold water, season, and cook for ten minutes. Thicken with cornflour and milk, and serve hot with grated cheese.

German Cucumber Salad

Peel and slice the cucumber very thinly, spread the slices on a large dish, sprinkle well with salt, and cover with another large dish to press them. Leave for one hour, then drain off the liquid. Place in the serving dish, and pour over a dressing made from 1 cup water, ½ cup white vinegar, and 1 tbsp. sugar. Boil the water and dissolve the sugar in it. Allow to get quite cold before adding the vinegar.

Fruit Custard Flan

Uses your second flan case. Make a fruit fool in the usual way, allowing equal quantities of fruit and custard. Fill the case with this mixture, sprinkle with chopped almonds and serve with cream.

Tastes in breakfasts vary so that it seems best to leave that meal to individual choice. But a selection of cereals, lots of milk and eggs, fruit juices, and, of course, bacon, eggs and marmalade should see you through.

A happy weekend to you !

Lady Shawcross with eight-year-old Susan and William (ten). She married Sir Hartley in 1944 and runs their old cottage herself

CASH OR FAME? —SIR HARTLEY HAS TO CHOOSE

But Britain's richest barrister puts his family first

WHEN Earl Attlee went to the House of Lords amid the inconvenient echoes of his former contempt for such going-ons, he left behind him a problem that may have been only temporarily solved. Who should lead the Labour party?

The choice fell on the politically pallid Hugh Gaitskell.

Mr. Gaitskell, highly respectable and well-educated, is an ex-civil servant and happily married suburbanite. He is a man against whom no one can reasonably cast a stone.

But the sad fact is who would want to? Who would bother? Who cares? He is a subordinate at large.

With Attlee the rallying cry was "Clem for integrity." "Hugh for neutrality" is not a suitable substitute.

And yet the Socialists might have turned with hope to Sir Hartley William Shawcross, Queen's Counsel.

In fact, one or two Labour M.P.s did approach him about the leadership. That he did not become a candidate was due probably to a fear of splitting the right wing vote and letting in Aneurin Bevan. But a feeling of personal loyalty and sentiment may have influenced him more.

HERBERT MORRISON was also a candidate. And it was Morrison who had encouraged the young Shawcross thirty odd years ago, when Labour had more nuisance value than political influence.

So while Morrison was being written off as too old, his political protégé, at the height of his powers, declined an advantage that could only have wounded the older man.

It was an unfortunate situation: for Shawcross, despite public disclaimers of such ambition, has much to commend him as party leader.

He has good looks of a strong kind that go with a strong personality. He has charm that has served him well before countless juries. He is wealthy from his own endeavours: a national and international figure from his years of office in the Labour governments.

And—important in these days of mass appeal politics by radio, screen and television, he has what is often called "the common touch" but what is really easy good manners.

He speaks in a way that can be as easily understood in Hoboken, New York, as in Halifax—or Mayfair.

He was born in Germany in 1902, son of a professor of English at Giessen University, but was brought to England two months later.

HIS mother was a suffragette and pioneer Socialist in the London borough of Wandsworth; his father a Liberal. While still a day boy at Dulwich College Shawcross joined the Wandsworth Labour Party.

He intended to be a doctor and entered for Bart.'s medical school. But in 1920 he went to the Socialist conference in Geneva as a French interpreter.

There he met Herbert Morrison, Ramsay Macdonald and J. H. Thomas—all destined to become ministers in Labour governments.

Thomas advised him to take up law if he wanted to go into politics.

Shawcross did brilliantly in his legal examinations and was called to the Bar in 1925. But politics had to take second place for a long time.

He had no private means and briefs did not come easily. He can still recall wryly that his first client never paid him.

In his first three years as a barrister he earned only £100. Luckily, in 1927 he was offered the post of law lecturer at Liverpool University. He stayed until 1934.

At the same time he began building up what became the leading junior law practice in the Northern Circuit.

It was here he met David Maxwell Fyfe (now Lord Kilmuir, the Lord Chancellor) with whom he shared chambers. Their careers were to run parallel, though on opposite sides of the political fence.

Shawcross had married shortly before he was called to the Bar; but his wife became an invalid and remained a sad background to his public success. She died in 1943.

He was made King's Counsel in 1939. An old back injury that left him with disc trouble prevented him joining the forces. He became chairman of the Enemy Aliens Tribunal, and had other Home Office appointments under Herbert Morrison throughout the war.

As a lawyer, Shawcross was little known in London. His name was new to the public when Labour swept to power in 1945 and he was made Attorney-General. Soon everyone had heard of him.

It is 1946. The Nuremberg trials of Goering, Hess and company are drawing to a close.

THE Nazi chiefs are listening to the translation through their headphones as an English voice dispels for most of them any hope of acquittal.

It is Shawcross. His words bring the gigantic indictments down to their true squalid proportions. "Let it be plainly said now that these defendants are charged also as common murderers. These are mad scoundrels. . . ."

The voice goes on, recalling the broad outline of the prosecution's case.

Now he takes the court back to the evidence of concentration camp slaughters. It is a moment of high emotion. Shawcross's firm voice softens and falters as he recalls a Jew holding the hand of his ten-year-old son and speaking to him quietly as they awaited death.

"Do you remember?" he asked the court, "the father pointed to the sky, stroked the boy's head and seemed to

be explaining something to him. . . ."

The B.B.C. presented Sir Hartley with a recording of this speech. Doubtless it is not one that is played much in the pleasant old Sussex farmhouse where he lives. But what a priceless gift for his three children: their father taking part in history.

Chief United Kingdom prosecutor at Nuremberg, prosecutor of the traitors Joyce and Amery, and the acid bath murderer Haigh, the career of a barrister is inevitably linked with his cases.

In court Sir Hartley is confidence itself. His mastery of a complicated brief is due not only to a first-class mind, but to his habit of working on it the night before, often to about 2.30 a.m.

There is a hint of the actor about him. The occasional pose as he waits for an answer to a dangerous question: the little-used monocle held by the cord between forefinger and thumb, and the eyeglass swinging below like a pendulum timing the witness's reluctance to reply.

It is all part of an expert courtroom manner. But to a man like Sir Hartley there can be little new in advocacy. The facts change but the mastery of fact can become no more than a skilled mental exercise. An experienced court tactician usually gets what he wants from a witness. The lawyer has played similar scenes before. The witness is often making a nervous debut.

REPUTATIONS at the Bar can be lost; but as the years pass the satisfaction in maintaining them may diminish.

As an ex-Attorney-General and chairman of the Bar Council Sir Hartley Shawcross is at the head of his profession. What remains for ambition?

He is sometimes mentioned as the next Lord Chief Justice. A few years ago he was a likely choice. Indeed, he could have had the office ten years ago, for it fell vacant while he was Attorney-General.

It had been usual for the Attorney to be offered this highest judicial position. But it was Labour government policy to separate judicial appointments from politics. Shawcross supported this view.

And he told a close friend that apart from this: "I was such a young Attorney, comparatively unknown at the Bar in London, that I thought it would be a public scandal if I were appointed."

The Labour Party went well outside its ranks to choose the present dominant Chief Justice, Lord Goddard.

The present Lord Chancellor is believed to favour the old idea of political plums to attract lawyers into politics.

This makes Shawcross, the Socialist, an improbable choice. Although he would be unlikely to refuse the chance again—now that his stature is more in keeping with the position.

But in politics there remains the constant challenge of the future and the prize of the highest office in the land.

Sir Hartley said in court recently: "I don't have a mind when I am counsel: I have a mouth."

So perhaps it is not so strange that when his heart and mind plead his own beliefs outside the controlled calm of the courts the lawyer is occasionally dragged, willy nilly, into indiscretion.

He has had to make public retractions; was dubbed the Apologizer-General. He is an emotional man in a party where

(*Continued on page 66*)

Time for relaxation at his Sussex home is rare. Sir Hartley often works until 2 a.m. when studying a complicated brief ▶

WHAT KIND OF A MOTHER

THERE are all sorts of mothers: childish, grandmotherly, aggressive, anxious, unhappy, and—who knows?—there may even be a perfect one.

READ the questions carefully, be frank, and think before you reply. Take one point every time you can honestly say "yes." Other answers score 0.

A light-hearted quiz designed to find how near you are to perfection

AGGRESSIVE?

1. When your child says something silly, do you say: "Oh, be quiet, you stupid child!"
2. If he wants to help you, do you remind him of his clumsiness in the past?
3. Do you expect him to be well-mannered, deft, obedient, tidy and polite, all at one and the same time?
4. When he comes home from school with good marks in English, do you point out that he's still very bad at arithmetic?
5. Do you feel you want to smack him when he brings up a sore point, for instance, the roast that you burnt?
6. Do you often tell him that his little friend Johnny is much nicer than he is?
7. If he has forgotten something, do you remind him of all the other things he has forgotten to do before?
8. Do you consider that it is always the child who should give way in any argument?
9. In your opinion, is strict discipline the best way to deal with a difficult child?
10. If he is ten minutes late for lunch, do you serve his meal in a bad temper?
11. If the story he's telling you is too long and rambling, do you interrupt him and tell him to be quiet?
12. If he comes home with torn trousers, do you reproach him with the cost of them?

CHILDISH?

1. Do you regret the fact that your child has to grow up?
2. Do you feel that you are "playing dolls" when you dress baby?
3. Do you suddenly stop whatever you're doing to rush off and play with baby?
4. Are you more strict with your child when a woman friend is present?
5. Do you feel the need for people to approve the way you're bringing up your baby?
6. Do you hesitate to feed or bath your baby in front of other mothers?
7. Would you like your baby to be in advance of his age?
8. Do you want your child to be like you?
9. Do you feel you want to cry if baby seems cross or sulky with you?
10. If your child behaves badly in front of strangers, do you make yourself a promise to see that it doesn't happen again?
11. Do you try, one after the other, a thousand and one different ways of correcting your child's little shortcomings?
12. Do you feel the need to shelter behind your husband's decisions when it comes to deciding a change of diet or routine for the baby?

UNHAPPY?

1. Do you often talk about the sacrifices you have made for your child?
2. If you give him a present, do you expect a lot of gratitude from him?
3. Would you like your child to realize just how much you have sacrificed for him?
4. Do you suffer for days after he has said something nasty or cruel to you?
5. Do you demand silence when you're feeling tired?
6. Do your troubles seem greater to you than those of other mothers?
7. Do you think your child should learn to suffer in silence?
8. At meals, do you always take the smallest helping, saying "it's plenty for me?"
9. Do you think it very difficult to get half an hour's rest during the day?
10. Have you known a great deal of unhappiness which has altered your attitude to life?
11. Do you consider it's time your troubles were over?
12. Do you feel a prey to an overwhelming destiny?

PERFECT?

1. Do you accept your child just as he is?
2. Do you know how to adapt his education to his natural disposition?
3. If he strays from the line of conduct you try to keep him to, do you still retain your confidence in him?
4. Do his successes flatter you without blinding you?
5. Can you play with him and enjoy it?
6. Do you keep cool when you realize he is in danger?
7. Do you often give him the chance of becoming more and more independent?
8. Can you forbid something or give an order equally firmly?
9. Do you recognize the fact that you must educate yourself in order to become a good teacher?
10. Do you know how to make the best of your life?
11. Do you teach your child to take joy in the small things in life?
12. If he gets into a temper, can you restore his good humour by your own calm?

GRANDMOTHERLY?

1. Have you very well-defined, set ideas on education?
2. Are you wary of new theories about children and childhood?
3. Do you insist on your child not speaking at mealtimes?
4. Are you absolutely adamant on the question of a time-table being rigidly adhered to?
5. Do you consider it far too difficult to try to change set habits?
6. When your child tells you an exciting story, do you counter with reminiscences of your own childhood?
7. Do you often start a sentence with the words "In my young days . . ."?
8. When you have scolded your child, do you immediately hasten to kiss him or offer him a sweet?
9. When he is capricious or indulges in a whim, do you give in easily for the sake of peace and quiet?
10. Do you consider it quite normal that you should choose your child's career and force it upon him?
11. Do you think your child is too young to give his opinion on things?
12. Do you wait with all the calm of an experienced person for your child to get over an outburst of temper?

ANXIOUS?

1. Do you tremble at the mere mention of the words "illness" or "danger"?
2. Do you immediately take his temperature if he seems too quiet?
3. Are you worried if you can't hear him shouting or making a noise?
4. When you go out, is your evening spoilt by wondering all the time what's happening at home?
5. Are you afraid of letting other people look after him, even though they are fully qualified?
6. Are you worried if he's making too much noise?
7. Are you alarmed if his appetite is not so good one day?
8. Do you think a child should be fifteen before being allowed to ride a bicycle?
9. If you are invited out for lunch, are you afraid that, as usual, he will help himself first?
10. Do you go to meet him if he's even a few minutes late coming home?
11. Are you more worried than usual on the days when he is taking tests or exams?
12. Does arranging baby's diet and routine, looking after his clothes, and caring for him, all seem very complicated to you?

ARE YOU?
REALLY WANT TO KNOW?

WHAT KIND OF A MOTHER ARE YOU?

continued from previous page

AGGRESSIVE

9 points or more : You risk two things : either your exacting demands will end by stifling your child's personality, or else he will rebel violently.
4-9 points : Your daily worries often lead you to make "aggressive" remarks too often to your child. This is not the best way of getting obedience and respect.
Under 4 points : You prefer to instil confidence rather than fear into your child. Keep it up : this atmosphere of confidence must be cultivated for many years yet.
0 points : Be careful : don't be too weak.

CHILDISH

9 or more points : You still don't fully accept your rôle as a teacher-mother. It's time you acquired more assurance and independence.
4-9 points : You have some difficulty in abandoning a certain childlike attitude to life, but you are already beginning to feel that your child has more need of you than you have of him.
Under 4 points : You have adapted yourself to your new responsibilities and are well on the way to maturity.
0 points : Are you sure you're not taking your rôle too seriously?

UNHAPPY

9 points or over : You see the thorns far more than you see the roses ! Make a real effort to understand your child, and you'll very quickly feel less misunderstood yourself.
4-9 points : You have far too gloomy a picture of the vocation of motherhood.
Under 4 points : You are strong enough not to impose the weight of your own efforts or difficulties on your child.
0 points : Do you believe that a child should remain in ignorance of the fact that life isn't all a bed of roses?

PERFECT

11 points or over : Are you sure you have no illusions about yourself?
9-10 points : You have the secret of being a happy and very wise mother.
4-9 points : You will, in the end, fill in the little gaps that separate you from being the perfect mother.
Under 5 points : Does the aim of perfection seem too far-off for you? It isn't really. The whole secret is starting off on the right foot.
0 points : Come, come ! No false modesty, please !

GRANDMOTHERLY

9 points or more : Like everyone else, your past life has left its mark on you. Don't linger in that past—life doesn't stop there. It still has a lot to teach you ; don't refuse it.
4-9 points : Don't think you're too old to adopt new ideas which will enable you to prepare your child better for life in this day and age.
Under 4 points : Whatever education you yourself received, you don't feel any obligation to impose it on your child.
0 points : Whatever you may think, they still managed to bring children up very well in the old days !

ANXIOUS

9 points or over : Don't worry so much. Your desire to act for the best is evident, but you are defenceless when confronted by your imagination.
4-9 points : Have the courage to trust your child more, and particularly to have more self-confidence. Once a problem is solved, a difficulty overcome, don't keep going back to it.
Under 4 points : Your reason is stronger than your anxiety. You take the necessary precautions without exaggerating.
0 points : Do you think your child is invulnerable?

AND SO . . .

Perhaps you are surprised by what you've just discovered. But don't imagine that the ideal answer is to have no points in the five bad columns and 12 in "perfect." The perfect mother is not an ideal on a pedestal. She is also aggressive, childish, unhappy, grandmotherly and anxious.

Aggressive *because she asks a lot of her child. But what she asks is reasonable and perfectly adapted to the child.*

Childish *because, despite the difficulties of her task, she keeps her youthful outlook.*

Unhappy, *because she feels all the gravity of her rôle as a mother.*

Grandmotherly *because she is as indulgent and kind as a grandmother, but never believes she has enough experience.*

Anxious, *careful and attentive she is too, but her vigilance and solicitude are never oppressive.*

This perfection made up of so many weaknesses can be attained by every mother with a little goodwill and a great deal of courage.

Planning before you saves spoiled fun

A CAPACIOUS travelling case is a real investment for *air travel*. Apart from serving as a travelling dressing-table, the case should hold all sorts of extras, including over-night needs.

One of the most practical designs available comes from Lancôme. It is called the Handbag Beauty Case—and it looks just like a neat, but outsize, handbag. It is fitted with Lancôme products and there is also a clip-in wet pack, for washing apparatus, and *lots* of spare space.

If the plane cabin hots up and clothes start to stick to the skin, damp a tissue with Cologne and run it round under the neckline and sleeve edges of your clothing.

A plain, "classic" Cologne, or something sharply tangy, like Goya's Aqua Manda, is much more refreshing for travelling than a sweet-perfumed Cologne or toilet water.

An important point that often gets overlooked is the effect of the sudden change in temperature and climate that even a short air journey can involve. Such changes have a direct effect on the complexion. The normal functioning of the skin is temporarily upset. It may turn dry and difficult—refuse to accept make-up smoothly and become sluggish and out-of-sorts.

There's a remedy for this—a cream called Juvenale, by Lancôme. It contains a biological ingredient never before used in any beauty preparation—the effect of this stimulates the skin cells and restores the complexion's normal balance.

She Goes By Train

Biggest drawbacks of train travel are overcrowding and inadequate toilet facilities. And, of course, even the best-kept trains are distinctly dirty.

A small, portable beauty bag, with a good-sized mirror, is a great help for taking off a train-soiled make-up—there's nothing like a fresh face to make one *feel* cooler and boost wilting morale.

Innoxa do a charming little case in off-white Luxan grain, which holds their preparations with enough vacant space to house a lipstick, comb, tissues and such.

So much for the face . . . there's also the problem of sticky, grimy hands. Struggling down a crowded, rocking corridor to wash is no fun.

Get yourself an Osman Travel Pack —a small, waterproof envelope made of polythene that holds a damp face cloth one side, a small hand towel in the other and a booklet of soap leaves. For a dry "wash" take along a tube of Klenza hand-cleansing cream. Made by Coralie Godfrey, you can buy it at Boots.

She Goes By Car

Danger—mind your make-up doesn't get buried in the suitcase at the bottom of the boot.

Much better to invest in an inexpensive polythene make-up case (these are stocked by most stores and chemists) and keep it in the cupboard in the dashboard.

The containers can be filled with your own preparations. A good assortment

pack your beauty needs

and unnecessary spending

TRAVELLING BEAUTY . . .

by NAN RIVERS

would be a liquid cleanser and Cologne; foundation cream and/or sun-filter cream —and a skin-soothing preparation.

If the car is an open one don't forget you'll need a really effective protection against sun and wind-burn. It's a good idea to use a sun-filter cream as a powder-foundation . . . Ultra-Tan serves this dual purpose perfectly.

She Goes By Sea

Perhaps the most truly restful of all ways to travel is a sea voyage.

And there's no need to worry about travelling light on board ship. On the contrary, it pays to take every single thing you might conceivably want . . . come sun, come storm.

Just in case of the latter, there is a very effective new travel sickness preventive called Ancolan, made by British Drug Houses, and available under the National Health Service.

For your face you'll need everything that's glamorous for evening.

"Silk" make-up (by Helena Rubinstein) really does give the skin a silky finish that looks even lovelier by the glitter of electric lighting than by daylight. From the same famous salon comes a new waterproof lipstick—and it really *doesn't* wash off. There's a gorgeously flamboyant new shade, called Wear-With-All Pink.

One other important item needed for the so-civilized life at sea is an exciting scent. Have you met Chanel No. 22? Less well-known than the famous No. 5, it is a delicately fresh fragrance with an intriguing under-note.

A matching talcum powder has just been brought out to complement the scent and Cologne. There is also a lotion for perfuming the hair . . . nice touch for when you go dancing.

She Goes On Foot

A walking holiday involves the same dangers from sun and wind as motoring or cruising. If you're going to be a real hiker, you'll be carrying your luggage on your back—so you'd better travel very light indeed!

Ultra-Tan anti-burn cream—carried in its own tube, in this instance—will save the need to take both make-up base and sun protective. Cleansing and skin nourishing can also be combined in a single preparation—Innoxa Late Night Final. This is a liquid cream that would be best decanted into a polythene bottle for the sake of lightness.

If your hair is the fly-away kind, it'll save endless nuisance to pop in a plastic spray-bottle of Steiner's Lacquer Sheen. A few puffs and a push-into-place will keep the softest hair under perfect control.

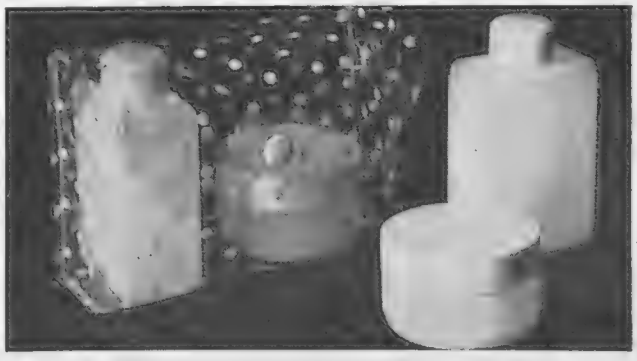
Comfortable feet mean everything to the enjoyment of a walking holiday. Be wary of sandals, unless you have singularly strong feet. Cooler than crêpe rubber soles, and beautifully springy to walk on, are the canvas lace-up shoes with soles of plaited rope. These also give a grand grip for rock climbing—even on wet surfaces. Made by Douglas Frazer, in various gay colours, they cost about 15s.

Feet that are liable to get tender should be rubbed on the soles with surgical spirit every night for a week or so before a walking holiday. A tube of Aero-Ped Foot Ointment would be worth finding space for. It's wonderfully soothing to tired, sore feet, and prevents possible infection. Tip for avoiding blisters, rub the heels and toes with a just-moist cake of soap.

Happy Landings

Wherever you're going — whatever you're going to do when you get there—here's hoping you will have a lovely time —and that you'll find you needed everything you took and *didn't* need a single thing you didn't take. . . .

Lancôme handbag beauty case in lightweight cream Luxan hide. Fitted with lipstick, powder, cream rouge, foundation, Nutrix, Fraicheur, it costs about 11 guineas.

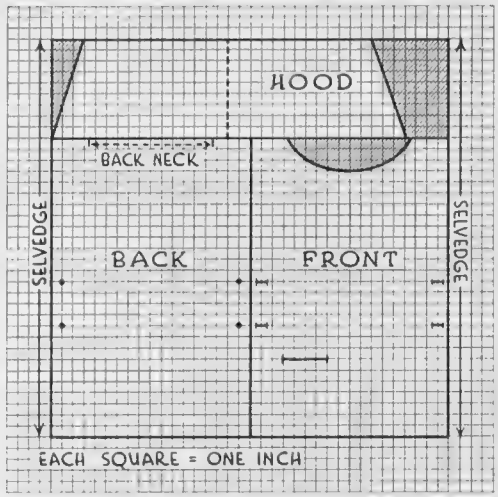


Gaily spotted polythene make-up case with enough room for two spill- and break-proof pots and bottles. From Boots 7s. 1d., or larger size with three pots and bottles, 17s. 6d. *Right:* handy-shaped case from Innoxa containing Mousse foundation, face powder, complexion milk and skin food. It costs £4 3s. 9d.

BEACH TUNIC MATERIALS: 1 yd. 36-in. glazed cotton (or towelling); ½ yd. plain material in a contrasting colour; 4 buttons.

TO MAKE: Mark out paper in 1-in. squares and copy diagram on to it, making separate patterns for back, front and hood. Cut out pieces from patterned material, and a second hood from plain material for lining. Fold hood in half and join back seam (shorter edge). Join lining seam and with right sides facing, stitch to hood at longest edge (front) and turn to inside. Stitch hood to main part, placing back seam to back neck, leaving 3½ ins. unsewn on each side.

Bind front neck with a bias strip of plain material and face with a strip of patterned material. Join front to back at shoulders and stitch free edges of hood along shoulder seams on right side. Cut a strip of plain material 5 ins. by 12 ins. for pocket. Fold in half, join side edges and stitch to pocket slit on inside. Cut plain material into 2-in. wide strips and join to make facing for edges. Stitch facing all round, mitring corners and leaving side edge unsewn. Make buttonholes (as shown in diagram) and sew down facing. Sew on buttons to correspond.



FOUR WORTH MAKING

For him . . . a round-the-garden pullover knitted in a fancy rib and 4-ply wool

MATERIALS: 10 (11, 12) oz. Templeton's "Ayrbeam" or "Ayrella" 4-ply Fingering; 1 pair each of Nos. 9 and 12 knitting needles. *Measurements:* 37 to 38-in. chest size; length, 23 ins. 39 to 40-in. chest size; length, 24 ins. 41 to 42-in. chest size; length, 25 ins. *Abbreviations:* K., knit; p., purl; tog., together; inc., increase; dec., decrease; rep., repeat; patt., pattern; g.st., garter stitch; beg., beginning; st(s)., stitch(es). *Tension:* 6½ sts. to 1 in.

Where three alternative figures are given, the first is for 37 to 38-in. chest size, second for 39 to 40-in. size, third for 41 to 42-in. size.

THE BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 124 (132, 140) sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 4 ins. Change to No. 9 needles and continue in patt.:

1st row: K.
2nd–4th rows: K.
5th row: * K. 2, p. 2; rep. from * to end.
6th row: As 5th row.
7th row: * P. 2, k. 2; rep. from * to end.
8th row: As 7th row.

Rep. rows 5 to 8 twice more, then rep. 5th and 6th rows. Work 4 rows in g.st.

Now work 14 rows in k. 2, p. 2 rib. These 36 rows form the patt.

Continue in patt. until work measures 14 (14½, 15) ins. from cast-on edge.

Shape armholes: Keeping continuity of patt., cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. each end of every row until 92 (100, 108) sts. remain. Now continue straight until work measures 23 (24, 25) ins.

Shape neck and shoulders. Next row: Patt. 34 (37, 40) sts., cast off next 24 (26, 28) sts., patt. to end. Now work in patt. on this second set of 34 (37, 40) sts. for one side of neck thus :

1st row: Cast off 7 (8, 9) sts., patt. to last 2 sts., work 2 tog.

2nd row: Work 2 tog., patt. to end. Rep. these 2 rows twice more.

Cast off remaining sts. Rejoin wool and work other side to match.

THE FRONT

Work as for Back until armhole shaping is completed and 92 (100, 108) sts. remain.

Continue straight until front measures 20 (21, 22) ins. from cast-on edge.

Shape neck. Next row: Patt. 40 (43, 46), turn, and leave remaining sts. on spare needle.

Continue on first set of sts., dec. at neck edge on every row until 28 (31, 34) sts. remain. Continue straight until work measures 23 (24, 25) ins., finishing at armhole edge.

Shape shoulder: Cast off 7 (8, 9) sts. at beg. of next row and following 2 alternate rows.

Next row: Patt. to end. Cast off remaining sts.

Return to sts. on spare needle and beg. at neck edge, slip first 12 (14, 16) sts. on safety-pin (centre sts.). Rejoin wool to remaining 40 (43, 46) sts. and work to match first side.

NECK BORDER

Join right shoulder seam. With right side of work facing, using No. 12 needles, beg. at left shoulder of front and pick up and k. 36 sts. evenly down neck edge, k. across the 12 (14, 16) sts. from safety-pin, pick up and k. 36 sts. along other side of neck edge to shoulder seam, then pick up and k. 40 (44, 48) sts. along neck edge of back. Work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for ¾-in. Cast off fairly loosely in rib.

ARMHOLE BORDERS (2)

Join left shoulder seam. With right side of work facing, using No. 12 needles pick up and k. 160 (168, 176) sts. evenly along armhole edge. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for ¾-in. Cast off fairly loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Sew up side seams. Press seams.

For her . . . holiday blouse. For hairpin crochet bag instructions, write to Eve

MATERIALS: 7 balls of Strutt's Milford Knitting Cotton No. 8. For the 32 to 34-in. bust size, 1 pair each of Nos. 13 and 15 knitting needles. For the 34 to 36-in. size, 1 pair each of Nos. 12 and 14 needles. For the 36 to 38-in. bust size, 1 pair each of Nos. 11 and 13 needles. *Measurements:* Length from shoulder, all sizes, 19 ins. *Tension:* 6½ (6, 5½) sts. to 1 in. over pattern; and 8½ (8, 7½) to 1 in. over moss stitch. *Abbreviations:* St(s)., stitch(es); st. st. stocking stitch; beg., beginning; inc., increase; dec., decrease; patt., pattern; in(s)., inch(es); sl., slip; tog., together; rep., repeat; moss st., moss stitch (which is *1st row:* K. 1, p. 1. *2nd row*: K. over p. and p. over k.).

In passing . . . Dorville strawberry print cotton dirndl skirt from Maryonette, London, S.W.3, 3 gns.; large pearl ear-studs, 7s. 6d. and coloured raffia bracelets, 1s. 9d. each, all from Swan & Edgar, W.1

THE BACK

Using coarser needles, cast on 104 sts. Change to finer needles and work in k. 1., p. 1 rib for 1 in., inc. 1 st. at end of last row (105 sts.). Work in patt. thus :

1st row: Moss st. 4, * sl. 1 (k. 2 tog.) 6 times, moss st. 8; rep. from * until 17 sts. remain, sl. 1 (k. 2 tog.) 6 times, moss st. 4.

2nd row: Moss st. 4, ** insert needle into st. in the usual way, then pass wool twice round needle and draw through, * pick up the thread lying between st. just knitted and next st. and k. this, also with wool twice round needle, then k. the next st. in the same way; rep. from * 5 times, moss st. 8 **; rep. from ** to **, ending row with moss st. 4.

3rd row: Moss st. 4, * k. 13, taking front of long knitted st. and dropping small loop off, moss st. 8; rep. from *, ending with moss st. 4.

4th row: Moss st. 4, * p. 13, moss st. 8; rep. from *, ending with moss st. 4. These 4 rows form the patt. Rep. them until work measures 3½ ins., ending after 4th patt. row. Change to coarser needles and continue in patt., inc. at each end of next and every following 6th row until sts. number 129, working the extra sts. in moss st. Continue on these until work measures 11 ins.

Shape for Sleeves: Keeping continuity of patt., cast on 2 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows (149 sts.). Next 6 rows in patt. Inc. at each end of next and every following 6th row until sts. number 163. Work 7 rows on these, ending with wrong side row.

Shape Top of Sleeves and Shoulders: Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 16 rows. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows and 17 at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using coarser needles, cast on 50 sts. Change to finer needles and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 1 in. Now work patt. :

1st row: Moss st. 12, patt. 13, (as for back panels), moss st. 8, patt. 13, moss st. 4.

2nd row: Moss st. 4, patt. 13, moss st. 8, patt. 13, moss st. 12.

3rd row: Moss st. 12, k. 13, moss st. 8, k. 13, moss st. 4.

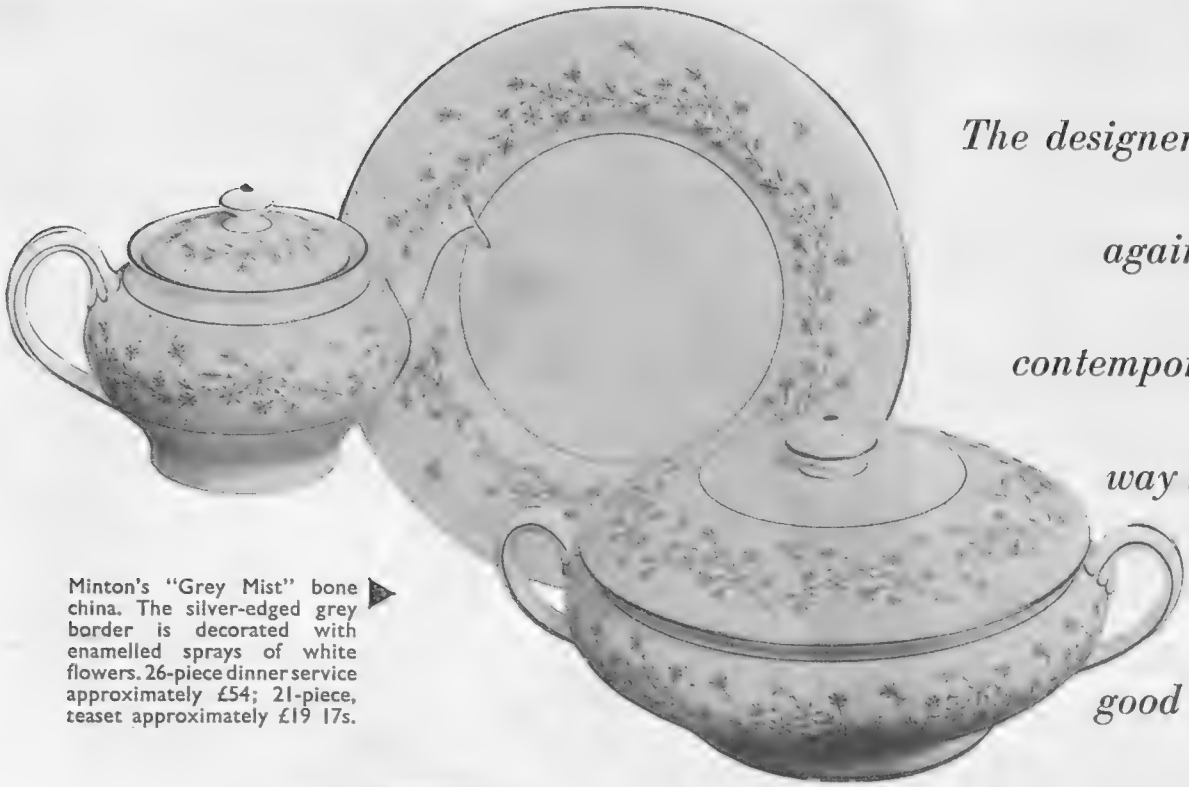
4th row: Moss st. 4, p. 13, moss st. 8, p. 13, moss st. 12. Rep. these 4 patt. rows until work measures 3½ ins., ending with 4th row. Change to coarser needles.

Keeping continuity of patt., inc. at *end* of next and every 6th row until sts. number 62. Continue in patt. until work measures 11 ins., ending side edge.

Shape for Sleeve. 1st row: Cast on 2 sts., work to end of row.

2nd row: Patt.; rep. these two rows 4 times more (72 sts.).

(*Continued on page 64*)



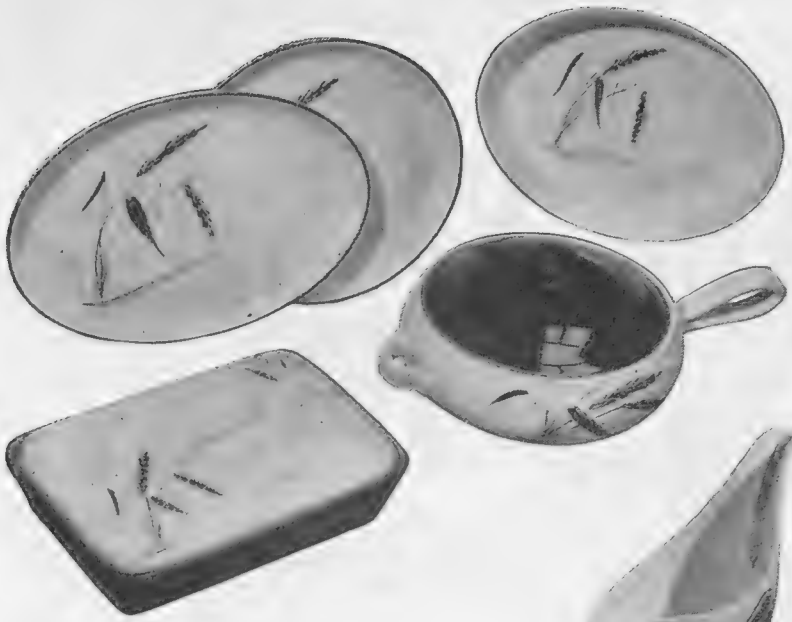
Minton's "Grey Mist" bone china. The silver-edged grey border is decorated with enamelled sprays of white flowers. 26-piece dinner service approximately £54; 21-piece, teaset approximately £19 17s.

The designers are thinking again. "Squiggles—contemporary" is giving way to more placid styles. A good point for . . .

TABLE TALK!

Royal Doulton Queens-lace earthenware. A cascade of white flowers on teal green contrasts with creamy-white hollow-ware. An open-stock pattern in tea, dinner, coffee and breakfast sets. 26-piece dinner service £14 2s. 8d.

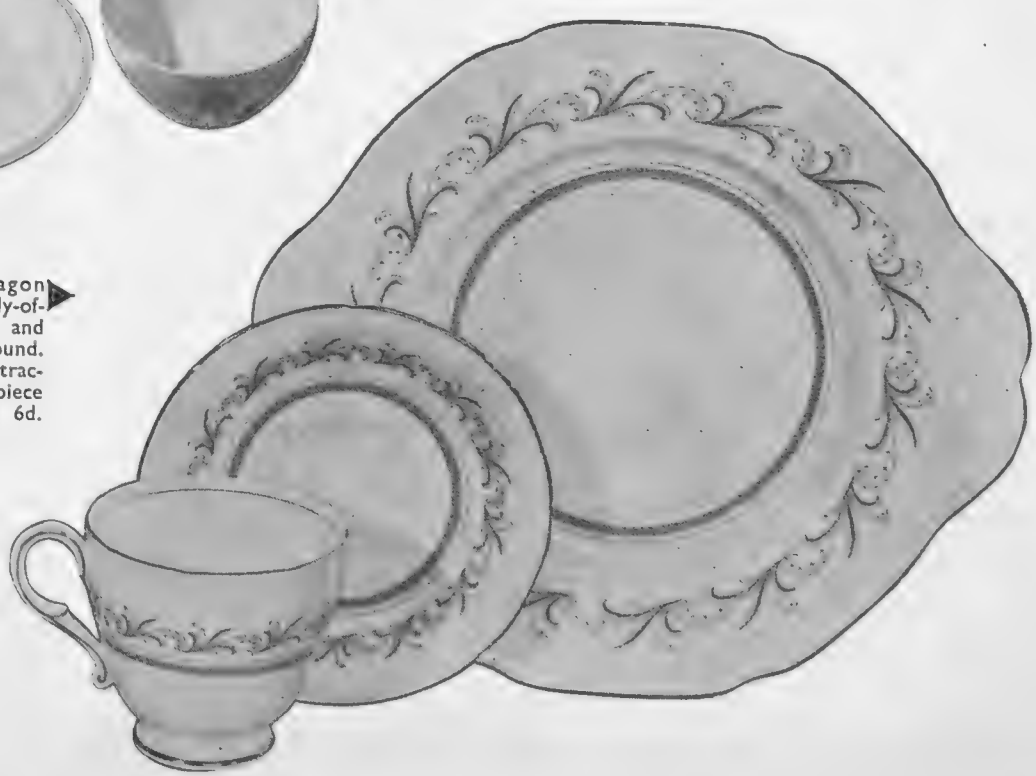
Shelley's "Autumn Leaves" fine bone china has wind blown leaves in pastel shades of green, pink, yellow, interspersed with stars. Dinner, tea, breakfast and coffee sets. 21-piece teaset costs about £9



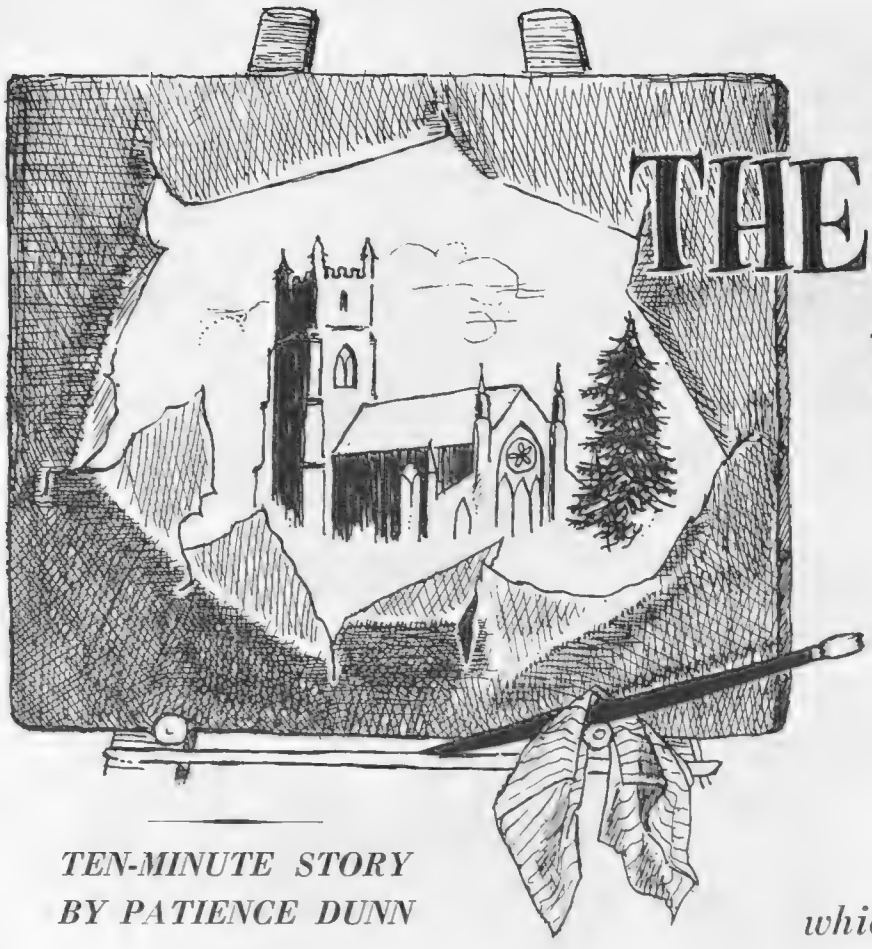
◀Denby hand-painted "Greenwheat" oven-proof tableware. Very effective in a matt-white finish with a dark green glacé. Open stock pattern. Handle casserole 35s. 6d.; oval roaster 18s. 11d.; meat platter 10s. 9d.

Midwinter "Fashion" salad ware. White background with contemporary motifs of vegetables in red, yellow, green with black outlines. Mint boat 8s. 6d.; plates 6s. 3d. and 4s. 3d.; teacup and saucer 5s. 9d.; salad bowl 24s. 11d. ▶

◀Adderley sunflower china teaset from the Ridgway Potteries. The black saucers contrast sharply with white cups decorated with a large yellow sunflower and leaves. The plates are edged with black. 18-piece teaset £8.



Classic design—a Paragon china teaset. A graceful lily-of-the-valley print in green and amber on an ivory background. Each piece is outlined with a tracery of gold. This is a 21-piece teaset and it costs £9 18s. 6d. ▶



THE VICAR'S WIFE

She was "The Foreigner" to the village—fighting a barrier of prejudice which nearly broke her heart

TEN-MINUTE STORY
BY PATIENCE DUNN

IN the village he was known simply as "Our Vicar." She was referred to as "Mrs. Fielding." In this way the village expressed, unconsciously perhaps, the difference that was between them. Mr. Fielding belonged to them; Mrs. Fielding belonged only to her husband.

The village was right of course; they were always right over things like that.

They had been married eight years when first they came to the village. Eight years before, James Fielding, then deputy underwriter to a syndicate at Lloyds, had been dragged reluctantly by his sister to the Chelsea Arts Ball. There he had met a strikingly beautiful Spanish girl, whom he took to be an artist's model, and who captivated him completely.

He was mistaken in assuming her to be a model—though her portrait, by Maes, did grace the Academy that year—for she was Maria Cristina Dominguin, with two of her own paintings on the walls of Burlington House.

Maria Cristina had come to England to study under Maes, and though that critical old cynic had described her style as "exotic, erratic and erotic," he had secretly prophesied a great future for his "little Spanish dauber."

It was a prophesy that was not to be fulfilled. For Maria Cristina lost her heart to the big, jovial, gentle Englishman, and finally married him.

The first year was a happy one. They made their home in a converted mews house, and Maria Cristina divided her days joyfully between studying with Maes, and learning English cooking. That year her crowning achievements were "The Watchers," and a roly-poly that met with James's enthusiastic approval.

Then, in the summer of the second year, James was striken down with poliomyelitis, and the idyllic interlude was over.

It was while he lay, free of pain, but paralysed, that his active mind first found exercise in examining his religious beliefs. By the time that he could take his first shuffling steps with a wheeled support, he was convinced that his true vocation lay in the Church.

It was some time before Maria Cristina recognized in this new passion any cause for anxiety. If James wanted to preach in a church instead of insuring ships, what did it matter to her?

But when, finally, James explained what he intended to do, and described their future way of life, she was absolutely horrified.

"A village priest!"

"Vicar, darling."

"But leave here, and go and live in a village . . . in the country . . . away from everything! How could I work? Oh James, you can't want that!" And so the arguments began.

MARIA CRISTINA was not given to self-deception, neither was she a fool. She realized then that their new life, if it was to be a success, meant giving up her career. And she knew that she had none of those unselfish qualities of character that would make such a sacrifice easy. It was her art against his vocation, and their happiness at stake. James had a trump card against which she was defenceless—her love for him. Once she had proved to herself that his happiness really did depend on his fulfilling what he believed to be his vocation, she surrendered unconditionally.

"A vicar's wife!" Maes scoffed when she told him. "You think you can bury a talent like that in a village churchyard? You think you can kill it? Think it'll lie down quietly and die and leave you in peace? Fool! Fool! You'll go mad with frustration after a year or two, and come crying back to me . . . and then, God pity you, it may be too late!"

* * *

They had been in the village for nearly three years.

Three years was a very short time by village standards, where families lived in the same cottage generation after generation. But, even so, three years was long enough for James to be accepted as "Our Vicar," and long enough nearly to break Maria Cristina's heart.

SHE was heavily handicapped from the start. The village was suspicious of her vivid beauty and artistic talent. She was the Vicar's wife—but still "the foreigner."

Old Mrs. Bingham, the undisputed matriarch of the village, managed to take full advantage of her services while deprecating her efforts. And the village, as usual, adopted Mrs. Bingham's attitude as their own. Maria Cristina was regarded as "trying very hard considering that she was a foreigner." She was not encouraged to succeed.

Maria Cristina tried very hard for three years, while her sensitive spirit suffered silently under the silly slights and sly

"Bury your talent in a village?" he

snubs of Mrs. Bingham. And then, at Harvest Festival, the crisis came.

In an emergency, Maria Cristina was asked to help by doing the decoration of the rood screen. It was not an enviable allocation, for the screen, a thing of great beauty in itself, neither lent itself to decoration, nor offered any flat surfaces on which to stand a vase.

Maria Cristina consulted one of her friends, Mrs. Wakely-Forest, about it.

"Oh, old Mrs. Middleton always does it, only she's down with lumbago . . . paste jars dotted along, with bits of Michaelmas daisy. . . . Quite ghastly! Just do the best you can. It's an impossible bit to do anyway. I'm lucky, I do the ledge under the Willes monument. . . . Nice dark corner . . . known as my greengrocer stall—solid veg."

Maria Cristina went and stood in the aisle and glared at the screen. She always scowled when she was working.

If the screen was too imposing a subject for decoration, well then . . . yes . . . it could be employed as an outer frame . . . as a frame. . . . Two rather similar arrangements of flowers in the centre of either side . . . big vases, tied on . . . and then something to draw the eye inwards towards them . . . to focus them in the bare centres. The red creeper off the barn! It would hang down from the top of the screen, but it had to point inwards and upwards as well; highlighting the main subject. Black cotton! Black cotton wouldn't show. . . .

On the Saturday, when Mrs. Wakely-Forest staggered into church with a giant marrow clasped in her arms, she stopped and gazed in wonder at the beautiful thing that Maria Cristina had made.

After Mrs. Wakely-Forest had finished her vegetable display and had gone, the others began to arrive, and, without exception, each one stood still and exclaimed at the beauty of the screen.

Each one, that is, until Mrs. Bingham arrived.

SHE came bustling in with two huge armfuls of Michaelmas daisies, and when, peering over the top of them, she caught sight of the screen, she also stood still and stared for a moment.

One by one the women all around fell silent and, as if mesmerized, their eyes went from Mrs. Bingham to the screen, and back to Mrs. Bingham again.

The corner of Mrs. Bingham's mouth twitched, but she did not say a word. She stalked up the aisle. She stood and stared at the top of the screen. She peered from side to side. She frowned, as if short-sighted, at each of the arrangements of flowers in turn. She took three slow steps backwards, eyeing the screen with her head on one side. Then she shrugged her shoulders.

"Really!" she exclaimed.

She strode back to the group of watching women.

Little Miss Minting had the temerity to say, "Don't you like it? We thought it was ever so lovely." But she was withered with a glance.

"Really," exclaimed Mrs. Bingham again, "So ostentatious! I can't think how she could have done it! Such bad taste! Someone ought to have told her what was fitting; letting her make an exhibition of herself, poor thing. Of course, we must make allowances; we mustn't forget she's a foreigner; you can't expect anything different! Such bad taste! Really!"

Maria Cristina came up the aisle with a basket of apples.

"Please, I'm sorry, but I couldn't help hearing what you said. I am sorry you do not like the way that I have done the screen. I thought it was given to me to make it as beautiful as I could, and that is what I have done. What is it you don't like?"

Mrs. Bingham had recovered herself quickly, though her face was still unnaturally red.

"Oh, it's all very beautiful, I grant you; very artistic and all that. . . . But, well, perhaps something a little more . . . more dignified. Mrs. Middleton always does something quite simple . . . but then, she has such very good taste. I'll show you myself another time, and then there won't be any awkwardness."

Maria Cristina put down her apples and came away.

She marched across the graveyard, through the wall gate, through the back door (which she slammed), and into the kitchen.

SHE cooked James's lunch as if her life depended on its reaching the table on the stroke of the hour and the Aga was consciously trying to defeat her efforts, and burst into tears as she shoved the tray through the hatch.

James comforted her, cajoled her and consoled her, but he never got her to help in the village again.

* * *

Maria Cristina turned to gardening instead, and some of her intense delight in colour was gratified in the brilliance of the flowers that she grew in the enclosed garden behind the old grey wall.

But the growing of flowers could only ease, could not cure the restlessness, the fret of her creative spirit. When these moods were on her, she took a spade or hoe and attacked the ground or the weeds furiously.

So it was that one blustering Autumn afternoon, when James was away at a convention, she found herself unable to sit at her desk over the weekly bills. Jumping up, she seized her secateurs and rushed out into the garden to dead head the roses. Snapping viciously at the tumbled heads helped to work off her irritation, and by the time that she had finished the roses and cleared up the rubbish, she was almost at peace once more.

She went round and stood looking at the big beds at the side of the house. They were at their best, ablaze with colour: golden snapdragons, orange wallflowers and scarlet salvias.

She jumped, startled by a quiet voice behind her. A man was leaning on the gate in the archway of the old wall.

"It looks as if it was on fire . . . the ground I mean."

Maria Cristina nodded. "That's just what I was thinking; I could almost warm my hands at it."

"Or your heart," he said.

She glanced at him in surprise. She recognized that he had not spoken lightly.

"Why did you say that?"

"It was how I felt. One needs that heat of colour sometimes."

To Maria Cristina it was as if a visitor had come from her distant world of four years ago. Here was someone who felt as she felt, who spoke as she spoke when she talked to herself alone, who needed "the heat of colour."

"Do you paint?" she asked.

"I did. I don't any more."

"Why?"

Before he could answer, she saw the sewn up end of his sleeve, and felt a pang of swift compassion.

"I'm sorry . . . I . . . I didn't see. . . ."

He was studying her intently.

"You winced. Just as if you felt the pain," he said.

"I was afraid I had made it hard for you, asking . . . I ought to have seen. . . ."

"Don't worry."

Maria Cristina wanted to change the subject; she felt angry with herself and embarrassed.

"Would you like to come in? There's another bed in front, all polyantha roses, and they're still very lovely."

He came into the little walled garden and followed her round to the front of the house.

"Do you do all this yourself?"

"Oh yes; it's only a small garden really."

"I never thought anything so beautiful could grow behind walls," he said.

"It does darken that side; but the lilies-of-the-valley like it, and the violets. The sun gets round on to all the rest."

"I didn't mean that; I meant hidden and shut away."

She showed him where she had started to clear the old overgrown rockery.

He pulled at a tuft of weed, scratching round it with the fingers of his left hand; he burrowed his fingers along the soil where the root joined it to the next tuft.

"I will loosen it and you pull," he suggested.

GROUND elder as a weed has a fascination all its own. They worked together, completely absorbed, until the church clock chimed five.

"Good heavens! Five! . . . What about some tea or a long drink with ice in it?"

"A long drink with ice in it sounds wonderful."

She took him into the sitting-room and went to get the ice from the kitchen. When she got back he was standing in front of the painting over the fireplace: "The Watchers."

"This is a magnificent thing . . . where the dickens did you get it?"

"It's mine," she said.

He glanced round at her impatiently.

"I know . . . I know. But it's really good. Who's this man, Dominguin it looks like?"

"It's me. I'm him. I mean I'm Dominguin."

"You painted this?"

His astonishment made her laugh. She nodded.

"But don't you know how good it is?"

"Yes, I know."

There was something so resigned, so flat and desolate in her tone, coming close upon her laughter, that he swung round to face her. (*Continued on page* 54)

scoffed . . . "fool, fool, you'll go mad!"

TANGIER!

Sheila Cole gives a woman's-eye view of the naughtiest city in the world

"This is the town where you can buy anything—at any time"

Tangier: archways planned for laden camels are cut back to make room for lush American cars. Veiled Arab women mingle in the market-places with sun-suited European visitors

SOMEONE once said: "Tangier is everybody's no-man's-land on the western shores of North Africa, with no national anthem other than the sweet melody of hard cash!" Since virtually nothing has changed there since, it seems pointless to try to improve on so concise a statement.

If you seek an ideal retreat for a *daytime* holiday, peaceful and quiet, with blue waves splashing on foreign beaches, with brightly striped deck chairs, and long cool soft drinks, a good solid British dinner served on a white tablecloth in a clean hotel, and an excellent taxi service . . . then pack up your things, order your flight by phone and be off. For Tangier has all these conventional clichés, and a better-than-most suntan to offer.

If you want wild, insane, exhilarating nights, to sneak up twisted dark streets full of reeling reefer-stuffed faces; if you want veiled women and the whisperings of strange tongues; if you want to push your way through crowded, smelly, colourful market-places, drink sweet incensed tea in a tearoom of night-darkness during mid-afternoon; if you want the odour of sweat and spices, mixed with the monotony of high pitched Arabic music . . . then put your oldest jeans in a satchel, change into a pair of tough sandles that like to walk as much as you do, take a tramp steamer or a tourist flight—AND GO TO TANGIER.

YOU don't fancy either of these? You want a luxury hotel with its own swimming pool, fine cabaret, the best French cooking; to mingle with the international set, clean, well-lit night-clubs nearby, good drinks that aren't watered down, and expensive shops where virtually everything is cheaper than London? *Then go to Tangier.*

Tangier is one of the few places left where the glorious American word *Fabulous* still applies. It is all things to all people. And to no one is Tangier nothing.

Located just south and west of the Strait of Gibraltar, Tangier is a conglomeration of Europe and Africa, Atlantic and Mediterranean, zone and city. It homes about ninety thousand Moslems, fifteen thousand Moroccan Jews, and thirty thousand (*Continued on page* 56)

CHOCOLATE ACORN CAKE. Mix contents of Bird's Cake Mix packet in a bowl. Melt 2 oz. chocolate with 2 tbsp. milk, blend in ½ oz. sieved cocoa. Add 4 tbsp. cold milk to mix, with chocolate. Beat till mixture is smooth. Add 2 tbsp. milk, beat for a minute. Put into greased and lined 6-in. cake tin. Bake 1 hour (350 deg. F., Regulo 4) till well risen. Cool for few minutes. Turn on to wire tray. When cold, split and fill with butter cream to which finely chopped toasted almonds have been added. Leave enough to cover. For "acorn" decoration, dip almonds in a little melted chocolate.

Busy? Then try these complete cake and pudding mixes which take next to no time to prepare. Here's a quick guide to . . .

m-a-g-i-c from a PACKET!

. Report from the EVE kitchen

ON the grocer's shelves today are many bright new faces all claiming to make your life easier. How good are these new products?

We have been trying them out for the housewife in a hurry (and who isn't?).

On the whole we British are a little conservative about food. Most women when they have always made their own cakes and puddings from basic ingredients, hesitate before trying a "complete" food from a packet.

But the way of life that gave Granny time to have a "baking day" every week has disappeared. Many a housewife finds it necessary to run a home and to continue her career.

It is for the benefit of over-busy people that the great strides in food technology have been made.

Canned and frozen foods speed up the preparation of meals, and make it possible to serve nearly every variety of foods all year round. With the introduction of "instant" sweets, an "instant" creaming fat and complete cake mixes, this speeding-up process in the kitchen is greatly extended.

One of the latest "new faces," and a particularly fascinating innovation in canned foods, is Smedley's steak and kidney pie. Cooked in a hot oven for twenty minutes four portions are ready to serve straight from the can. Good? This pie is better than the one mother used to make—a crisp golden crust, tender meat, a rich brown gravy.

DO you, as we do, groan when the word "creaming" is mentioned in a cookery book? Instant-Creaming Trex cuts out much of the hard work in both pastry and cake making. "Fork mix" pastry is ready in sixty seconds! The result?—first class.

From a rival firm, Spry, comes a new pastry method that is just as revolutionary—boiling water is poured on to the fat and then the flour added.

The newly developed cake mixes only need milk, sometimes an egg, to make a batter. These mixes are blended with a precision almost impossible for us to achieve. Even a beginner can depend on taking from her oven a fine-textured cake that has risen evenly.

Quick sweets are even more useful to the harassed housewife. Nothing could be simpler than adding powder to a pint of milk and whisking for a minute.

Now here on this page is a quick-reference guide to cake and pudding mixes to help you in your choice. All have been kitchen-tested by EVE.

The choice is yours

BRAND	TO ADD	VARIATIONS	PRICE s. d.
Cakes			
Mary Baker's Golden Cake	Egg, water	Icing, flavours to add, cup cakes	1 10
Mary Baker's Devil's Food	Egg, water	Butter icing, frosted icing, cup cakes	1 10
Mary Baker's Gingerbread	Egg, water	Lemon icing, cup cakes	1 10
Mary Baker's Fruit Cake	Egg, water	Buns	1 10
Bird's Madeira	Milk	Butter icing, fruit cake, party cakes	1 9
Bird's Snow Cake	Milk	Chocolate butter icing	1 9
Bird's Sponge	Milk	Swiss roll	1 9
Borwick's Sponge	Egg, water	—	9½
Cakeoma Complete Iced Strawberry Gateau	Milk	Party cakes	2 1½
Cakeoma Complete Iced Lemon Gateau	Milk	Party cakes	2 1½
Cakeoma Complete Iced Orange Gateau	Milk	Party cakes	2 1½
Cakeoma Sponge Cake	Egg	Swiss roll	9½
Creamola Cake Mix.	Water	Sandwich cake, small cakes, various fillings and icings.	1 11
Green's Sponge	Eggs	Sponge roll, pudding	10½
Green's Chocolate Sponge	Eggs	Sponge roll, pudding, filling	11½
Green's Jinjaleena (with tin)	Water	Pudding	1 4½
Harlequin Cake Mix	Water	Sandwich cake, light fruit cake, buns, decorating and icing	1 6
Harlequin Biscuit Mix	Water	Decorating and icing	1 6
Harlequin Chocolate Cake	Water	Sandwich, buns, icing, fillings	1 6
McDougall's Max Layer Cake	Milk	Cup cakes, butter cream icing, water or glacé icing	1 11½
McDougall's Max Chocolate Cake	Milk	Cup cakes, butter cream icing, chocolate glacé icing	1 11½
McDougall's Max Madeira	Milk	Fruit cake, quick cakes, fruit buns	1 11½
Pearce, Duff's Shortcake.	Margarine.	—	9
Viota Easy Mix (with paper case)	Egg, water	Flavours to add, icings and fillings	1 9
Weston's White Cake	Water	Preserved ginger cake, cup cakes, glacé icing, butter cream.	1 10
Weston's Chocolate Cake	Water	Cup cakes, walnut cake, glacé icing, butter icing	2 0
Puddings			
Bird's Instant Whip	Milk	Available in flavours: butterscotch, strawberry, coconut, vanilla, chocolate	8½
Borwick's Pastry	Water	Fruit or meat pie, fruit flan, 12 other recipes	1 0
Creamola Bakewell tart (pastry and filling)	Water	Small tarts	2 4
Harlequin Tart and Flan Mix	Water	Fruit or meat tarts and pies.	1 6
Lyons Unsweetened Suet	Water	Steak pudding, dumplings	1 0
Lyons Sweetened Suet	Water	Spotted dog, treacle or ginger pudding	1 0
Lyons Puff Pastry Mix	Water	Jam puffs, sausage rolls, mince pies	1 0
Lyons Short Pastry	Water	Fruit pie, jam tart	1 0
Lyons Sponge Pudding	Water	Jam, sultana or apple sponge	1 3
Pearce, Duff's Instant Pudding	Milk	In flavours vanilla, strawberry, Chocolate	7½ 8½
Royal Dessert	Milk	In flavours vanilla, caramel, chocolate or raspberry. As a flan or tart filling, with fruit	8½
Royal Tapioca Dessert	Milk	In flavours vanilla, banana, or butterscotch. With fruit or jelly	6½
Royal Instant Pudding	Milk	In flavours vanilla, caramel or raspberry. Flans or trifles	7½
Weston's Plain Pudding	Water	Sauce recipes	1 3
Weston's Chocolate Pudding	Water	Sauce recipes	1 6
Weston's Lemon Pudding	Water	Sauce recipes	1 6
Weston's Sultana Pudding	Water	Sauce recipes	1 6

. . . ROUND ABOUT TEA

Tea for two in day dresses of fine wool, both featuring the high-bosomed Empire line. Pierrette, by Marcusa, is a button-through dress with three kick pleats at back, comes in soft shades of blue, green and lilac. £9 19s. 6d. from Cresta shops. Rembrandt's beltless dress in brilliant jersey noppe comes in several colours—we chose deep royal blue flecked with emerald—looks soft end tweedy. Available September, £9 9s. Harrods and Modiste, Cambridge

Fashion edited by Anne de Courcy:

Photographs by George Miles

Our right-hand page shows "Eva" by Ivor Wahl of Sweden, now obtainable in this country. In creamy wool jersey, with plain front and Grecian-pleated back, net-lined to preserve the shape. Belt in gold kid. Dickins & Jones have this dress exclusively, price £16 16s. The shoes are Styleez Debs, in tan calf; £3 9s. 11d. from Lilley & Skinner

For the tall or slim: fine wool sheath by Fredrica with a standaway turtle collar, three-quarter sleeves. The side and back pleats hang straight, fan out only for easy sitting or walking. In Lovat green, £7 17s. 6d. from Peter Jones, Sloane Square; Dalys, Glasgow. Styleez "Sunny" courts, price £3 9s. 11d., from Lilley & Skinner, Oxford Street

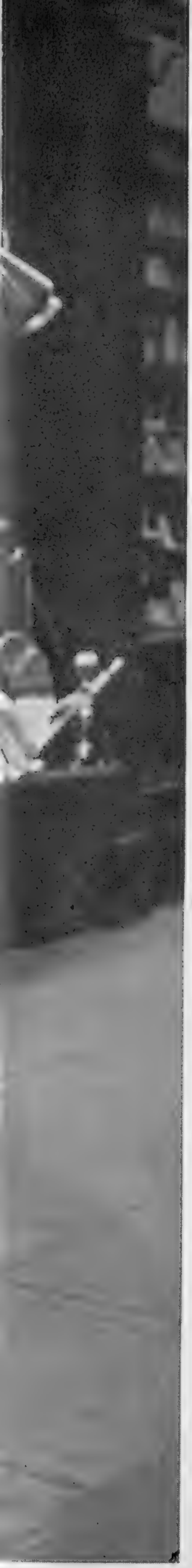
Formal or informal as the occasion demands. This crisp and neat Koupycraft dress comes in a fine black and gold —or black and blue—check. Black buttons and wide belt, black pussy-cat bow of stiff taffeta at the neck (take it off foralowerneckline). £919s.6d. from Selfridges, Oxford Street; Cochran, Paisley

These photographs were taken in the new Lebus showroom. Write to us for details of the latest Link furniture

ROUND ABOUT THE HOUSE

A casual evening at home still demands a touch of elegance. Here, separates in fine corduroy team up to make a day dress with a luxury look. Buttons play an important part—on the cuffs, the waistband and right down the front. Try juggling these separates with the rest of your wardrobe. Wear a black top with the skirt or its own shirt with a pale blond skirt. Made by Spectator Sports, in brilliant, gay colours: turquoise, pink, mauve, forest green, caramel and purple. £8 8s. from Simpsons, Piccadilly; Anne, Weybridge

ROUND ABOUT TOWN



Admiring a souvenir . . . in Atrima's slim green worsted barathea dress, £11 0s. 6d., Dickins & Jones, Regent Street; McDonalds, Glasgow. Bagcraft tan nappa leather bag with the new long look, £6 6s. from Harrods; Kangol stitched cream bell-shaped felt about £2 9s. *Right:* Vogel's double-breasted oatmeal dress. The two rows of buttons start from the cross-over neckline and finish just on the hips. £12 12s., Brian Barry, Bond Street; Rackhams, Birmingham. Blue wide pancake hat by Kangol, about £2 4s., shoes £3 9s. 11d., Lilley & Skinner. Pinkhams gloves

All stockings in this feature are Ballito's new Stretch nylons; price 12s. 11d

Office time . . . she wears an early-autumn street dress, smart enough to be seen without a coat. "Trophy" by Roter has a flatteringly curved, slenderizing line. Add a scarf to the neck or your favourite rope of beads to do double-duty for morning shopping or an afternoon appointment. It comes in a fine black and light grey weave. Price £15 15s., from Anne Gerrard, Grosvenor Street; Olive Rackham, Birmingham. The oatmeal fabric gloves are by Pinkhams

FASHION IN TRANSITION

This month we present patterns that span the transition time in fashion, and bring you a trio of designs to see you happily from Summer into Autumn

909

Change-about partners for changeable weather (and, incidentally, an essential part of 1956 fashion)—a wool dress and matching jacket that make wonderful travelling companions on the journey from Summer into Autumn. Here, a round-necked sheath of palest biscuit-brown tweed, moulded from the raised Empire waist ; the jacket is cut straight and narrow to the hip-bone below a wide stand-away collar. Dress and jacket in Vogue Couturier Pattern 909 ; 8s. 6d. ; sizes 30–36

VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE

8830

Young-hearted transition in a full-skirted caraco-suit (directly descended from Dior). Under the rib-length jacket goes a high-necked short-sleeved blouse made in fine checked cotton to match bolero and skirt—*voila*, a dress and jacket! Vogue Pattern 8830; 3s. 6d.; 30–38

S-4687

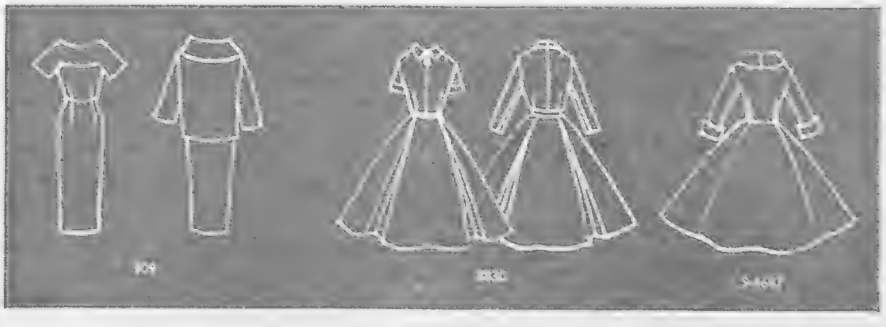
Alternative way to cheat the weather: the princess line is interpreted in a fitted coat that doubles as a Summer street-dress. The coat is made of Glen Urquhart worsted that goes right into Autumn but wears collar and cuffs under the sun. Vogue Pattern S-4687; 5s.; 30–38

HOW TO ORDER

You can order these Vogue patterns direct from us. Send remittance as indicated below, plus postage (2½d.) to Vogue Pattern Service, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2. (Cheques should be made payable to Vogue Pattern Service.) When ordering please note that bust sizes go up in 2-in. steps, i.e. 32 in., 34 in., 36 in. etc.

** *Fabric requirements below for patterns in this issue are for size 34-in. bust only. Before purchasing material be sure to study the pattern envelope, as requirements are always given for other sizes and fabric widths in addition to those quoted below. Fabric widths on the market include 36 in., 42 in., 45 in., 48 in., and 54 in.*

No.	Price		Yds.	Width
909	8s. 6d.	Sheath dress and jacket	3½	54 in.
8830	3s. 6d.	Jacket, blouse, skirt	6⅝	39 in.
S-4687	5s. 0d.	Coat with detachable collar and cuffs	3⅜	54 in.
			¾	35 in.



The Vicar's Wife

(*Continued from page* 41)

"What happened? Don't you paint any more either?"

"No, I don't paint any more."

"In heaven's name, why not?"

"It was that or this. . . . I married, you see; my husband's vicar here. There's a lot to do . . . and he's at home. I couldn't paint just a little. . . . I was only beginning, you see; there was so much more to learn. Oh it's so hard to make anyone understand that!"

"You mean it had to be everything or nothing at all? You couldn't be content with work as good as this?"

"Oh no! I'd have had to go on."

"'To go on!' That's it. I know what you mean. You hadn't used your talent to the full, not to perfection yet."

"Not to the best that I could grow to do."

"You must be very strong-minded, or, perhaps, very much in love. Otherwise I don't think you can be very happy."

He caught the quick, almost startled glance that she gave him before she turned away.

She showed him the two pictures in the dining-room: the Montserrat and the portrait of Miguel Balana.

"What a damnable wicked waste!" he exclaimed. "To have all this in you, this talent for colour and design; to have all this and the power to express it, and to go and shut it all away and let it rot and ferment inside you!"

"Ferment. Yes, it feels like that," she murmured.

THE severity drained out of his expression, and a look of the most gentle compassion took its place.

"Suppressed measles can be a very painful business," he said, and smiled at her.

"What can one take for it?" She made the words light, half humorous, but her eyes implored him.

"Either let the rash come out; go back and start work where you left off, use the great gift you were given. Or find the antidote and make yourself immune."

"What antidote?"

"Think about other people. It works in the end."

"What do you mean? What could I really do?"

"Don't you help your husband? Don't you help here in his parish?"

"I tried! I tried! It wasn't any good. They didn't want me. Everything I did was wrong. They didn't like me. I don't do anything now, except help a bit with the sermons; and that's only one day a week."

"So there's only the garden. The secret garden. . . ."

"The garden helps. . . ."

"It's not the right answer."

"What else is there?"

"The different attitude of mind. When you create you are expressing yourself. Selfishness is the inherent vice of all creative artists. It's bound to be. If you aren't going to create, you've got to learn to be unselfish.

"It won't be easy. Don't go and scrub the church hall floor to work off an excess of energy, or because you think they'll be grateful and like you if you do; scrub it to give Mrs. So-and-So a hand, or to save Mrs. Somebody's knees."

"It's no good! I could never be like that!"

"You could in the end . . . then you'd be happy. They'd come to recognize the difference, you know . . . village people do."

"They'd always be against me."

"Not in the end . . . if you stuck to it. It wouldn't be easy at first."

"I don't think I could. I'm not at all good. I'm not a bit like that."

"You'd change."

"How can you say that? You don't know what it's like. . . ."

"I think I do know. . . . I was a fellow sufferer, you see."

"But it was different for you. . . . You lost your hand! I almost wish I could lose mine; then it wouldn't be so hard!"

Her voice warped with anguish and the angry tears stung her eyes. She pulled herself together with a great effort.

"I'm terribly sorry . . . that was a cruel thing to say!"

"You needn't be. I told you, I'm immune. . . . It doesn't worry me any more."

She stared at him, her tremulous lips rigidly compressed like those of a hurt

child, and her sorrowful dark eyes still all awash with tears.

"If only I could believe that I could be like you."

"Try."

He turned and looked about him as if he were waking up in a strange place.

"I must go! I'll miss the train back to town. I was quite forgetting the time."

She walked with him to the gate in the wall. He shut the gate behind him and turned to her.

"This was one of my rare attacks of 'measles.' I don't often take a day off. I couldn't have had a nicer cure than to find this hidden garden—and you, who needed to make it."

He turned abruptly and strode off between the gravestones.

Maria Cristina went back into the house. She drew the curtains and washed the glasses. James wouldn't be back until late; there was no supper to cook. She wandered round the house with miserable restlessness, her thoughts wheeling, her nerves strung tight to breaking point.

Suddenly she rushed upstairs. She clambered up to the box-room which had once been a nursery, and, throwing open the great toy cupboard, started to rummage amongst its contents. At last she found what she wanted: a large, battered sketchbook and some pencil stubs looped in a rubber band.

Leaving everything spread over the floor, she carried the things that she needed downstairs. She pinned the sketchbook to the pastry board, propped it up on the cooker, and set to work.

It was the portrait of the one-armed man that gradually built up in front of her as she worked; and as she worked she muttered angrily to herself and to the face of the man that was taking form from her fingers.

"Become immune! . . . Immune! . . . But if only I could! . . . Think of others, you said, . . . that Mrs. Bingham . . . to save Mrs. Bingham's knees . . . even to help James.

"Easy for you . . . you lost your hand. One day you could paint; one day you couldn't. It wasn't you who had to decide; you had it done for you. You only had to bear not being able to paint; I'm tortured because I know I can!

"Oh, how I envy you! . . . Or did you have so little to lose? Was it that? Didn't it mean so much to you? . . . and yet you said 'ferment' . . . I think you knew . . . and you needed the 'heat of colour.' . . . You knew all right! . . . If only you hadn't been helped by losing your hand!

"If only you had given it all up and not had it taken away from you! If you could do it, I could! If only, if only I could believe that I could become immune like you!"

WHEN James came home Maria Cristina was fast asleep on the sofa and the fire was almost out.

"Are you all right?" he asked anxiously, as she got up to greet him. "You don't look awfully bonny."

Then he saw the drawing.

"That's Maxwell-Villier!"

"Do you know him? He came here today."

"Came here? To see me?"

"He didn't say anything about seeing you. Perhaps it wasn't him. He was a man with one arm. I never asked his name."

"That's him all right. . . . I wonder how he found me here. Wish I'd been at home, I'd like to have seen him again."

They sat together by the faintly glowing embers.

"Tell me about this man . . . this man with one arm," she said.

"Maxwell-Villier? We were at Eton together, and New College, and then I met him afterwards, during the blitz. I haven't seen him since.

"A queer chap. Not awfully popular at Eton . . . very much on his own. Mad about painting and all that. Wet bob. Rather a queer sort of person . . . morose . . . wrapped up in himself."

"How well did he paint?"

"He was frightfully good. Had things in the Salon or whatever it is. Darling! What's the matter? Are you sure you're all right?"

"Yes! Yes! Go on!"

"I didn't meet him again until during the war . . . in the blitz. They bombed his church. . . down by the docks. I was

on the rescue job. Nasty business. . . ."

"His church?"

"Down by the Port of London. I can't remember the name. The whole area got a terrible pasting."

"So after he lost his arm he became a clergyman like you?"

"Oh no; he lost his arm in the blitz, quite late on."

"He lost his arm *after* he'd become a clergyman, after he'd stopped painting?"

"Oh yes, quite a long time after. He'd been working down in dockland for some years. Awful uphill job too. He wasn't at all the type they'd take to down there. Now he's almost a legend."

"Why did he stop painting then, if it wasn't his arm?"

"I think he felt he was needed. I believe he was truly called. I remember he said once how hard it had been, giving everything up."

"So it wasn't his arm." Maria Cristina said slowly.

"His arm wasn't anything to do with it; anyway, he was left-handed. . . . My darling! Why on earth are you crying?"

* * *

Maria Cristina washed up the breakfast things, and went into the sitting-room, where James was working on his sermon, and started to do the grate.

"James," she said slowly, "I want to help again . . . in the village."

He turned right round in his chair, looking at her anxiously.

"What's made you suddenly say that?"

"I think I should. I think it's the right answer."

He was puzzled, sitting there in front of her, studying her intently.

"Are you sure . . . after what happened before?"

"Yes. Quite sure."

"I don't want you to feel you must or anything. . . ."

"No. I want to try again. I think I could do better this time. I want to try."

She knelt down and began laying coal on top of the sticks.

"You'll say I want to help; you'll find out what I can do to start with, will you?" she asked.

"I could mention it down at the hall . . . or there's Miss Minting . . . she's always glad of a hand with the outing."

"I'd like to do that. You'll ask, will you, James?"

"If you've really made up your mind. If you think you'll be happy."

"I believe, in the end, I will be happy."

She got up off her knees, picked up the empty coal bucket and went out of the room.

James sat at his desk, gazing out of the window. He was uneasy about his wife. Her sudden change of attitude disturbed him.

Maria Cristina came in with her coat on and the shopping basket on her arm.

"Are you stuck?" she asked.

"Stuck? Oh no. . . . I was just thinking."

"Can I help with it at all? I needn't do the shopping till later. Lunch is ready."

"It's all right, darling. It's an easy one today. The parable of the talents. . . . I was just day dreaming."

"The talents. . . ." She stood quietly at his side. "The talents. No, I don't think that's a very easy one. To me it seems rather hard to understand." And, picking up the basket, she went down to the village.

"THIS SAD, SAD COUPLE . . ."

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Out of a drowned world stagger a man and a woman.
SHE is Elizabeth Matthews—rich, spoiled and conceited, a girl with the world at her feet . . . yesterday.
HE is Donovan . . . murderer on the run; a man with nothing to lose.
Around them are the floods . . . the floods of fear. And behind them is Sharkey, the prison officer. He means life for Elizabeth. And death for Donovan.
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IN Eve NEXT MONTH

TANGIER!

Continued from page 42

assorted Europeans. Whatever the *Tangerois* is, he *is*, to the hilt . . . there is nothing anywhere in Tangier that even faintly reeks of mediocrity !

And adding glow to the colour of the continuous sun over the city is its attitude towards anything that any other country bellows a loud clear NO about. If it is wrong in France, it is perfectly right in Tangier. If it is against the law in America, it is adjustable to the law of Tangier.

If you don't have the legal right to sell it in England, you can license it in Tangier. And if the Swiss banks won't cash it, you can invest it in a business . . . in Tangier.

Most of this easy-going attitude is due to the fact that Tangier is the joint responsibility of Belgium, Britain, Italy, France, Holland, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Sweden and the U.S.A. The Pact of Algerciras, signed in 1906, gave these ten nations this dubious privilege.

And the results have made a cocktail that would be the delight of any West End bartender. Each ingredient sits gently on the other, without sinking, but none of them fuses or bubbles or disintegrates.

As a citizen in any of the ten governing countries, you can enter Tangier without a visa. Almost no one will give you *any* trouble for *any* reason—for the ten powers that be and the Sultan of Morocco don't *want* any trouble.

Although most of the famous smuggling stories begin, "... on a dark, cobbled street in Tangier etc." . . . other than the dark and cobbled streets which are readily available for those who want them, there is almost no point in smuggling anything into or out of Tangier.

The customs fee is 12.5 per cent of *all* entering goods—except those worth smuggling . . . on those the rate is only 7.5 per cent. This includes precious stones, gold and silks and a few exceptional luxury goods. This is a great deal less than rates in almost any other country, certainly in any country which is reasonably accessible . . . so why smuggle?

THE Tangier smuggler in actual fact wears a conservative grey business suit and an Italian silk necktie.

Tangier imports everything and produces nothing—other than the few million souvenirs that are carried out of the zone by contented tourists all the year through. Walk through the *Sokko*. You can have sandles and slippers made from *imported* cowhide to fit your feet, choose the style of handbag or belt you want stitched by hand on *imported* goatskins, design your own bangles and bracelets to be made before your eyes from *imported* silver.

You can eat the rich, wonderful foods of more than half a dozen countries in the local restaurants . . . authentic but *imported*. You eat from *imported* plates with *imported* utensils.

The only local produce is money, and they turn enough of it into more to make any other local production pointless !

Sightseeing in Tangier, like all other things there, is exciting. You can employ a boy to act as your guide by the week at so little cost (provided you bargain, and even cheaper if your French is good and you speak no English to him) that he becomes a priceless and *necessary* commodity. In addition to his wage, which must be settled in advance and paid at the end of his service, you must feed him if you keep him with you for tea, evening night life and so on. The investment is slight, and if you speak to a number of guides before choosing one, he can at least triple your enjoyment of the zone.

If you hire a car, a reasonably inexpensive luxury in Tangier, it is worth while going out of the town at about four o'clock in the morning to watch the Arabs coming into the market from their *dwahs*. The Sultan's palace is open to the public, and his gardens are about the most beautiful to be seen in almost any country.

The caverns of Hercules make an afternoon's interesting visit and, if money holds any interest for you at all, an amusing hour, afternoon, day week or month can be spent in the centre of Tangier, near the Paris Cinema at the *change-bourse*.

You can swop pounds for dollars, dollars for pesetas, pesetas for lire, lire for lei, lei for pounds and so on. And if this amuses you, you can change it all back.

It is possible, if you take time to work out a system (like in roulette or in playing the dogs !) to make a profit in this game, even for the layman. But generally it is not worth the trouble.

TANGIER is an amateur photographer's paradise; in fact, when the adjustable - push - button camera was invented, they must have taken the first flawless photos in Tangier.

Other than needing a hood (your own hand will do !) to shelter your lens from the twelve full hours of perfect sunshine, all you have to do is point the camera at someone or something and you will take a perfect picture.

The light is almost always right, at least during as many waking hours as most people want for picture taking. And the shadows, rather than being confusing as they can be in London on a dull day, are flattering to the shadow-coloured people, standing and living amongst the sun-bleached buildings.

Tangier is neatly arranged to satisfy the rich resident or the poor, the exiled royal visitor or the grocer from Wigan. It is a town where these people mix without concern, and where they can avoid each other, if they choose to.

Hotels range in price from ridiculously inexpensive to fabulously expensive. The Kasbah may not be all that was promised in *Thousand And One Nights*, but it probably will be a great deal more that was overlooked in the book.

If there is anything . . . anything at all . . . close your eyes and wish. If it can be bought with money, you can buy it.

You can buy it seven days of the week, probably seven nights. If you cannot buy it immediately, they will get it for you. Women are advertised as clearly in windows as cosmetics are at the chemists.

If the local available nightclub entertainment doesn't amuse you, you can employ your own cabaret simply by telling the management what sort of thing might amuse you.

You can get your hair set in the *Sokko* after midnight, a shoeshine all night long. You can buy a deck chair just before six in the morning, and your guide is at your service any hour you suggest.

Tangier *is* all things. It *is* "everybody's no-man's-land." It *is* fabulous. And it *is* within reach of most everyone.

A CAR

Motoring Correspondent

Lilian Le Monniere

tries out the new

Standard Family Ten

DO the car builders care about women drivers? Certainly they do: for the number of women on the roads—and waiting to have their official tests—is mounting fast. We have become an important factor in the sales directors' minds.

Take one Coventry maker. He has produced a car which he says is "just the thing for the housewife." It is the Standard Family Ten, price £623 17s., tax paid.

Is he right? Let's take one out on test to find out.

First: what is it like inside? I give you the bad and the good points as they come up.

No clothes can catch on the handle as you open the driving door and slip into the seat behind the wheel. The handles are bent inwards. *A good point.*

The seat is upright: supports your back so that you sit fairly alertly. *Good for the figure*—a lounging-type seat can put on ounces where they are not wanted.

Look around before you start the engine. What do you find?

The speedometer is dead in front of your eyes, not away somewhere on the left of the dashboard. And the dashboard

The car that knows how to behave itself. . . . No lounging-type driving seat here. Instead, an upright seat that keeps you alert. And that's good for the figure

MADE FOR YOU

has a shallow hood over its top rib to stop any possibility of the lights being reflected from the top section of the windscreen when you are night-driving.

The petrol gauge is one of the neatest I have seen. Though it *could* show more details than just "E" (Empty), "F" (Full), and marks indicating quarter, half and three-quarters. It is so infuriating to run out of petrol miles from anywhere.

A slick lever on the steering column starts the direction-indicators winking. This lever has a marigold-coloured top in plastic in which a bulb flashes in unison with the signals.

Idea is that this way you make certain your indicators are working. It works well in the daytime, but at night it can be a little distracting.

TRY the clutch, brake, and accelerator pedals. They are not too high for the average-medium heel and are moderately easy to press down. Two have rubber pads—but the accelerator is bare metal which is not kind to shoes. The thing to do is to have a rubber pad fitted to the third pedal, but why can't the makers supply this tiny item?

Full marks for the handbrake position —between the two front seats and on the floor. The lever comes nicely to hand, without stretching (I hate those wrist-straining handles buried under the dashboard !)

The gear-lever also stands up from the floor. But it would be handier if its rubber-covered top did not point past the driver to the back of the car; it should have an upward curve into your hand, and the rubber top is hard on a light glove: a plastic top would be better.

Full marks for the heater-control (though the heater is an extra), for it is simple to work and easy to reach. It is just a short lever you raise or lower in a slot in the dashboard. So many heater controls look as complicated as a power-station control board.

Pockets for handbags, gloves, library books, small packets from the chemists? These are plentiful.

FOR heavier things you have quite a fair boot and you do not have to unlock its lid in the rain: all you do is fold the back seats forward and place the cases behind them *in the boot*.

You can even carry a pet dog there in perfect safety, knowing he is not cramped. I call this a wonderful adaptation of the estate-car principle to the saloon type of car.

Headroom, no matter what hat you wear, is good. So is the space for elbows, and for the knees of your back passengers.

No dirt-catching carpet on the floor. Instead, a thick rubber covering is moulded to the curves and flats of the metal under your feet. You can sponge it clean in a few minutes: most hygienic.

But the interior light on the left central pillar is awkwardly-placed for using a hand-mirror when going to parties or to the theatre. And why not fit a small mirror on the backs of the two anti-glare visors over the windscreen? This would earn the thanks of so many women, passengers or drivers.

After this internal quiz we start the engine. From cold it fires immediately, using a little choke. *And I mean immediately.*

You find a suspicion of stiffness in changing gear from first to second. But if the road is clear the lively ten horsepower engine, breathing through overhead valves, pulls the car up to thirty-five in second, sixty in third, and seventy-two m.p.h. in top gear. Set your pedal pressure to make the car cruise at sixty, and it does so with little more noise than a sewing machine.

Next, let the speed drop to twenty m.p.h. in top gear, then apply the throttle foot again. You find the engine is most willing to increase the speed at once. There is no lag, no "give-me-time" power response. Of course, with a full-loaded car the elasticity of top-gear performance will be slightly less marked because of the extra weight.

IS it easy to control this model at high speed? The answer is, yes. And just as little bother, in second gear or third, to get through the thickest town traffic.

What I particularly like about this car is the way it holds the road steadily on wet surfaces. You expect stability on dry roads, but so many cars change their handling qualities when it rains and have a nasty habit of sliding sideways with their back wheels on a wet corner. This model definitely behaves, *even if you are in rather a hurry in a downpour.*

A word on the suspension. The springs absorb bumps well, do not affect the steering, and do not set up any pitching or swaying which causes so many children—and sometimes their elders—to suffer from car-sickness.

I find, though, that more attention could be given to the sound-insulation of the body to stop the noise of the shocks from the wheels being heard inside the car.

The steering itself could be lighter, though it is not heavy by any means. It has a good lock, or turning circle, making parking quite simple.

I give good marks for visibility from the driver's seat, except for one point. This is that the internal mirror just cuts off the near-side front wing from your vision. This can give rise to a little uncertainty, despite the good lock, in the car park.

PETROL consumption? A big point this, in these days of housekeeping allowances as slippery as an eel. It is around forty miles to the gallon. Not much to grumble about there.

The car washes well. This means it does not take too long, and you do not bruise your hands when cleaning it because there are few snagging *falderals*. Praise the makers highly on this score.

Another blessing : the way it tackles hills with hardly any slackening of speed. A quick change into third or second and the engine is willing to overtake if the chance comes.

Do not worry about your garage. The model's length is just two inches under twelve feet, and the width is four feet ten inches.

Yes, I agree with the makers: a housewifely car with quite a lot of useful pep.

The last chance

(Continued from page 18)

"Yes," said the woman, "if you wish it."

She moved towards the telephone, then the man spoke again, this time hesitatingly :

"I have no money to pay for the call. . . . You see I usually travel with my servant. . . . For many reasons I do not carry money in my pocket—it is a little difficult to explain."

The woman looked at him with suspicion.

The man smiled : "My credit is good, *señora*, all over Spain. I am Juan Fernando de Mendoza."

For a moment the woman stiffened, her brain working swiftly. Juan Fernando de Mendoza . . . president of the Steel Corporation of Toledo, owner of the quick-silver mines of Megala and the iron workings at Cordova.

HE was hated and feared, and held none of the love that the common people gave to the great matador, Joselito. Fernando was well known for his meanness. It was said there was no way to his heart. No poor gained from his charity—no one had been known to get the better of him in a deal.

"Come in, *señor*," the woman said quietly. She stepped back almost submissively.

Soon he was speaking to the mayor of the market town five kilometres away. But there was a *matanza* in progress—the pig had not yet been killed, and the driver of the only automobile was drunk on *corriente*.

As Fernando turned from the telephone he swore under his breath.

The woman was standing behind him, a faint smile on her face. She was even prettier than he had thought, and with an animal-like grace. She had fine eyes and a deep brown skin. Her skirt and blouse moulded themselves attractively to her body. If he had to wait, well—it was better to be in the company of a pretty woman than an ugly hag. . . .

"If *señor* is delayed, I will fetch refreshment," the woman said. She was a great deal more friendly now. She drew up a chair. "If you will sit down, I will bring a table."

A simple meal was set before him. Rice bread soaked in olive oil, fresh olives in a shallow dish of lustre, and for dessert, raisins piled in a pottery bowl decorated with flamboyant designs.

"If you will wait but a moment," said the woman, "I will fetch some vermouth from the cellars." Very soon she returned with a glass and a slim-necked *borron*. Then she stood back to survey the table critically, her slender hands downward turned on her hips and her head tilted a little to one side.

Yes, thought Fernando, she is a strange one, but she is very beautiful! He tucked a fresh white napkin beneath his chin, and began to eat.

For once, he did not overfill his stomach. He felt content, even at peace with the world, fascinated by this woman, whose eyes one moment were shy and the next almost inviting.

Suddenly there was a deep bellow from outside. Fernando turned abruptly. "What is that?" he asked.

"It is just a bull," answered the woman, a faint smile playing at the corners of her mouth.

"A bull?"

"Why, yes, *señor*. One that has escaped from a ring. He has been here a long time. I have not told the authorities for he is quite tame and the children play with him."

Fernando guffawed. A hospice with a bull!

The woman cleared the table deftly, leaving the flask of vermouth. It seemed as if she were accustomed to administering to the needs of men, and not unhappy at the task. Fernando could not keep his eyes from her.

"You are in charge of this place?"

The words came from him stiffly.

"Yes," she replied.

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"Do you find it lonely?"

"No, I do not find it lonely, *señor*—I have the children."

He looked at her and wondered if she told the truth. There was an awkward silence.

"Come, *señor*," she invited. "If you wish, I will show you the hospice."

At the end of a long passage an iron-work grille was open, and a shrill voice cried out : "Who is here, Sister Matre?"

"It is José," said the woman. "His spine . . . is paralysed—he can move but little." She forced out the words as if they hurt.

THEY walked into the room, and the man and the woman, one on either side of the cot, looked down on the boy, covered with a light sheet.

"Do not stir," said the woman assuringly. "Lie still, my little one."

Fernando did not know what to say. He was unaccustomed to children. At a loss for words, he stretched out a hand and chucked the boy roughly under the chin.

Seeing the stranger, the boy at once became shy and speechless.

"Be a good little boy," said the woman softly, "I will come back soon."

The boy clapped his hands together. "Will the man soon go?" he asked impatiently.

"Yes," answered the woman.

Fernando and the woman smiled at each other.

Farther along the passage a door of light chestnut wood was open. By mistake, the man turned into it.

It was the woman's room.

He would have backed out, but something about the cool, bare purity of the room held him. He took a few paces inside, and was suddenly conscious that the woman was beside him.

Uninvited, he sat down on the edge of the bed. He was not accustomed to walking and wanted to rest his aching feet.

"Forgive me," he said, unlacing his shoes.

"You have not always been here?" he asked, as if he already knew the answer.

"Once, *señor*, I lived in Madrid. My name is Matresca. I was an actress when I married the actor, Nicholai. We were happy. He was a man with much talent. . . .

"I was popular—young and gay." She made a *moué*, and an expressive little movement over her hips with the palms of her hands. "I was not so—big then, *señor*."

WITH a graceful movement, she smoothed her skirt beneath her and sat down by Fernando on the bed. He could feel her proximity and the warmth of her body.

"Our son was born and Nicholai was content. But when the child was suddenly stricken with paralysis, he hated me and turned against us. I implored him to take the boy to some skilful physician, but he would not. . . . He threw me out into the streets."

"One day I heard of this place and brought my boy here. But I could not bring myself to leave him with the old nun who was in charge. . . ."

Fernando nodded understandingly.

"So I sold the few jewels and clothes that Nicholai had not taken from me, and took over the Hospice. . . . I have been here ever since. José does not know he is my son—you will understand, *señor*—I am a Sister. It would be difficult to explain to him—to the world."

He nodded once again, and the woman went on :

"Now my money is finished, and the Father tells me that the children must go and that the Hospice must be closed."

At the word money, Fernando jumped to his feet.

"These children. . . ." He spoke uneasily, jerkily, for the first time in his life uncertain of himself. "They will be cared for by others, there is much public charity. You need not fear for them. What of the sick boy?"

"They will take my boy." She spoke quietly, her eyes downcast. "I cannot hope to give him the special care he needs."

In the silence that held them came the high-pitched voice of José calling :

"Sister Matre. Sister Matre! Come please. I am tired of lying by myself."

The woman sprang up quickly, almost in alarm, and ran to the door.

"Hush my little one. I will come to you very soon. Lie still and you shall have what I promised you," she called.

"He is very weary of lying so long," she sighed, looking up at Fernando. "But it is not for him alone I fear—there are the other little ones."

He was in a torment of indecision,

shaken by this sudden infiltration of his heart, but he turned on her in anger.

"I have already told you that the others will be looked after by the state. This sick brat of yours, where will he be sent?"

"Why, to the priests," she said. "A sick child without a mother's love. . . . José, my poor José." Her voice broke in a sob.

It was a shot in the dark but it went home, for Fernando had loved his mother. He was standing by the dressing-table on the scratched surface of which lay two jewelled rings. And as the woman watched he drew another from his strong hands. He turned then, and looked across the dim room.

"For the boy. There is a large sum there," The jewels meant little to him. He grunted. It might have been in appraisal of his own generosity or in disgust at his self weakness.

As he walked towards her, she opened her arms. For a brief moment Fernando felt the fullness of her lips on his cheek. Then quickly, she stooped down. "Your shoes, *señor*. It would not be well for you to leave them here." She gave a little laugh. "I shall never forget—and neither will you, this—your day in the Hospice for Unwanted Children."

Fernando made a gesture of repudiation, and roughly taking the shoes from her, walked quickly away down the wide flagged passage—anxious to put the woman behind him—with all her seduction—her sadness.

THE woman waited, her eyes on the rings. Waited until the roar of the car that had come to fetch him died away in the distance.

Then, slipping across the room, she took up the jewels, clasping them to her slender throat. For some time she stood motionless, then, with a laugh of satisfaction, she tied them securely in the corner of her handkerchief knotting them again and again.

She went down the passage, and through the iron grille to the room where José lay. Her heels were tapping on the stone floor, and her hips swayed with a gentle but conscious exaggeration. She was a woman in triumphant mood, her hour of victory.

She went into the child's room and whispered a few quick words to him. Outside, the children were playing a game in the hot sunshine.

Clasping their hands, and dancing with delight, they surrounded her.

Suddenly from round the corner of the hospice there came the staccato beat of hooves on the hard ground, and the laughing children scattered for safety.

It was the mule, Pedro, who no longer seemed to have a sore back. And urging the stubborn beast to greater speed—sat José.

His mother had brought him to the Hospice to escape from the drunken and cruel Nicholai. José had always been the strongest of the children—the leader at play.

The woman laughed as she thought of Fernando. She had done what no others had been able to do—touched his heart—and his pocket. Her hands stole to the rings knotted at her neck. . . . All the children could now remain.

José had inherited his parents' talent—he could act many parts, the bandit or matador . . . or the sick child.

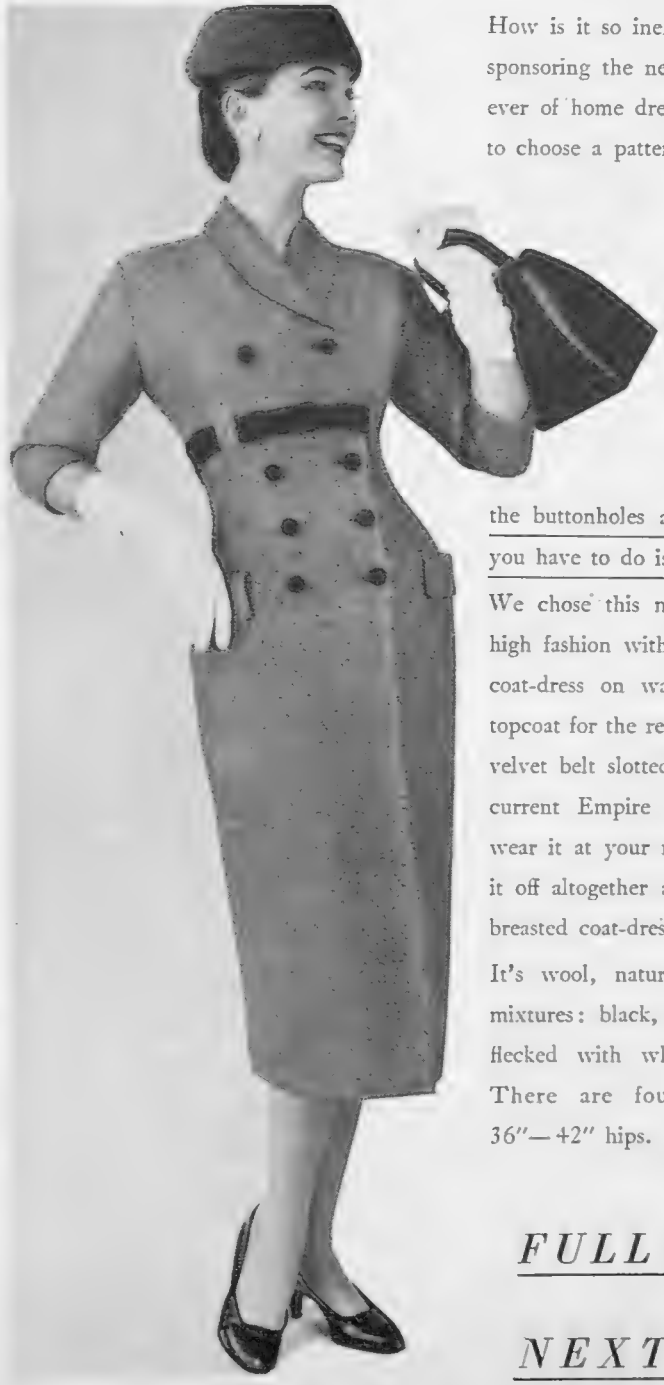
"Where is the bull? Where is the bull?" he cried with bravado.

HIGH FASHION
—at a reasonable price!

WHAT DOES THIS DRESS COST?

A store buyer suggested . . . 8 guineas. A fashion writer thought £7. Our model said £8 19s.

BUT THE RIGHT ANSWER IS . . . 52s. 11d.



How is it so inexpensive? Because EVE is sponsoring the newest, most foolproof form ever of home dressmaking. You don't have to choose a pattern, *then* buy material, *then* shop round for thread, buttons, zipper, hooks, eyes, petersham, etc., etc. Everything, from pattern and material to the last button, comes direct to *you*. Best of all, this dress is *already cut out* (even the buttonholes are stitched for you!) All you have to do is sew it up.

We chose this model because it combines high fashion with good sense. Wear it as a coat-dress on warm days, or under your topcoat for the rest of the winter. The black velvet belt slotted under the bust gives the current Empire line. But—you can also wear it at your natural waistline. Or leave it off altogether and have a classic double-breasted coat-dress.

It's wool, naturally, and comes in four mixtures: black, tan, navy and green, all flecked with white, Donegal-tweed style. There are four sizes, ranging from 36"—42" hips.

FULL DETAILS

NEXT MONTH

A boy alone

(Continued from page 8)

complaints, feeling that he was now a nuisance to her, that she was counting the days until he should be old enough to begin his education.

He was not required, as were his contemporaries in the cities, to watch the door close behind his father in the mornings, and to long all day for his father's return as some relief from the endless prohibitions and sudden outbursts against him of his mother.

He knew himself loved, by both his parents equally. They were always at hand. His mother could not tire of him because, often, he was with his father. His father found a new and greater pleasure in work because there was a son to teach, to whom explanations were to be given, a myriad details explained.

He could never be at a loss for occupation. His mother would shout, "Jim! Jim!" and he would get up, and dress himself. In the kitchen the fire blazed high up the chimney. Bacon, from their own pigs which he had known living, filled his nostrils with it's appetizing odour. His mouth watered. The sizzling fat in the smoke-blackened pan was music in his ears.

His mother pulled him to her, and kissed him. The table was laid with a white cloth. It was patterned with china, gleaming, painted with flowers like those in the beds outside.

His mother would say, "What is it to be today, Jim?" and he would think what season of the year it was, and what was the due task. He felt not merely wanted, but necessary. He was an essential part of the farm.

IT could not do without him. He was important. He knew that, someday, all this would be his. There was no other fate in store for him. He asked for no contrary destiny.

His father would come in, bringing with him, before the door was closed, a blast of cold, moor-fresh air, which had never known the smoke and grime of places where men lived herded together, less cared-for, less comfortable, less content, than his father's cows and sheep.

His father was big, a true Dalesman, strong. Jim knew, from the silver cups lined proudly on the mantel in the sitting-room, that before the birth of his son his father had been a noted fell-runner, outdistancing, outpacing even the men from the Lakes away to the north and west.

To Jim, there was never such a man. He felt himself lifted, rising breath-takingly towards the beams. He wriggled in ecstasy to feel his own cheek rasped sensuously against the whisker-rough cheek of his father. Blue, weather-washed eyes, deep and sparkling, laughed at him.

His father's face, beaten by the winds, made clean by the rains, caressed sometimes by the sun, shone crimson and fiery, red-hued, the very picture of good health and utter contentment.

Jim could smell what he loved best of all, his father's smell, the scent of the outdoors, of the open spaces for which humanity was intended. His father was the country. The country was his father. His father had the great gift of making him feel a man. On his own, Jim felt responsible, because of his father. When care was needed, he was careful.

Sometimes, when he got himself into places from which it became suddenly difficult to descend, a surge of panic rose in him. He sat quite still then, and thought of his father.

He knew what his father would do in a similar position. He considered, weighing up the pros and cons. Nothing must be done in haste. It was necessary to be calm, lucid, very deliberate. He managed always to extricate himself.

The barn, all the year round, was Meg's home. Jim had long ago ceased to regard the old dog as belonging to anyone other than himself. She was a Border collie, longer than she was high, thick-coated, black with a white blaze on her chest.

LIKE them all her lot was to work. Never, in all her years, had she set foot in the house. Her bed was in a corner, against the hay. When she was there, she was his friend. With strangers she was wary.

Her lips would draw back, revealing her sharp, white teeth. She would growl in her throat, making Jim smile. He could do anything with her. It was his job now, twice each day, to bring her food from the kitchen, to see that her water-bowl was kept filled.

He stretched often beside her, his arms round her, and felt her tongue against his face.

Outside, it was different. There, they had duties to perform. Each of them knew it. Work, not play, was of importance. He could walk now with his father. They had little to do except to stand by the moor-gates while Meg ranged over the heather, driving and sorting the sheep. His father had the first and third of his four fingers in his mouth, the two others doubled back, and Meg went this way and that obediently, conforming exactly to the whistle signals, piercing and far-carrying.

His father was teaching Jim to whistle like that. Up on the moors, too, rushes grew in the marshy places. They would sit down, the two of them, in the lee of a wall, and his father would show him how to plait the rushes into whiplashes. He could do this already, though the whistle still defeated him.

The moor was new to him. It was only this year that he had been old enough to go with his father so far from the farm. He thought, for the present, that, after his father, he loved the moor best.

It was so big. The heather plants provided a carpet for his feet different to the turf in the pastures. They were springy and resilient when he fell on to them. In certain spots the bracken reached almost to his shoulders, so that he was in a marvellously private world where, if he stooped, no one could see him.

The rocks and the great boulders, the black screes mounting to the skyline nearby, were an invitation to adventure. He could people them with savages, and highwaymen, and armies which he could conquer and annihilate. His boots squelched in the bogs, and were soft in the yielding peat.

His father was continually on the moor, looking for the sheep. Sheep were the main standby of the farm. To them everything else was subordinate.

The moor was their home. At times of lambing, and dipping, and shearing, they were brought down, but always they went back. His father would count them as, driven by Meg, they filed through the gate on their way to the lower slopes, and mutter a little when their number was deficient. They had to tramp over the moor then, to discover what had happened to the one or two which were missing.

Jim's legs ached. His father would smile down at him. He would find new strength. He was Jim Metcalfe. His father trusted and loved him. The Metcalfes did not succumb to weariness. What men could do, they could too.

It was during haytime that Jim became aware of something in the house which disturbed him, and made him ill-at-ease. He could remember the previous year, when his mother had worked in the meadows, laughing and tireless. She no longer conducted herself in this way. Jim could not understand why this should be. For the first time in his life, he was disappointed in her.

IT seemed that she was not supporting his father as she should do, that she was guilty of treachery towards her family. Yet his father bore no resentment. On the contrary, he was more tender and considerate than ever Jim had known him to be. Jim withdrew into himself sometimes, mystified, not recognizing the beginnings of jealousy. For as long as he could recollect he had been the most important person on the farm. It seemed to him that this was no longer so.

His mother was not as equable as in the past. There were mornings when he came downstairs to find her bending her head over the sink, retching. She would straighten quickly when she became aware of his presence, as though she had been caught in the commission of some shameful act. She would speak to him sharply, and irritably, though he had done no wrong. Then the love would come back into her eyes, and she would look at him with compassion, and there would be things in her look he could not read.

Jim thought that his mother must be ill. He was sorry for this, and determined to be good, *(Continued on page 62)*

WINE

Round-the-Clock Bubbly

OF all the wines drunk in this country, champagne needs least introduction. Its very name is synonymous with high life and the special celebration; yet, partly due to its high price, it is a wine really known to very few.

For most of us, it is the essence of the special occasion. Yet this conventional use apart, it is a very fine wine in its own right, with many virtues.

Many wines have bubbles in them, but champagne has something more. It has character.

So much has already been written about the fantastic history of the champagne wine and its almost ritualistic method of manufacture, that the ordinary wine-drinker is befogged from the start.

He recalls vaguely that this wine ferments in its own bottle—hence the wired-on cork to prevent an explosion—and that it is tricky stuff to make. If he has a head for geography, he may also recall the name of Reims.

Vines have grown around the city of Reims, in the heart of Champagne, since very ancient times, and the area was always recognized as a special source of clear, light, slightly fruity (but not what we would call white) wines, all of them still.

Champagne wines had by the seventeenth century become the wines of princes and kings, but it was not until the end of the century that their tendency to sparkle was analysed and exploited.

The famous Don Perignon, working in the 1670s, discovered how to encourage the sparkle, how to keep it in the bottle with a cork instead of a wooden staple wrapped round with oil-soaked hemp and how to mix and blend—to "marry" various local wines so that the general quality of all was improved.

The rest of the story is familiar enough. Champagne is always a blended wine, with the best qualities of its constituents overcoming the weakness of others. It results from the pressing of both black and white grapes which ferments first in the cask, and much later, for the second time, in the bottle, when a little syrupy liqueur is added to help matters and to keep up the lasting pressure of carbonic acid gas.

THE soil in the champagne country is mostly chalky, and the vineyards are surprisingly small. The day-to-day tending is endless, and the harvest takes place between mid-September and mid-October.

The original fermentation in the casks or the "boiling," is aptly named, but the approach of cold winter weather eventually checks its exuberance.

Now comes the "cuvee," the homogenous high quality blended whole, made with the greatest skill and care, upon which the future of the wine entirely depends. After this operation in huge vats, the young champagne enters the familiar stout bottles.

It is now about May, and the ferments start to become active again in the wine—the more slowly the better. Eventually, this strange secondary fermentation peculiar to the wine is complete, and the bottles stay in the cool cellars, heads downwards in huge racks, for at least another year.

Good wines stay four to six years, even more. Throughout this time the bottles have to be watched and periodically shaken to lodge the growing sediment into the necks, whence it is finally removed by the most tricky operation of all—the "degorgement."

The cork is removed, and sufficient frothy wine to remove all sediment is allowed to escape in a split second. The loss of liquid is made good by the addition of syrupy liquor, composed of old wine and sugar, the actual quantity depending upon the eventual dryness or otherwise of the finished wine. The permanent cork must then be inserted without delay, carefully wired on, and covered with its handsome foil. By French law, all corks must be stamped CHAMPAGNE on the surface of the end in the bottle.

All this care and continual labour accounts for the relatively high cost of champagne which, however, is never unjustifiably high when the bottle bears the name of a sound shipper—always the champagne drinker's greatest safeguard.

Champagne should always be drunk from the ice but never adulterated with lumps of ice. It is an excellent aperitif, and a superb accompaniment to fish and all white meats, indeed to almost any good dinner.

It is the ideal pick-me-up, and the only wine that may be drunk with pleasure at any hour of the day or night—which is no small virtue in a wine.—D. G.

FOOD FORUM

by

Mary Steel

Cook With Cold Cunning

THIS is the month when the family sighs for cold meals and the cook of the house is only too happy to provide them because it means a respite from her daily contact with a hot stove.

But what a sad sight so many cold meals in this country present. They are products of lack of imagination in shopping and preparation. Yet with just a little more time spent in planning, it *is* possible to provide refrigerator meals that look and are delicious.

I have just been along to Harrods to brighten up my ideas on what can be done with cold food. There I met the store's catering manager, cheerful, burly Mr. Murray Miln, whose father worked at the famous shop before him.

Mr. Miln has just discovered—slightly to his own surprise—just *how* popular cold meals are in this country. A smørgasbørd luncheon, introduced as a summer special, has now become a permanent feature of the store's restaurant because people enjoy the open sandwiches so much.

Smørgasbørd need no introduction in this country nowadays, but I wonder how many people really appreciate Danish salami.

In addition to his three restaurants, Mr. Miln keeps an eye on the store's cooked meats department. Many of the items there could be prepared on a simpler scale in a home kitchen.

Glistening with jelly and decorated with plenty of greenery (never, never neglect garnishing cold food), a home-made galantine would look most impressive for a party. For day to day use, it would provide a longed-for change from the more usual cold meats.

☆ ☆ ☆

A Swedish recipe for spiced herring is particularly delicious and one I use myself at home quite regularly. Chilled in the refrigerator and decorated with thinly sliced onion rings, the herrings make a novel accompaniment to salads and seem quite different from their usual piping hot appearances in winter.

Inexpensive fish—as well as leftovers of chicken and ham—can be used to make a mousse that everyone from the youngest member of the family to your most sophisticated guest will love.

Pâtés—bought at the cold counter or made at home—keep very well in a refrigerator and have a myriad uses in warm weather. Liver—the thought of it fried would make the strongest stomach recoil in warm weather—can be served in this form. With crisp French bread, it makes wonderful picnic fare.

All of those foods have one thing in common—they are made primarily *to be eaten cold.* That is the secret of their success for the trouble with most cold food prepared in home kitchens is that it is merely the remains of dishes better eaten hot.

GALANTINE OF BEEF

1 lb. stewing beef; 4 oz. breadcrumbs; 4 oz. bacon; 1 egg; ¼ pint of stock; 1 tsp. chopped parsley; ½ tsp. thyme; Pinch grated nutmeg. Seasoning, meat glaze and butter.

Mince beef and bacon, add breadcrumbs, herbs and seasoning. Beat egg and add stock, then pour into mixture keeping it fairly moist. Put mixture into cloth, form into roll and boil in stock for two hours. Re-tie cloth and leave roll pressed between two plates with weight on top. When cold, brush with glaze and decorate with piped butter.

SWEDISH HERRINGS

For four people: 4 herrings; 2 tsp. salt; 2 tbsp. vinegar; 2 tbsp. water; 1½ tbsp. sugar; ¼ tsp. pepper; pinch of ground cloves; 2 tbsp. browned breadcrumbs.

Fillet herrings and rub well with salt. Put in shallow baking-dish, letting fillets overlap slightly. Mix vinegar, water, sugar, pepper and cloves together and pour over fish. Sprinkle crumbs on top. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees, mark 5) until tender. When cold decorate with thinly sliced onion rings.

A boy alone

(Continued from page 60)

not to cause her worry or concern. There were times when he ventured a question, and sought to gain understanding. But, instead of enlightenment, he was granted only words which meant nothing, and his parents, looking at each other, would begin to speak of something else. A woman from the village began to come each day up to the lane, to do much of what his mother had previously done in the house. Jim did not like her. She was an intruder. He did not want his world to change, others to come into it. He wanted only his parents, and George, who was unobtrusive, no more than an addition to the stock, a man, perhaps, but still a part of the good life, the old life which was all that Jim had known.

His father, too, seemed to be changing towards him. He had never thought that this could happen. He had not believed that anything in the world could ever come between them. His father laughed less often. He was quieter as the weeks went by, a little worried, occasionally remote. One day they were to go up the moor for winter bedding, with the sledge which they would fill with bracken. The horse was a young one, newly purchased just before haymaking.

HIS father fixed the traces, and said, "Stand away, Jim. Don't get in," and went back then into the barn, for something they needed to take with them.

Jim waited, and his father was long in returning. The horse was trembling, little waves seeming to roll under the skin on its shoulders. Jim was tired of standing there. He stepped into the sledge. The horse felt movement. For a moment it remained absolutely still. Jim clucked to it. It moved. It had never been harnessed to a sledge before. The unfamiliar experience unnerved it. It set off suddenly, breaking into a wild gallop.

Jim was aware of his father picking him up, of the urgent voice saying, "Are you all right, Jim? By God! Are you all right, boy?"

He moved his limbs, assessing himself carefully, and smiled. "I'm all right," he replied.

He thought his father would be relieved, glad that he was not hurt. He was astonished at the angry tones. "I told you to keep away from the sledge. It's time you learnt to do what I tell you. You could have been dead. With your mother like this."

The horse had galloped up the hillside, the sledge bumping behind it, threatening to overturn. The animal was panic-stricken, wild. It swung round, and came back. Jim heard his father shout. The horse leapt at the wall dividing the field behind the barn from the lane. There was a crash as the sledge hit the stones, smashing into pieces. The wall half collapsed. The horse hung kicking and struggling, entangled by the traces.

Jim sat there open-mouthed. He had never heard his father swear so much or so luridly before. His father was running, cursing, to where the horse was. He watched man and animal pitted against each other, sick in his heart at the hooves flying dangerously near to his father. He saw, as in a dream, still overcome by the violence of the tones his father had used to him, the horse gradually quietened and the traces cut. His father took no notice of him. Jim was suddenly afraid of this big man, who had changed into a stranger, someone unknown.

He continued to sit on the grass. He listened to the noise from the stable, unmistakably the sound of the horse being beaten violently. His father came back, grim-faced, grey. "Now you," his father said. "Get into the house."

His mother, in the kitchen, looked up, startled, when he entered, his cheeks tear-stained. She began to ask a question. Behind him, his father said, "Don't worry, Annie," in a voice quite different to that he had just used.

He heard his father say, "Get upstairs Get undressed. You will go to bed for the rest of the day."

He lay with his head covered by the bedclothes. He was aware of his parents talking in the kitchen. Steps were loud on the wooden treads of the stairs, The door of his bedroom creaked as it swung open. He could not recall that he had ever been thrashed by his father. He was afraid now that he was going to be physically punished. He ventured to look out from beneath the coverings. His father stood by the side of the bed, staring at him. Jim thought that his father's face showed not merely disgust, but contempt.

HIS father said, slowly, deliberately, measuring his words, "I am ashamed of you, Jim. You might have killed your mother."

The boy could not understand that. Perhaps his expression showed his wonderment, his disbelief.

"Don't you know," his father continued, "that your mother is going to have a baby? She has not to be worried. She is not well. Things are not quite as they should be."

He had closed his eyes tightly. He could still hear his father saying, "You will not get up until morning. In future, whatever I tell you, you will do it exactly. It is not only your mother. The sledge is broken, too, beyond repair. And the horse is probably hurt, perhaps useless in future."

What did he care about the sledge, about the horse? Both could be replaced. He had listened to his father's steps retreating, the sneck on the door dropping into position. His heart seemed to him to have stopped at his father's information. He had never felt such sorrow. Even in his misery he wondered how it was that he had never guessed the truth. Although he was so young, he was not removed from the physical realities of life. If he was vague as to the causes, he knew about birth, and how young things came into the world. He had seen calves where a few hours before only the cows had been in the loose boxes. He had stood by, even helped by holding firmly to the animal's head, while his father acted as midwife to an ewe in difficulties with her lambing. He realized now the changes in his mother's figure he had noted only subconsciously.

He should have known the reason why she did not carry out her due share of the work, why the woman came from the village. He wanted to kick his heels endlessly against the mattress, to strike again and again at the pillow which was wet with his tears.

His heart was breaking. He was overcome by the unfairness, the injustice, of his parents, in whose love he had been completely confident. If they had not told him, how could they have expected him to guess the truth? What did it matter to his mother if, when he had been thrown out of the sledge, he had died? There was another child coming into the house. He would no longer be of account. Why should his father be so angry with him, so far away? Never again would he have his father completely to himself.

HE wanted to get up, go down into the kitchen, to say to his father, "You don't like me any more," to luxuriate in his grief where it would be patent, open, to those about him. He lay still, attempting to stifle the sobs which racked him. He hoped against hope that someone would come to him. He strained his ears for the sound of movement on the stairs. Sometimes he imagined that he heard a person mounting them. He prepared to fling himself into forgiving arms, to bury his head against a comforting shoulder. He anticipated the benison of sympathy, of love, he would in a moment receive. No one came. He was left alone. He was no longer conscious of voices in the room below. He did not know whether it was imagination, or reality, that the backdoor opened and closed, denoting his father's return to the work of the farm. He thought in how different a fashion the day should have progressed, how now, at this very instant, he should have been with his father on the moor, helping to load the sledge as his father swept down the bracken with great curves of the scythe. The knowledge of what was, in comparison with what he had thought would be, burdened him beyond endurance. He was learning the bitterness of existence. He cried himself to sleep.

His father was in the mistal when he crept next morning from his room. He was driven by hunger. Nothing had been brought to him since he had been sent in disgrace to bed. His mother, hearing him, turned towards him from the fire, where she had been overseeing the contents of the frying-pan. In spite of his unhappiness Jim could not prevent his eagerness for *(Continued on page 67)*

COUNTRY DIARY

BY

Phyllis Bakes

Eve's nature writer invites you to join her on a walk along the sea-shore to watch the gulls

NO sound is more reminiscent of the carefree leisure of seaside holidays than the strident cry of the gull.

It's trumpeting from a nearby rooftop is the first sound on waking and every pleasure which fills the day is enjoyed to the accompaniment of its shrill voice, as inseparable from the Summer shore as the lap of the waves themselves.

The hardy herring gulls, known by their flesh-pink legs and the red spot on their beaks, live in large numbers all round the coasts of Britain. They breed in the Spring and mate for life. Although a pair may part during the Winter months, they are known to display remarkable powers of recognition and re-unite for the breeding season.

The young are hatched in May and are on the wing now, easily recognized by their speckled brown plumage and gentle, mewing cry.

Gulls are the scavengers of the seashore, they eat all kinds of refuse and beat their feet on the sand to bring up worms.

Wading at the water's edge they seize limpets, snails and mussels, and, drop them from a height to break the shell and disclose the soft flesh within.

They have even been known to swallow small rabbits and moles, and a nesting gull will sometimes devour its neighbours' eggs or young.

The flight of the herring gull is the spirit of effortless grace.

Yet the head, restlessly turning from side to side, shows that the bird can never relax its vigilance.

The great black-backed gull, fierce by nature and large and distinctive in appearance, will feed on the most revolting garbage and kill other birds.

Familiar to many people well inland, the black headed gull has a swifter and more agile flight than the herring gull.

These gulls wear their dapper dark head plumage only in the breeding season, and in late August the only evidence of the dark brown cap is smudges by the eyes.

Gulls often make shallow dives into the waves for food but they never approach the spectacular plunge of the gannet.

With wings folded parallel to the body, the gannet will drop like a stone, head foremost, from a considerable height when hunting fish.

The dark-plumaged cormorants and shags make prolonged excursions beneath the water when pursuing fish, emerging some distance from their diving positions, then moving low over the sea with swift wing-beats to their roosts on wave-swept rocks.

Britain's sea-shore offers to the nature lover a field of observation as varied and interesting as any that lie inland. The receding waves expose more than three hundred different varieties of seaweeds, with beautiful forms and subtle colours.

Sand dwelling worms, an important part of the sea gulls' diet, betray themselves by neat little casts thrown up near tiny depressions.

Sand hoppers keep things tidy by eating the rotting weeds and dead sea creatures.

Transparent, ghostly shrimps flit across the rocky pools. Tiny crabs shrink into dark crevices at an unexpected movement and the graceful groping fronds of a sea anemone withdraw into an unresponsive gristly button.

IN THE GARDEN WITH Elizabeth Hay

Eve's stay-at-home gardener takes it easy—and plans to make some black-currant liqueur in the French fashion

WE have a wonderful crop of blackcurrants—in fact almost too many. By the time I have bottled and jammed them, and our friends have had what they want, there will still be lots left over.

So I think it would be fun to make our version of *Creme de Cassis*.

☆ ☆ ☆

You need 3-4 lb. of blackcurrants, which should be washed, crushed to a pulp, and put in a 7-lb. pickle jar.

Then about half a bottle of brandy is poured over them, and the jar sealed up and left for six months. After that they are strained through a jelly bag—sweetened with loaf sugar dissolved in boiling water, and bottled.

While we are on the subject of the store cupboard, it is worth putting down a few runner beans in salt if you have plenty. They make a change in Winter even if greens are not short, although they do not have quite the same flavour as beans freshly picked from the garden.

They should be shredded and put in an earthenware jar with salt between each layer. Reckon on about 1 lb. of salt to 3 lb. of beans.

When the blackcurrant bushes have been stripped, prune them straight away, and forget them until next year. Next year's fruit will be borne on wood made this year, so that all the pruning needed is to cut out the old branches that have borne a good crop. This encourages the young branches which are growing up from the bottom.

☆ ☆ ☆

I have found pyrethrums most useful plants for our herbaceous borders, and also for growing in the vegetable garden for cutting. Like most of the *compositae* family, they last well and are very dainty among heavier blooms.

Now is the time to divide up the large clumps and get new plants from your nurseryman. There are many attractive varieties to be had.

Bearded irises can also be divided and transplanted. As August is not one of the busiest months in the garden, it is a good idea to get these jobs done now and not leave them to the Autumn or Spring.

Lastly, here are two labour savers. My husband has just bought one of the nicest little metal garden trucks I have ever used.

It is just the right weight and size for a woman and holds twice as much as a medium-sized wheelbarrow.

☆ ☆ ☆

It has solid rubber tyres and a rack at the back for carrying a rake, hoe or trowel. When tipped forward, its front lies flush with the ground like a dustpan, and leaves and rubbish can be scooped straight into it.

The other very handy tool we have tried this Summer is a sprayer worked like a car foot pump.

A gentle and easy pressure of the foot on the pedal exerts a pressure of sixty pounds. It makes spraying fruit and rose bushes, and even good-sized fruit trees, a joy for gardeners of all ages.

Using it Susan, our seven-year-old, sprays the four standard gooseberries in her own garden by herself.

TALKING OF

BOOKS

Books to pack or enjoy at home selected for you by Lelgarde Lindsay

WILLIE MAKES GOOD

THE first love of Emmett Kelly, farm boy from Kansas, was cartooning. When local editors would not bite, he reached the sawdust ring via lightning cartoons with blackboard and chalk—and wearing a baggy-pants outfit.

In **Clown** (Robert Hale, 16s.), he tells how, later on, trapeze work, and a trapeze artist, lured him. He mastered the one and married the other. Meantime, he was developing his most famous clown character, "Willie," who took him to the top.

"Willie" became progressively more mournful during the years—which included the break-up of Emmett's two marriages—and more pathetic. He is the little man for whom nothing goes right, but who is a trier to the end.

Emmett Kelly played "Willie" for Ringlings, Barnum & Bailey, and Bertram Mills. On his way up, he takes in most aspects of a trouper's life—what happens when a "big cat" escapes, how to get an extempore laugh, how to make a teeth-grip for an iron-jaw act. Verdict: Fun.

QUICK LOOKS

Red Shoes For Nancy, by Marguerite Hamilton (Constable, 13s. 6d.). Poor little Nancy had a rare blood disease. She survived forty operations against all chances, till her death, aged twelve. Always she wanted a pair of red shoes—the amputation of both legs made these a symbol rather than reality—and the tragic story of her courage, faith and hope is told, fittingly, by her mother.

My Old Man's A Dustman, by Wolf Mankowitz (Deutsch, 10s. 6d.). All about a rubbish dump, and the characters who live beside it, guard it, scrabble through it, and generally make their living out of it. Speech and personalities all flavoured with the more unsavoury elements of the dump—and bound together with the Mankowitz touch.

Esquire Cookbook (Muller, £1 5s.). Primarily designed to appeal to the chaps, with just the right fare for those charming little bachelor dinners, there's also enough excellent recipes, and entertainment, to enchant the female heart. I liked its smooth American presentation, and cute corner-page cartoons.

The Shorn Shadow, by Peter de Polnay (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.). One of these lust-in-the-dust bullfighting stories—this time the dust is a green-gardened Hampshire house and the improbable heroine half a head taller than her matador lover. Married, he takes her back to Spain, to the adulation and the bullring that he fled to England to escape.

Real old mountain music

I SALUTE a remarkable old lady: Grandma Ives of Hunt City, Illinois, who smoked a clay pipe, chewed tobacco—and taught her grandson, Burl Icle Ivanhoe Ives, that plaintive ballad, "Barbara Allen."

It was she who started Burl Ives, descendant (he proclaims) of farmers, preachers and riverboat gamblers, on his quest for folk songs.

☆ ☆ ☆

Today the tufty-bearded, towering troubadour—six feet two inches and twenty stone; I prefer to disbelieve calumnious reports that he has slimmed to fifteen—is reputed to have a repertoire of more than four hundred.

His publicists tell us he garnered them (with the exception of "Barbara Allen") while tramping the world as a hobo and singing for his meals. Ives, more frankly but less romantically, has said: "Most of them are written in New York by guys who've never even seen a hill."

For his latest record he has forsaken his usual sources, Dublin City, the Grand Canyon and the Big Rock Candy Mountain for Australia and tales of stockmen and clicking shears. The nine "Australian Folk Songs" (Brunswick LP) are, it is claimed, pure-bred. But leave the folk-lore professors and the Australians to worry about antecedents.

☆ ☆ ☆

The big, jovial man with the little, lilting voice and the guitar shows himself anew to be the world's greatest singer of ballads, home-spun or New York manufactured, a rightful son of the bards of old.

Give thanks to Grandma Ives. . . .

—HENRY LEWIS

Four worth making

(Continued from page 37)

Next 5 rows work in patt. Now inc. at sleeve edge of next and every 6th row until sts. number 79. Work 1 row beyond last inc., ending front edge.

Shape Neck and Shoulder. Next row: Cast off 4 sts., patt. to end.

2nd row: Patt.

3rd row: Cast off 2 sts., patt. to end.

4th row: Patt.

5th row: Cast off 2, patt. to end.

6th row: Cast off 2, patt. to end. Rep. last 2 rows once.

9th row: K. 2 tog., patt. to end.

10th row: Cast off 2, patt. to end. Then continue straight at neck edge, casting off 2 sts. at sleeve edge of next 6 alternate rows. Then cast off 8 sts. at beg of next 2 sleeve edge rows, then cast off 17 sts. at beg. of next sleeve edge row.

Next row: Patt. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Work as for right front, reversing all shapings; the first patt. row will be as follows:

Moss st. 4, patt. 13, moss st. 8, patt. 13, moss st. 12.

COLLAR

Using finer needles, cast on 136 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for ¾-in. Cast off 16 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Continue straight until work measures 2 ins. from casting on.

Cast off 26 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off.

SLEEVE BANDS

Join shoulder seams. Using finer needles, and with right side of work facing, pick up and k. 96 sts. along sleeve edge. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 12 rows. Cast off in rib.

LEFT FRONT BORDER

Using finer needles and with right side of work facing, pick up and k. 144 sts. along front edge. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 12 rows. Cast off in rib.

RIGHT FRONT BORDER

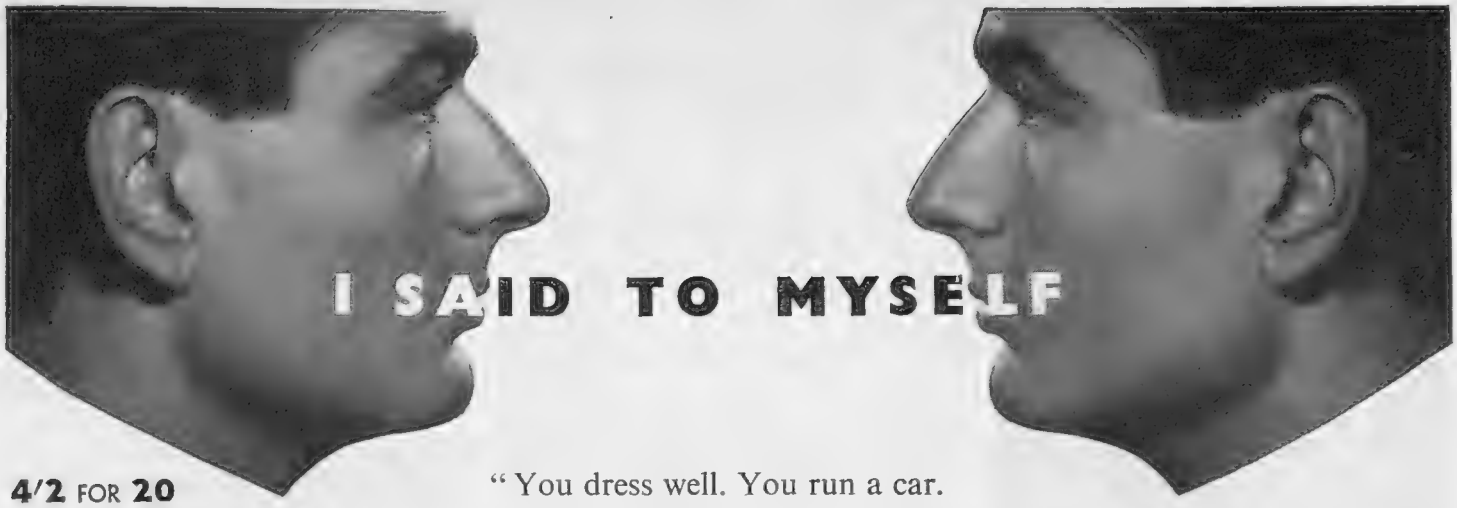
With finer needles, and with right side of work facing, pick up and k. 144 sts. along front edge, and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 5 rows.

Next row: Rib 3, (cast off 3, rib 14, including st. left on right-hand needle from casting off) 8 times, cast off 3, rib 2. In the next row, cast on 3 sts. in place of those cast off. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 5 rows. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press work with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Sew up sleeve band edges and side seams. Sew the collar strips along straight ends. Then sew on collar, beg. and ending in centre of front borders, the shaped edge of collar being sewn to neck edge.

Press seams. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.



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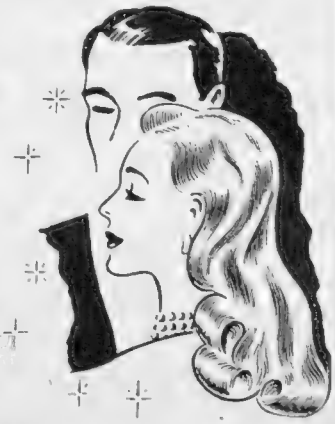

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If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 5d. in loose stamps to The Nurse, Dept. J.69, Tampax Ltd., Belvue Road, Northolt, Greenford, Middlesex.

Children nobody wants

(Continued from page 21)

"The children come here from many parts of London," one of them explained as we walked among the beds with their pulleys and their spinal mattresses. "At first, relatives visit them regularly on Sundays, then perhaps it is once a month, and finally not at all. Birthdays and Christmas come and go, but there is no word from home."

Physically sick children are the more tragic because a compensatory factor seems to ensure that their brains shall be more alert and sensitive.

In hospitals and institutions they are unlikely to be lonely and will certainly not be neglected. But an alarming number of these children are kept at home.

Heaven knows how many youngsters with heart trouble, asthma, crippling distortions of the limbs and similar physical immobilizing defects are dragging out monotonous lives in tiny rooms. There still exists a distorted sense of shame among some parents who do their best to hide what they consider a disgrace or a visitation for some ancient sin of heredity.

Many of these invalids are growing up illiterate. By law they should be educated and technically their parents are liable to prosecution if they do not send them to school.

But the Invalid Children's Aid Association knows that too many unseen invalid children are being penalized mentally for having physical defects.

There are between 6,000 and 10,000 spastic children under sixteen in England and Wales. No more precise total can be given—indication enough of the feckless way this matter of sick children is being tackled.

No longer is the spastic, who is perfectly capable of reaching a standard of education equal to that needed for the General Certificate, put in a mental defectives' institution.

But the proportion who get the training they need—not to gain education certificates, but just to feed themselves, wash, and take a few faltering steps—is terribly low.

"We must be practical about this," I have heard people say. "There must be a limit to the largesse and charity from state and individual."

Of course the limitation is undeniable even if the spirit of the comment is reprehensible.

But the destruction of the prison bars which immobilize the mind and body of the spastic can be so cheaply achieved. I have seen a little girl whose world was bounded by the three or four steps she could take between chairs and table in her parents' home.

Now her world has widened so that its horizon every day is the shopping centre at the corner of her road, and the whole row of houses of her neighbours are hers to visit.

The cost of this miracle?—£9! *Legs that could not balance and bend in taking steps can press on the pedals of a child's tricycle.*

Five thousand children in this country have never heard a sound in their lives and never will. Several hundred will be born this year.

Some deaf children are educated well. Some are educated badly, for they are lumped together with sub-normal children. Some are not educated at all. Hundreds live where no school for them exists.

LAST in this legion of forgotten children are the mental cases. It would be pleasant if we could harden our consciences to the welfare of the child whose intelligence is clouded, by drawing a strong black line between normality and idiocy.

Yet the state attempts to make this impossible discrimination. The Ministry of Health regards as its responsibility the child said to be "ineducable." The Ministry of Education must look after a child who is classified as "educationally sub-normal."

Hundreds of parents of backward children have formed groups so that they can run a self-help scheme of training these kiddies in one another's homes. This is the best they can do when special schools, often well run by local authorities, as for instance in Leeds, simply do not exist.

But the backward, educationally sub-normal and mentally deficient children are numbered in their thousands, possibly tens of thousands. Only a fraction are getting enlightened treatment by parents or state. The rest live in a mystifying hell of fear and bewilderment.

The glib and cruel solution of euthanasia for human tragedies has no part in our society's code—nor will it.

But the national conscience cannot remain easy while we continue to condemn the spastic, the defective, the chronic invalid, and the unwanted to a living death in which the child's unspoken plea must be: "Why did you bring me into the world?"

Cash or fame?

(Continued from page 31)

emotion is not considered a disadvantage.

He likes administration but has little heart for the nagging criticism of opposition. Yet in his frequent weekend speeches he probably does more good for Labour than he could by spending more time at Westminster.

He is a good advertisement for Socialism among those who still feel that it is a slightly rude word.

His denials of ambition to lead may be the talk of a man who feels he must do the best he can for his family, for he remarried in 1944: a man who cannot afford to neglect the richest practice at the Bar for the will-o'-the-wisp of political office.

It is difficult to foresee what could revive the issue of the party leadership. But if it did arise Herbert Morrison, now resigned to a lesser rôle, might well support the candidature of Hartley Shawcross.

It is an intriguing thought and one that may have occurred to Hugh Todd Naylor Gaitskell.

Undoubtedly, Sir Hartley Shawcross is not content to be only the highest paid practising lawyer. Some time he may have to make a final choice between politics and the Bar.

—Arthur W. Jacobs

A BOY ALONE

(Continued from page 62)

breakfast. He saw his mother with new eyes. She was pale. There were dark half circles on either side of her nose. Her hair, which had always been so neat and tidy, seemed damp and unkempt. It straggled to her neck, in matted strands.

She kissed him. She said, "So Daddy told you, Jim. We should have told you before. I am very sorry." She was murmuring endearments. He felt tears pricking under his eyelids. She was saying, "Daddy is very worried for me. He is afraid that, if anything should happen to you, it would make me ill."

His father came in. He did not refer to the incidents of the previous day. He laughed, and tried to make jokes like those at which Jim had been accustomed to smile. He said, "We are going down to the low pasture today, Jim. I want you to help me with some draining."

It was not real. Jim knew that it was not real. His father's heart was not in the words which were being uttered. His father was acting, attempting his best to play a part in poor imitation of how it had been with them before. However hard his father tried there was one more than the three of them there, one more important to his parents just now, for whom Jim had to step back, effacing himself. He did not know why everything seemed to be tumbling in ruin about his ears. He sat with his head lowered over his plate, cramming the food into his mouth. In spite of his hunger he scarcely tasted his breakfast. His plate was piled more hugely than was usual. He knew that his mother was concerned to convey her sorrow because he had been for so long without food. He felt that each mouthful would choke him.

HIS father's shadow lay long on the dusty floor, in the space left between the two hay mows. He did not need to look up to know that his father was standing on the threshold of the doorway, that the two great leaves of the door were swung back to let in the watery sunlight.

His father said, "Are you coming, Jim?" He paused. "I am ready now."

He was near again to tears. He could not believe that his father really wanted him. In any case, how would it be when there was a new baby, a second child finally and irretrievably to oust him from the position he had held, which had seemed to him so impregnable, so absolutely unassailable.

Mutely, Jim shook his head. He knew that his father stood there while the minutes passed. No words were spoken. At last the man turned silently away, with dragging steps. One leaf of the barn door blew closed behind him. Jim could hear the crunch of his feet on the gravel cartway, then nothing as his father walked across the little lawn, noise again as he went down the stone steps into the lane, and a gradual diminution until the morning was quiet, as it had been before.

Everything was changed. There was no longer any joy, any happiness. He could not have believed, twenty-four hours ago, that, in so short a space, there could be so great an alteration in his affairs. The barn was very dim, unlighted except for the narrow bar of sunlight coming through the door which was now only half-open. The hay smelt sweet. The feed bins were grey masses along the inside of the wall. This very week they had brought the cattle in from the fields for protection against the increasing Autumn cold.

HE was crouching in Meg's corner. There was nothing for which the dog was required today. He pulled her to him, and wrapped his arms about her. He buried his face in the long hair, the smell of her strong and pungent in his nostrils. He felt her squirm and wriggle as she struggled to turn her head so that she could lick him. He thought, "Meg! Meg! I have no one left except you."

The days went by. Sheep were brought down, and dipped, and taken back to the moor again. The green went out of the grass in the pastures. The rain became more frequent, and the land was sodden and waterlogged. The pigs were fattening, not far off being ready for the December killing. In the house they lived on together, Jim and his father and mother, outwardly as they had always done, but with something lacking which had once been between them.

His father could not blame Jim. Bitterly, after the boy had gone upstairs at night, the man accused himself to his wife. "I should not have dealt with him as I did, Annie. I was too harsh. I can't explain to him. My God, when I saw him lying there, quite still, with the horse bolting up the hill, and the sledge knocking itself to bits, I was frightened, more frightened than I have ever been. For him, and for you. I was terrified of the effect of the shock on you. I hardly knew what I was doing."

She leaned forward, and touched his hand lightly with hers. "You mustn't blame yourself, William. I know how it was. He will get over it. Someday he will understand."

He said, "Why should it be so hard, growing-up?"

"Perhaps it is our fault," she went on. "We love him too much. He has always been with us. With you always about the farm, never far from him." She was silent for a moment. "In the end, it will be good for him to have a sister, or a brother."

[To be continued next month]

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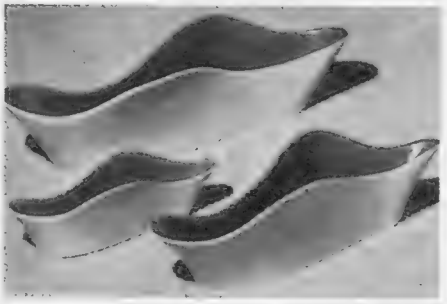

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by GUTHRIE WILSON

SWEET WHITE WINE

I AM fifty-one as I begin this manuscript—Simon Gregg, author of thirteen novels, four volumes of essays and many short stories, better known by name in my own country than the Minister of Education, not without reputation in the English-speaking world and the world of outlandish languages.

I find myself wondering for the hundredth time whether I shall ever lose the self-reproach I have carried with me during the last five years for my part in the story I am now about to set down. My self-reproach has been mitigated at times. There have been long periods since I sent Paul and Jean away when I have felt disgust that I didn't finish it much sooner, but I have also had moments when I have become conceited that I brought it to an end at all. Whether, ten years hence, I shall look back on that event in my life with shame or complacency, I cannot say. For a long time I thought I would rid myself of Paul and Jean by work and I have worked very hard these last few years. You don't eradicate anything that way because work keeps the brain in training and therefore more apt to grapple with what you would most keenly wish to forget. This story will be published, but the names will have to be changed. I think Jean will recognize herself. Paul will, too—especially Paul.

You may judge me tolerant. I am—too tolerant to be considered a serious person, I suppose, since serious people usually display their seriousness centrifugally in censoriousness. I do avoid trouble where avoidance is possible. But at one point, five years ago, the occasion and circumstance of which I am now about to relate, I did act decisively and possibly unkindly. It hangs over me, this moment from my personal history. It's on my shoulder and I hope to write myself free of it.

Dec. 1953, at Mount Maunganui.

TODAY is, I understand, Boxing Day. Nine years ago I spent most of this day sleeping off the Christmas dinner of the preceding evening. I was then a platoon commander in the 25th Infantry Battalion, 2nd New Zealand Division.

Only five weeks later I was posted "Missing, Believed Killed." I ended in the enemy's bag with a piece of metal in my leg and spreads of skin absent from many parts of me.

It is worth recording that I (since I am the picaresque "hero" of this tale) felt badly about capture. Although we were surrounded by the enemy, although we underwent sixteen hours of point-blank attack from infantry, tanks and flame-throwers, although we had not a hairpin to fling at him in the finish when the Hun came to get us, I was disgusted with myself that I hadn't devised either some traditional last ditch stand or a method of escape.

A little over a month later the European war began to peter to its stop. There was no longer any problem of preventing prisoners from escaping. Everyone knew that the war was running down. There was no place to escape to but the van of the Allied armies converging on Munich.

It was like looking through a photograph album which had lain in one of your drawers for thirty years. Out of the compounds of Moosburg Stalag came the boy you had shared a desk with in primer three and not set eyes on since then, the fellow who had been alongside you in the front row of your high school scrum, the brother of the girl you had taken out when you first put on long pants.

They were all there. With Patton's tanks nosing ever nearer to the wire we waited behind, faces from my past like the echoes of long-forgotten things came creeping upon me. In the end Paul Mundy came, too.

As soon as I saw Paul I recognized him. It was then about twenty years since we had been together. When I saw he was coming to me I got to my feet. I was excited and that surprised me.

I said, "Why, Friday!" using that name from the past which had so offended him when we had been kids at primary school.

HE took my hand, smiling as he took it. Almost shyly he said: "It's nice to see you again, Sim. It was only today that I heard you were here."

I introduced him to the others. I was proud of him. He looked well. He had lost none of the physical distinctiveness he had had as a young man. I am not small but he is a couple of inches taller than I am. He has always had the sort of face you admire or dislike very strongly.

For my own part, as a kid at school I thought him beautiful. I know the word is wrong but I'm using it with purpose because it explains why you either like his kind of face or want to put your closed fist into it.

I don't think he carried a pound more than he had worn so easily when he was twenty-five. His hair had gone back a little and there were chalk splashes above each ear. But the dark eyes still looked out commandingly, unoppressed by the failures and futilities life must have thrust his way.

"It's been a long time, Sim."

"Twenty years. Nearly that," I answered.

"We were pretty close, Sim. It's strange how we lost touch."

"Just distance, Paul. Inertia, too, I suppose. I can't write letters.

He smiled. Paul never grinned. His teeth showed wide and white. "You can't," he agreed. *Continued overleaf*

"Say you are sorry, Simple, or else . . ."

The last of our letters he had written. I had, I think, always accepted that some day, in some place, Paul Mundy would confront me to ask why I hadn't answered them. And I had always accepted this other and damning complement that I would not give him a truthful answer which was that I had wanted to shake myself clear of him.

And now when he said simply, "You can't. Not letters," pleasantly, not reproachfully, a kind of shame—and good will towards him, too—flooded me for the moment because he did not press me harder.

"But you can write," he added.

I SHRUGGED furtively. I remembered that he hadn't thought well of my writing once.

"I've read all your books, Sim. They're you all right."

I made no comment.

"You've used me a lot, haven't you?" He had been looking ahead, not at me. Now he turned his head and his bold eyes searched my face. "John Temple in *Brandywine*, Petrie in *Shadows In Our Way*, the father in *A Letter From Home*, the schoolmaster in *Focus*. They're your most successful characters, I think. They're all unpleasant, but they have power, they *live*."

"I'm glad you like my books, Paul," I said. I felt the blood in my cheeks.

"They're *all* unpleasant, Sim," he said. He said the words evenly but the word *all* carried its slight emphasis and I knew that he would have his answer.

"You should have been unpleasant, Paul," I said. "You should have combined all the qualities of Temple and Petrie and the others. You couldn't be my hero, you know. There's one thing wrong with you."

"And that is?"

"You're too beautiful to reproduce on paper. You had to be vain, arrogant, selfish, malevolent. The whole world of men and women as ugly as I am, my readers, want you that way. It's our compensation."

"Too beautiful?" he repeated. Strong creases showed in his cheeks. He laughed, not loudly—he never did laugh loudly. "Go to hell," he said. He hit me a light blow on the shoulder with his clenched fist.

"Do you remember Mrs. Peach?" he asked.

I shook myself free of the present.

"You remember how Doughy Edmunds used to bring her rabbits he'd shot. How her coat grew as she added skins to it?"

Paul moved so that he stood in front of me. His eyes were hard and searching. "You remember, Sim?" he insisted.

It was as though we had both shed thirty years and his old domination was on me again.

☆ ☆ ☆

When I was ten my parents shifted to another house. It wasn't greatly different from the one we had had before except that this time we owned it.

When the word "home" is used, it is always this house in Featherston Street that comes to my mind because it is the only home, either in my childhood or after I married Jean, that seems real to me.

Changing houses meant that I changed schools. The nearest was Terrace End which was too far away for walking. My new green bicycle would have been compensation for the shift even if I had liked neither the new home nor the locality.

The headmaster took me to my classroom. "Mrs. Peach," he said, "here's a new boy for you. His name's Gregg." He turned upon me so suddenly that he very nearly knocked me over, since I was behind him.

"What's your Christian name, boy?"

I blushed. I wasn't proud of my name. "Simon," I said.

"Simon Gregg, Mrs. Peach," he said briskly. "You've a desk for him?"

Most of the desks were in double rows. Along one wall, however, there was a single row and I could see in it, three from the back, one which was empty. I was sent there. Fifty pairs of eyes watched me.

I sat in my desk, looking down at my bag on the desk top, mechanically undoing the buckles. The headmaster and Mrs. Peach talked.

A voice beside me whispered, "Simon!"

It was the boy across the aisle who had called my name. He had bare legs and feet in an age when to come to school without shoes and socks was an admission of family poverty. But his dark blue pants and grey shirt were clean and ironed. He was a big boy, bigger than I was. And there was a fierceness about him that made him quite different from any boy I had ever seen before.

He said, "Simon," again, very quietly.

Above all things in that shattering moment I wanted a kindly word. This boy was about to give it to me. I was close to tears within. I smiled at him in gratitude.

"*Simple* Simon," he said. The words could not have contained more contempt. He didn't smile or scowl but just kept looking at me. That was my first encounter with Paul Mundy.

THE boys of our class were divided into rival gangs of cops and robbers. At lunch break we all raced home, gulped down our meals, and then dashed back to school as quickly as we could.

I have forgotten whether I was a common cop or a more socially acceptable robber. I was certainly in the group majestically commanded by Paul Mundy.

By some circumstances I cannot recall we found ourselves opposed one lunch hour. I kept out of his way—not from physical fear, I know now, but because to me it would have seemed *lèse-majesté* to struggle with Paul.

He found me out, however. In the heat of grappling with someone else a hand gripped my ankles and pulled my feet from under me. I fell, grabbing whoever had upset me as I came down, and we rolled to the bottom of the hill.

We got to our feet and it was Paul Mundy, looking surprised and annoyed, who faced me.

"It's you, Simple," he said angrily. "You're a silly fool, look at my pants!"

There was a sliver of muddy wetness down one side of them. Since I too was mud-streaked and he, after all, had caused our fall, I felt a momentary indignation.

"You started it, Friday," I said.

I had never called him that before. He went white and he came closer to me. His dark eyes seemed quite black.

"Don't call me that," he said. He lifted his fist as though he was about to hit me. I raised my arms in self-defence.

The others came racing to surround us. They closed us in with a hot ring of yelling faces. They cried, "Hit him, Paul; knock his block off. Go on Paul—bash him."

We stood facing each other. There didn't seem to be a way out. Then Mundy said, "Say you're sorry, Simple, or else"—and he stuck out his man's chin at me and waved his fist threateningly.

I COULD have said it easily. Above all I wanted to say it. I wasn't afraid of his fist. It was something deeper. Paul Mundy had got through to my soft spot. I was overcome by shyness. Above all I hated the scene, hated the hot excited faces and the ring they made and being in the centre of that ring.

"Say you're sorry, Simple! You say it or, by God, I'll knock you flat," Paul said.

That is where Paul Mundy miscalculated. I don't think he wanted to fight me any more than I wanted to fight him. If he had asked me to say that I was sorry in private, I would have said it gladly. In public I couldn't do it.

Then the bell went for the start of afternoon school.

"After school," someone said.

"In the pit, after school," Paul said. "And look out for yourself, Simple."

Beside the school, past the swimming baths which they built in my time at the school, there is a gravel pit grown over with grass. Boulders lie about, half hidden by hip-high weeds and lank stalks of cocksfoot. I went down the bank like a remorseful criminal. I had no followers. Paul had his hundred or two. They were lined out like medical students waiting to see a dissection. I was the corpse.

When I relate what followed I ask you to remember that I had had a harrowing afternoon. I was a little unstrung, not in control of myself.

Paul stood in front of me with his fists up. I faced him. Then something broke. Suddenly I hated that aloof, commanding face and the superior expression it wore. I went forward and hit it as hard as I could.

I can still remember how Paul's expression grew astonished as he put his hand to his cheek and it came away with blood on it. I went in to him and the cheering stopped abruptly as I hit Paul again and again.

All he could do was protect himself and wait for my fury to subside. As he waited I put my arms round his trunk and threw him to the ground, coming down on top of him.

I was a little mad in that moment. As the yelling broke out afresh I hit him

I heard a girl laugh in an excited way

again and then my two hands went around his throat and I squeezed with all the frantic strength of my hysteria.

It needed half a dozen of the biggest boys to pull me away from Paul, who lay white and sick on the ground where I had spread him out.

After a long time he got up again. He said, "I reckon you won this time, Simple." Dropping his lids over the top half of his eyes, he regarded me fiercely. "But you'd better look out next time. You just watch out."

Before I reached home half a dozen had congratulated me. Two boys came round to my place before dinner and showed me how I had done it. I wasn't Simple ever again after that; I was Sim. I've stayed that.

In the sixth standard at Terrace End I was made head prefect. This was a most remarkable thing because Paul Mundy was the obvious choice. That year the prefects were voted for by the class.

Our master, Cameron, surrounded the business with all the ceremony he could muster. It was the most embarrassing ten minutes I have ever spent.

In the end I had thirty-six marks beside my own name and no other candidate had more than eighteen. Paul Mundy had received two votes and was not a prefect.

I looked at Paul when it was obvious he would not be one of the chosen. I grinned fatuously at him, my smile meaning, "Isn't this all a lot of humbug?" but he didn't seem to see me.

Paul was ambitious even then and I think he was suffering more than I realized.

ONE day in class Cameron called me to the front. "I want you to deliver this to Mundy's home. His address is 231 Main Street."

He gave me a brown paper packet. That was the time Paul Mundy was away from school for two weeks with measles. I feel sure that the packet contained a statement of the class-work Paul was missing, together with advice that it would be to his advantage to do what he could at home.

I knew that when I had chickenpox old Cameron sent a similar packet to me as his gift to the ailing.

Main Street is the oldest street in the town and the few houses left in it are very old, too. Two-three-one was the oldest I have ever seen.

When I knocked there was no answer for a long time. A board had broken away from the floor of the tiny back porch and it hadn't been replaced. I don't want to make too much of my first impression of the Mundy home, but it was the poorest house I had ever seen.

The door was opened by a woman I knew at once was Mrs. Mundy. She looked like Paul. She should have been handsome and she was handsome, too. She was a tall woman but her dress hung on her like a sack so that I couldn't tell whether she was fat or thin.

She had the finest eyes imaginable except that they had the bewildered look you will see in the eyes of people who have been hurt in an accident.

Her face was lumpy and there was a purple and yellow bruise under her left eye. Her hair had no shine at all but she looked very clean. She was quite outside my experience.

I said, "Mr. Cameron sent this for Paul, Mrs. Mundy."

She took it, but she didn't say anything.

"How's Paul?" I asked.

Her eyes opened wider as though she was surprised that anyone should ask about him. I could see then how big her eyes were.

"He's all right," she said. I couldn't take my eyes off the bruise under her eye and the knobbly parts of her face.

A few days later the council began to repair the road outside the school. We used to get to school early to watch the men working. Best of all was when the steam-roller was brought in. It chuffed backward and forward in front of our school for days.

One day I walked to school with Beau Algie. The roadmen had not begun work when we arrived. They were standing about talking and smoking and the traction-engine straddled the road like a monument, with her roller still. A man with an oil can was working on her.

HE was a stub of a man, wide and squat like a toad. Furthermore he was dirty—not from the day's honest toil, but from his toilings over the past year. Finally he had a bloated, unpleasant face that no one on earth would put trust in and the worst temper I have ever seen.

He looked round at Beau Algie and me standing innocently five yards from the big roller and he said, "Keep away, you little ———."

Beau Algie beside me—he was tough, this Algie—replied as sweetly as a bird trilling, "Good morning, Mr. Mundy."

The traction-engine driver looked at him as though he wanted to cut his throat and he snarled like one of his own steam vents, "Garn, get away from here, you kids, or I'll——" and he waved the oil can at us as though it were the eagle of a Roman legion pointed at the *barbari*. We didn't stay any longer.

I said to Algie. "You called him Mr. Mundy."

"Yeah, that's right. He's Friday's old man. Didn't you know, Sim?"

I didn't know and I found it very hard to believe even then.

Algie said, "He's always on the booze, you know. Gives ol' Friday hell at home and makes him work all the time he's not at school. Dad says he'll land in jail, there's nothing surer."

I made so many kindly gestures at Paul in the next weeks that I think for a time he wondered what I wanted from him. But I asked nothing.

He liked me, he liked to be with me, but *he* led and I followed.

The next year I went on to high school and Paul started work in a printer's office. It seemed to me a great pity because Paul was good at schoolwork. I needn't have worried, as it turned out.

In 1922 I went down to Wellington to become a full-time student of Victoria University College. I was then an inch under six feet and I weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds. Perhaps no more defenceless and unworldly chick ever crept from under a mother's wing.

My boarding-house was managed by a landlady who was waspish and evil-tongued. Her food was never more than adequate and her habits were usually unclean. After a few months she sold out, and we received as our new comptrollers of the kitchen a family group of mother and two twenty-year-old daughters. They were splendid people who served us the huge, well-cooked farm meals to which they had themselves been used, and provided us with cups of tea at almost any hour of the day or night that we might happen to need them.

My first day at Victoria College I attended lectures not knowing any one of those I sat with. From a spread of whiskers the Latin professor said, "Ah, yes—Gregg. You're very good, aren't you."

I had already passed two stages of Latin as an extra-mural student. Everyone looked at me. I wonder how long the professor harboured this misconception.

But I worked. I passed well. Anyone of average intelligence, trained memory, and more than average application can pass the examinations of any university.

Degrees are the reward of industry, not of intelligence, certainly not of wisdom. No university can teach wisdom. It is a subject I did not pass.

I had been attending lectures for a fortnight before I ran into Paul Mundy. One evening I was standing in the large foyer beyond the swing doors, when I heard a girl close to me laugh excitedly and cry out, "Oh, *Paul*!" in that half-remonstrative, half-adulatory way that distends male conceit.

I looked at her because she sounded likeable. I could not help glancing at her companion, and when once I had looked at him I forgot her.

HE was a big man, a couple of inches taller than I, and strongly built. I was dressed as economically as most other university students, but this man wore a light grey suit which was flecked with pale blue.

It was immaculately cut, sitting his considerable width of shoulders like a uniform. I saw him side-on. His profile was extraordinarily strongly moulded, it seemed to me. He was the most striking person, man or woman, that I had then seen at Victoria College. It was perhaps a minute before I recognized him—but then the last fellow I had expected to find in the foyer was Paul Mundy, a printer's apprentice.

Perhaps it was my astonishment that caused me to go straight to him, interrupting his conversation, and touch him on the arm. He swung round quickly, looked puzzled for a moment, and then smiled, although not effusively—he never did anything without the controls on.

He said, "Why, *Sim*—who'd have expected to find you here."

I said, "But you had a job in Palmerston."

He frowned. I could see that he was not pleased. "Oh, *that*!" He shrugged. "That's a long way behind me, I'm glad to say."

"You don't see much of women, do you?"

The lecture bell rang then and the dispersal began. Paul looked at his watch. "Must be getting along, Sim," he said. "I'll look you up."

He did look me up, but in the Common Room. Certainly I never went to his home and I was given no idea where it was. By suggestion and by implication rather than by description I was led to understand that it was very large, aggressively opulent, with splendid grounds and an unrivalled view.

I will say this: Paul Mundy looked as though he had such a home behind him. He looked it more than any other man who attended lectures at Victoria, and there were no doubt some who really did have all these things.

☆ ☆ ☆

"Mother married much below her," Paul told me one day. "You came round to our house in Palmerston North once—when old Cameron sent you, the time I had measles. You remember what it was like."

We were in Bell's Lounge at the time. Since it was then early winter, the evening was cool enough to make the warm smell of cooking food and the bright lighting congenial to me.

"It was appalling. The inside of that hovel was as bad as the outside. We lived in such degradation that it seems almost unbelievable to me now.

"The man I called Father was nothing more than a beast, a drunken brute who killed my mother with his incessant brutality. He was my *stepfather,* Sim."

"Stepfather?" I asked. "The traction-engine driver?"

His eyes fastened on mine. There were red splotches in his cheeks.

"That's why her family cut her off," he said. "When her first husband, my father, died she went home to her people. And then she ran off with Mundy. She took me with her. It was the worst thing she ever did for me—and for herself, too, I suppose.

"I don't know how she put up with the beast she married and the slum she lived in. In the end it killed her, of course."

So convincingly did he speak, so quickly had his old domination of me returned, that I tried to accept every word he said.

"She died only a month or so after I finished up at Terrace End. I'd started with Keely and Pratt then. But I wasn't cut out to be a printer's apprentice, Sim. You know that. My grandmother—that's my mother's mother—came down for the funeral. She was horrified by what she found. She whisked me up and brought me back here. That's the last I saw of Mundy, the swine." He looked up and smiled warily.

"When you came here—what happened then?"

He looked surprised. "Of course I was all right then. My grandmother is a wealthy woman, owning a lot of property. She sent me to Wellington College."

For a long time after that we said nothing. I think, in our different ways, we were both weighing Paul's story.

"What happened to your father?" I asked.

"I don't know where he is," he said. "I couldn't care less. I hope the bastard's dead and in hell."

Paul rarely swore. When he did it meant that he was feeling strongly about something. He looked at me menacingly then. "My *step*father," he said.

"Your stepfather," I agreed.

☆ ☆ ☆

Very many years later I heard the sworn-to true story from someone who knew Paul much less intimately than I did. Beau Algie told me.

"Stepson?" he said. He has the loudest laugh I have ever heard.

"My dad," he said, "was *at* the wedding. He couldn't understand how a little runt like Mundy got such a pretty girl, but when ol' Friday came along six months after the wedding he knew the reason all right." One of the last things he said to me as I was leaving was, "Well, Sim, I guess it's a good man that knows his own father but I reckon ol' Friday's gone one better. He's invented his."

It may seem a curious thing that although, deep within, I must have disbelieved part of Paul's story from the moment that he told it to me, I thought no less of him. Certainly it did not cause me to suspect his honesty in other matters.

That year he was elected President of the Student's Executive. He was the youngest student ever to reach that position, I believe. He adorned his office. Perhaps his appearance grew more commanding, his speech more deliberate.

No one complained that he had been made conceited by his new dignities. He seemed born to lead, out of the ruck of common men.

I was working conscientiously in order to complete Bachelor of Arts at the end of the year. My people, at that time, were poorly off and they were making a considerable sacrifice to keep me at Victoria. I felt it obligatory to repay their faith in me by passing. I worked and played football. I have always liked a portion of solitude—reflection time or dream time, you could call it. Perhaps my new environment had shaken me more than I realized because I had begun writing poetry.

Poetry—more accurately, verse composition—was one more reason why I did not seek out Paul Mundy and why I received his solicitations passively.

I remember one evening in Spring when Paul asked me: "What're you going to do, Sim? When you've finished here, I mean?"

I answered, "Schoolmaster, I suppose. What else can you do with an Arts degree?"

He shook his head, frowning. "They're not well thought of, you know."

"Who doesn't think well of them?" I asked.

"Professional men. It doesn't get you anywhere at all."

I remember that I felt for the moment profoundly cast down.

"There's always a headship," I said weakly.

He flicked his cigarette stub on to the grass. "That's only King of the Tweedledums," he said.

He didn't seem to be insulting. That was the way he saw it and he was helping me to see things properly.

"What about you?" I asked.

"Law, I suppose. There should be a practice for me in Wellington. I'll do rather well in court. But I have other plans, Sim. I'd like to serve my country and my people in some way. Perhaps politics, perhaps local body work. . . ." He sucked his firm lower lip. "They need a leader," he said.

I might very easily have made some gesture that would have offended him and caused a permanent estrangement. I had my chance. I didn't take it because to me he seemed to be talking sense.

"You don't see much of women, Sim, do you?" he asked.

"Hell, no," I answered. "No time."

"You should, you know. You want to start picking them over for years before you leg-rope one of them. You want to get one that's got money and social flair—things that'll help you to get on."

"You've got your one sorted out?" I asked him.

He smiled with considerable self-satisfaction.

"I thing so, Sim," he said. "I think I've got the one I want."

☆ ☆ ☆

In Moosburg prison camp I saw Paul Mundy every day until Patton's tanks at last came through the gates.

At some time I was packed into a truck with forty others. Morning came as we drove along those German roads. It was daylight when we arrived at an airfield which I learned was Landschut.

At three thirty we were marched to our plane, The Panting Doggie. We came down near Rheims.

On the next day we flew by Lancaster to England, crossing the Channel and passing into England near Eastbourne, I believe.

From a Nissen camp somewhere in Buckinghamshire I went to London, and thence by train to Margate which was the New Zealand repatriated prisoner-of-war centre.

My domicile was Bicken Hall. I remember it for a bed I slept in sometimes, meals so vast that I could only spar with them, and a bar I rarely used. I had the rest of my life to study New Zealanders. I was in England and English ways and places and people were what I sought.

It was at Bicken Hall that I ran into Paul again, on one of my very few visits to the bar.

When I came in, he was standing away from the bar, legs apart, carrying his weight easily, head thrown back and smiling. When he saw me he turned slightly. He said, "Why, it's *Sim*!"

From the way he said it, from the feeling in his voice, I knew he had recognized that he was pleased to see me again. And I? Yes, I was pleased to see him.

I saw her dressed for the kill

Removed in time and place from that instant of recognition, I find it explains a great deal to me now. I don't think Paul ever approved of me. But either he broke through my exterior veneer or I scratched his varnish.

And I was the only one who ever did. Clare didn't. Jean couldn't. Jean won't want to, will never recognize that the glorious animal she knows as Paul Mundy, to whom she is almost certainly devoted, is his carcase only, and that somewhere within it lurks the true Mundy.

We took our twenty-eight days' leave together. In Penrith we were guests of very pleasant people who ran a rest home for officers from the British Dominions. Paul was a magnificent ambassador of his country there.

Several young women worked at this guest house. Paul rocked them to their noble cores. He could have brought six of them back to his own country in his kitbag as souvenirs of war.

BUT not the seventh. Julie was the plainest of them all but I found her the best company. I asked her what she thought of Paul.

"I don't like him at all," she said. "He's conceited. He's consumed by self-love."

She was wrong. Paul had no need of conceit. He was *sure*. Everything he touched turned to his advantage. He was confident that it would stay like that.

I remember one day when Paul and I were standing beside the creek which ran through the ample grounds attached to this rest home—the people of the house called it a river.

He said to me, "It'll be good to get home, Sim."

I thought for a moment. "It will be," I said.

"I liked it in Perth," he said, quietly. "It was better still in Sydney." He threw a twig into the stream and we watched it sail very gently beyond our view.

"But I was glad to get back. I think I stayed away too long. It was hard to leave Sydney, of course. I was well dug in. I had a very solid practice. But there were other reasons——" He stopped as though he did not want to give me those reasons.

"There's no place like home," he said. He shrugged. "A pretty trite saying, Sim."

"A lot of trite things are true," I reminded him.

"Home's where the people you were born among live. I haven't regretted coming back."

"Are you married, Paul?"

He shook his head. "I've been too busy," he said.

"Did you ever marry, Sim? You didn't marry . . . Clare?" He laughed as he said her name as though he knew that Clare wouldn't have had me. But the laugh was pretty false. He wasn't sure at all.

"No," I said. "Not Clare."

☆ ☆ ☆

One of the more interesting Profs at Victoria was Reggie Althorp, who did Economics.

I did well in his class. Eventually I topped it, but not until I had received strong competition from a Miss Vernon-Smith.

Clare was my age, I think, although she was in her fourth year. She was the belle of every social function, our sun about which we rotated goggle-eyed.

She sat behind me. I didn't know that for a long time. Most of that year I sat within touching distance of a chunk of radium, woman-sized, and did not apprehend my fortune. When she was first pointed out to me and a husky voice told me of her points, I thought her only moderately personable.

She had hair that was the nearest to yellow that I have seen, but apart from that she didn't seem remarkable to me.

I looked at her with some interest because, by that time, I knew she was Paul's girl. And I knew that when Paul had said that evening, "I think I've got the one I want," he had been speaking of Clare.

That first evening, on my first glimpse of her, I couldn't see why he should have been so excited about it.

Suddenly I seemed to see Paul with Clare frequently. It was not long before my opinion of Clare changed. I saw her dressed for the kill and that was something to see.

To me then, Paul and Clare were the most splendid couple I could imagine. Yet, although there were times when I felt no affection for Paul Mundy, for the first few months at least I thought Clare the fortunate one.

I used to play in the front row of the Varsity scrum. My fellow hooker was Nobby Carson, a barrel-chested short man who had black hair on his back as thick as scrub.

Before one game we changed into football gear ahead of the others and came out on to the terrace.

Carson prodded me. "There's your pal Mundy," he said. "He's got that hot bit with him."

MUNDY and Clare were leaning against the low post-and-netting fence separating the spectators from the ground.

"Who says she's hot?" I asked. I was angry. Clare looked so coolly beautiful that I was a little outraged to hear her spoken of with such casual cruelty.

"She's hot," Carson said indifferently. "Everyone knows that." He sat on the bank and began adjusting his elastic knee bandage. I sat down beside him.

"She won't marry him, Sim," he said. "He think's he's got her hooked. But she's not for him. You'd have to have a title to snare *her*. She's only practising on Mundy. It makes me laugh to see them together."

"Are there any people you like, Nobby?" I asked.

"Plenty," he said. He looked at me and grinned. "You for one—when you hook the bloody ball."

He nodded towards Paul and Clare. "There's two I don't like. They may be the two most gorgeous chunks of meat round here but I don't like either of 'em much."

As we came down the terrace and across the gravel to the field he said, "Don't *you* go having thoughts, Sim. Not about *her*," and he made a movement with his head in the direction of Paul and Clare, twenty yards from us on the fence.

I flushed. "It's not likely."

HE looked at me, and his small eyes seemed to be laughing at me. "It's *very* likely," he disagreed. "You just go on remembering that Clare eats men like you eat bananas—everything but the skin. It's the thing she's good at and we've all got to be good at something."

Paul introduced me to Clare at last. I played rather well, for me, in the game she watched. Perhaps I was commented on and Paul was pleased to admit that he knew me.

"Clare," Paul said. "This is Simon Gregg, an old friend of mine. You saw him play last Saturday, you remember."

I tried to look over her shoulder but you could never do that sort of thing with Clare. When she talked to you she threw all she had into it.

She dropped everything else, wiped her brain clear of all other speculations, and concentrated upon the man she dealt with.

Her lips were not full but they looked soft and she kept them slightly parted to show her moist teeth from which the lights gleamed, too.

"How do you do, Simon?" she said. Her voice had life and movement.

I murmured something. Her eyes held mine all the time we were together.

"Sim is from Palmerston," Paul told her. He didn't say that he, too, came from Palmerston.

The next time I spoke to her was near the tennis courts some months later. I was watching Paul play and I became aware that someone had come close to me. When I looked round I saw that it was Clare. She was not in tennis clothes.

She said, "You don't play yourself?"

"Not here," I answered. "In the summer holidays, at home, I play a little."

"I play only when I can't get out of it. I'm rather allergic to games. They're so unnecessarily strenuous. Look at Paul now."

Paul was playing a ladder match for first position. He was not at his best before Clare, I felt. His imperious remoteness had been stripped from him so that he was just another sweating and worried tennis player facing defeat but frantically refusing to accept its inevitability.

"You see?" she said.

Paul behaved, in terms of tennis etiquette, very badly. During the final game he threw his racket on to the court in exasperation. The last two serves he made no serious attempt to return. There was a noticeable pause before he moved to congratulate his conqueror.

He came to us. "You kept me out too late last night," he said. His dark face was still angry, his expression sulky.

Clare smiled, her eyes on his. "If you'd known that by missing your date with me last night you would win, would you have passed me up?"

Paul banged his racket on to his

knee. He didn't smile. "Yes," he answered. "I'm sick with myself."

She laughed. She seemed delighted. "Lord, it's pleasant to have you come clean," she said.

I felt like an ear at a keyhole.

"Don't wait for me," Paul said. "I'm going to shower. Sim will see you down the hill." Turning about, he left us then, walking erect but angry still.

Clare moved away and I felt forced to accompany her. I knew that a number of people watched us go and I was wondering whether they watched in envy or whether they shook their heads over me as just another banana able to save only its skin from the voracious appetite of Clare Vernon-Smith.

During one lecture when I had become sufficiently interested to forget that Clare was behind me—at most times I was most embarrassingly aware that she *was* behind me—I felt the cover of her pad flip against my back.

A few moments later it flipped again and I heard her exciting laughter. It happened many times in that hour and a great many people must have been amused by what she did. I was thankful when Althorp released me.

IN my room in Portland Crescent I thought over this new assault upon my defences. It was obvious that Clare would not stop there. I could see myself made a figure of fun unless I took measures. The only measures I knew anything about were aggressive.

I remember that I went to the library, on the day I settled Clare. She was seated at a table facing me. She saw me before I saw her and I was at once called on to face the frightening assault of her half-satirical, all-too-honeyed smile. But I had my plan.

I said, "I want to speak to you." I didn't add, "young woman," but my voice had that kind of note.

"I find you rather overwhelming. You're my biggest distraction around this place and you didn't help me with your antics last night."

She smiled. She looked startled too. "Overwhelming?" she asked. She was wearing a V-necked blouse cut low and I could see enough to know that her chest was arranged far more cunningly than my own.

"You know what I mean," I said. "You're far and away the most beautiful thing I've seen——"

"This is so sudden."

"That's how you want it," I told her. "You don't like your games to be strenuous."

"Meaning that I'm trying to attract you, Mr. Gregg?"

"As a side-line, Miss Vernon-Smith. You've bigger fish and I know that well, but you like the admiration of any man—even of boobs like me."

She put her hands out to the balustrade of the stairs. She was not smiling now, only puzzled and, I think, pleased.

"Are you available tonight?" I asked.

She seemed dazed. "Available? Available? Are you getting up a football team?"

"Free," I said.

"Yes . . . yes." She began to laugh. I think she was close to hysterics. "I'm available and free for you, Sim; I couldn't resist a man with your sort of approach. Where and when?"

I thought for a moment. "Town Hall at eight," I said.

"Are we going to hear political speeches or something like that?"

"No," I said. "We'll just walk."

"Oh," she said. She still seemed dazed. "Just walk. That'll be nice."

WE held our rendezvous. We did walk. She talked easily. I said a few words occasionally but they were about the night air or the street lights or other physical things that we walked beside. I was nervous and I didn't enjoy myself.

It wasn't long after that that Paul Mundy sought me out. "Sim," he said, "I should knock your block off. You don't want her—I do."

"She won't have you."

"She will."

I shook my head. For once I felt in command.

"Clare will have nothing short of a title," I said, using Carson's words.

"I'll have that, too, if she'll give me time."

"Clare's very ambitious, Paul," I explained. "There's no point in working yourself into a state about her. You haven't a chance."

I could have supplied him with some evidence. Only the previous Sunday we had driven past the house which she told me was the home of Paul's grandmother.

I said then, "You shouldn't be with me. You're Paul's girl."

Clare went very red. "I'm *not* Paul Mundy's girl. Nor anybody else's girl," she said quite fiercely. "No man puts a reserved ticket on me."

My period with Clare ran on intermittently for no more than two months. I don't think I enjoyed it, because I was conscious of my own inadequacies.

Above all, I was unprepared to allow any woman, no matter how lovely—and, by God, I'm sure Clare was that—to use me as a hobby like Mah Jong and then grow tired of me.

She stopped me once in the corridor, not far from the mail rack. "You're keeping out of my way," she said.

I said something about work, about the approaching examinations. If I had denied her charge she would have been satisfied, but I didn't.

"No, Sim," she said. "It's not that."

When I said nothing at all she looked more bewildered, more hurt than I had thought possible. Then she left me with her head high and I heard her untroubled voice greet someone else.

Clare went to England at the end of that year. She didn't marry Paul. For years I wondered what happened to her, until one day I came upon the photograph of a wedding group in a weekly magazine.

The bride was Miss Vernon-Smith of Wellington. Her husband, an Englishman, had a title. Clare must have been thirty-five then. In the end she got what Nobby Carson said she wanted.

A month after I returned from Palmerston North to begin my final year at Victoria, Paul left for Perth in Western Australia.

We were very close the month before he went away.

He used to speak of New Zealand as small, as conservative, as arid. Australia, he told me, was the land of opportunity, the twentieth-century United States, where a man with determination and ability could thrust his way to the top.

"There are no good openings here, Sim," he said. "I'm not the sort of fellow to stick about waiting. I don't work my way up. I start at the top."

"Perth's quite small," I said. To me Paul's inevitable stage seemed to be London or New York.

He leaned forward. "It's only a start," he said. Then he looked solemn for a moment.

In that final month he re-covered me with the spell of Terrace End days. I think he did it intentionally because he was going away and he wanted at least one of those he left behind to bear his likeness indelibly impressed.

Before we separated, we shook hands.

I do know that as I watched his ship go out a great weight seemed to lift from my shoulders. For the first time in a month I felt that I was Simon Gregg, with my mind and my will at my own command. But I didn't admit then that the departure of Paul Mundy was the reason for my relief.

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The narrow stream made no sound as it sidled past us. A willow brushed it with trailing leaves, making ripples on its surface. I shut my eyes. When I opened them again it was to look at Paul beside me, in battledress as I was.

"So neither of us married Clare," Paul said.

"No," I agreed.

He said nothing more for a long time. Then he asked, "But you did marry, Sim?"

"Yes," I answered. "Oh, yes."

"You're married now? There's a wife at home?"

"Yes," I said. "At home."

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My closest acquaintance now that Paul was no longer in New Zealand was my colleague of the front row, Nobby Carson.

That Easter I went to stay with Carson in his home town. When the afternoon of Easter Monday arrived I found Carson was troubled, moody and monosyllabic.

At last he confessed his gloom. "I'm in the cactus, Sim," he said. "I'll have to ask for your help."

"What's the trouble?"

"It's like this. I've arranged to take Jean Lambert to this dance tonight."

"What's wrong with her?"

HE looked up at me quickly—he is much shorter than I am—and he looked surprised. "Nothing," he said. "She's first rate, our Jean."

I suppose I looked puzzled.

"That's the trouble," he added. "She's a helluva nice girl—good-looking and smart and good. But you've got to tread carefully with her, old man, I can tell you."

We didn't talk—we hugged and kissed

"What's wrong with treading carefully?"

"It's not my way," he said, gloomily. "I'll have some grog aboard, too. I'll be a bit lit. "It's like this, Sim, there's another girl I want who'll be there." His expression became ecstatic. "They call her The Snake."

"The Snake?"

"She's all coils," he said. "She's the best thing I know of. That's where you come in," he added, matter of fact. "You take Jean over. She'll be safe with you. She'll like you and you'll like her. You'll go well together."

I HAD rather a confused picture of Jean Lambert. In fact I had several pictures of her. I saw her shy and chaste and virginal; I saw her playing efficient tennis, moving easily around the court, rather beautiful. Most of all I saw her as "a bit cold."

She wasn't anything like any of my pictures of her. When we danced it was exactly as I expected it would be. She felt as I knew she would feel—strong, yet yielding, too. Before I left I kissed her.

That Christmas I joined a 'varsity cricket team which played over the holiday period a string of games against club teams in different towns. The last game of our tour was against a New Plymouth team. New Plymouth was where Nobby Carson lived.

"You'll see Jean tonight," he told me. "There's to be a dance at a private house for the two teams together with well-wishers like me. She's your partner. I'm arranging the girls."

"You manage my affairs of the heart?" I asked.

He nodded his bullet head. "That's it," he answered. "I reckon you need help."

Jean and I had one dance only. The rest of the time we were stretched out on grass made brittle by a month without rain. I suppose we were there for four hours, which is a very long time, but it didn't seem long to either of us then.

We weren't amorous. We talked. I can't remember any of the conversation but I learned some things about Jean and she no doubt found out even more about me.

The next night we went to Pukekura Park. The lake was sleepily beautiful under a quarter of moon and the bush coming down on to the paths, eerily dark, was filled with black shapes and leaves that rustled. We stood on a bridge, not saying much at all, but completely happy. That is how I felt anyway.

I wanted nothing else from life. Under the moon her eyes were more compelling than usual. Eyes mean so much. Out of a million pairs of women's eyes there is the one pair that sorts you out and looks at you.

Why did I marry Jean? For her eyes. For the look in them. That mainly. Because she was clean and cool. And there's always a challenge in a lovely woman of that sort.

As we left the wooden hump-backed bridge to follow a path just wide enough for two, she said, "What do you intend to do, Sim?"

I thought she was speaking of the present.

"Anything you like," I answered.

She laughed. Jean had a pleasant laugh which she did not use much. "Ass," she said, familiarly but fondly, "I mean with your life."

"Teach," I said vaguely. "There's not much else you can do with an Arts degree."

"You'll stay here then?"

"Yes," I said. "I think so." I qualified my affirmative only because it sounded better that way.

"I don't know that you should," she said. "With your ability."

I stopped and lit a cigarette. I kept my eyes from hers as the match flared. When it was dark again and we strolled on, I asked, "Who's been talking to you?"

"Carson," she said.

We moved from the path then. In a shadowy place I kissed her. We sat on the ground, soft with tufty grass kept green by the trees. In the end we lay side by side. We talked of many things that we had talked about before, until I kissed her again because it was a custom that grew more acceptable with repetition.

After that we didn't talk much more. We hugged and kissed in the way men and women have behaved since this earth regurgitated them from the caverns of its flaming intestines. For me it was an astounding experience. It was not indifferent. Yet through all the grasping and wrestling and osculation I think I was held by unchanging surprise that this could happen to me.

But that was only a minor part of my astonishment; it was much more a subject of wonder that Jean of the cool blue eyes should possess a body that contained so much kinetic energy.

WHEN our excitement had died down and we were walking home holding hands gently I knew that it was up to me to make something more than a gesture before I left her.

"I'll miss you," I said.

"Darling," she said. "Darling Sim."

I kissed her then. It was a prim kiss. I noticed that her eyes were directed over my shoulder and they again had that look of staring over limitless seas. I cut the kiss short.

"You're ambitious, Sim? Really ambitious, aren't you?" she asked then.

Although the question seemed important to her, I found it disturbingly irrelevant. But it wasn't. To Jean it was significant. My answer must have meant a lot to her but I can't remember what I said. It must have been along the lines she wanted.

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"You must come over, Sim," Paul wrote. "I've got my thumb on this place now. All that you need to do is to take a month off and look around. Name the school you want and I'll get you in. There will be a headship for you in a very short time."

King of the Tweedledums, he meant.

He seemed to have settled in to his satisfaction.

I thought over his offer for some time but I found that I did not wish to accept it. When I wrote next I made no reference to it, contenting myself with such irrelevancies of local news which I felt would interest him.

I received a peevish reply which included this paragraph: "I do wish you would answer my question as to whether you intend to follow me to Perth. While you persist in ignoring the matter it is obviously impossible for me to pave the way for you. Please inform me as soon as possible of your intentions. I want to do you a good turn although it seems that you do not realize this."

There was nothing for it but to tell Paul that I would not be coming. Jean was the obvious excuse and I used her. At that time there was nothing resolved between us and I suppose that my writing of our entanglement in a letter to Paul did something to clarify my intentions towards her.

I BEGAN to see her quite clearly from that time as my future wife. I think she had seen me as her husband for a much longer time.

Paul's reply could not have been more kindly.

"You have given me the one unanswerable reason for not joining me. I am surprised that you have gone so far because I well remember your aversion to the other sex. I hope you have selected wisely. A woman who has the right background of family can do much to help a man in his career, whereas a woman who has not this is merely an encumbrance."

In the next paragraph, however, he dropped his own bombshell.

"And now I, too, must make a confession, Sim. I have become engaged to a girl over here who is all I could ever wish for. She is a talented musician who is quite beautiful.

"Her name is Janet North and her father is without doubt the wealthiest man in Perth. He owns enormous blocks of property as well as two large stations of the best land in Western Australia. Unfortunately Janet is very delicate. She has recently recovered from tubercular meningitis—a recovery from death itself.

"Her parents wish her to wait for at least two years before contemplating marriage, but she, the darling, is adamant that our engagement must be short. But more of this in my next letter."

In the end he remembered my unimportant love once again. "I hope, if you marry Jean, that I shall see her and give you both the blessing of your oldest friend. Jean is a very pretty name."

After our sport in Pukekura Park I decided that I must take steps. She came to stay at my home in Palmerston North that weekend. Curiosity caused my parents to consent to have her there, I believe.

Both my father and my mother were convinced that my choice could only be unfortunate. They prepared bravely for the worst and Jean swept their feet from under them in the first five minutes.

My father's first words to my mother

"Writing! It will get you nowhere, Simon"

when they were alone were, "How on earth did Simon have the good sense to pick a girl like that?" My mother told me this at some later time.

On the last night, 11 p.m. in our "front room," which was in fact on the side of the house, I muttered, "How would you like to be Mrs. Gregg?" I added at once, defensively, "Some day."

From the face I could dimly see looking at mine came the words, "You do want to get on, dear, don't you? I couldn't be happy with a man who had no ambition."

BECAUSE I was annoyed, I pushed myself away from her. "Whatever you like," I said. "I don't beg."

She sat up then as though I had used a pin on her. Wrapping her arms round my head, she whispered, "Darling, I *do* love you so. Almost too much. You've made me very happy, Simon dear."

I felt her mouth on mine. Her lips were like a ripe skinned peach. Then she pulled herself away.

"Mr. and Mrs. Simon Gregg," she whispered. It sounded well to me, the way she said it.

That year I completed the Master of Arts degree, obtaining First Class Honours, which was what I had aimed at. By Easter I had accepted my first high school appointment to Marlborough College in Blenheim, a pleasant, sun-soaked town about ten miles from Cook Straight in the northern extremity of the South Island.

Jean and I had formed the habit of writing three times a week. She chose her words very carefully and, as a result, her letters tended to be disappointingly stilted. She always gave her love to me but there wasn't the same enthusiasm in them that I had grown to expect in her presence.

Every now and again there would be a letter from Jean that set everything right again. A desperate quality would intrude as she grieved over the slow passage of time before we should be together again.

"Oh, darling, I do miss you so. Everything I do seems so routine, so meaningless, I'm sure I was never meant to be a clerk. As I file these letters which lie waiting for me, my mind and my heart will be with you and the different life I shall lead when we are married.

"I know that we won't have much money at first but some day when you are a great man we shall have all we want. I feel that you are destined for a wonderful future and I think I am very lucky that you have chosen me from among all the other women you might have had. But it seems so far off and I am so eager to start out on my new life."

I read this with a fatuous smile in my tiny bedroom in the Grosvenor. My love for Jean flowed over me like water from a shower as I read and re-read it. Although I read it so often that I could have recited it without stumbling over a word, I didn't realize then the significance of her prayer that some day I should be a "great man."

I didn't see that the life she planned was not the life I wanted. I didn't add together her reference in both speech and writing to ambition, to getting on, to success.

That Christmas we became engaged. I took her—a sentimental whim—to Pukekura Park the first morning I got to New Plymouth. The bush and the lake and the day were groomed for the occasion. When I put the ring on her finger I felt like Carnegie endowing all that he did endow.

She said, "It's very nice, Simon." She had stopped calling me Sim because, she said, Simon *was* my name and she liked it full and rounded and biblical. Simon had about it the shape of things to come which Sim did not, I think.

"You really like it?" I asked.

She got to her feet. We kissed, but her contribution was lukewarm, I felt. Before she let me know what troubled her we had walked a quarter of a mile.

"You didn't ask my people," she explained. Then she took my hand. "But it doesn't matter now, Simon."

I could see that it mattered very deeply to her. It spoilt that morning for me, even though her parents showed the correct measure of delight and made no reference to my social solecism.

PAUL MUNDY beat me into marriage, as he had always beaten me into other things. My letter telling him of my engagement to Jean crossed with one from him informing me of his marriage to Janet North, the heiress to enormous blocks of property and two of the finest cattle stations in Western Australia.

"It was a splendid wedding, Sim," he wrote. "There must have been quite a thousand guests. All my business acquaintances attended and I am happy to say that the Governor and his Lady were present to share our joy on this happiest of all occasions.

"It's possible that I may set up on my own in Sydney after our return. With the North backing it should be easy to establish myself there. They have so many contacts. Janet, in her own right, has a considerable fortune. She loves me as dearly as I love her and she wants to see me climb upward. She sees Perth as a little restrictive in scope. 'Big man, little town' is not the epitaph that I seek."

I sat for a long time considering this letter, and I thought about what Paul Mundy had written and about Paul himself. He possessed a fine mind; unweakened by wit or mocking self-criticism, it directed his energies with Calvinistic singleness of purpose. In general he had common sense, if not wisdom. Except perhaps for a certain narrowness of his sympathies, he had the material for great achievements.

Because I had had that half-hour of honesty I felt warm and friendly towards Paul. I wrote another letter to him at once. "My ambitions lie in more placid areas than yours. But I know, wherever you decide to cast abroad, you will do well.

"My earnest good wishes for your wife's return to health and the happiness of you both. I shall not envy you in Kew because I have my Pukekura. . . ."

My coy reference to my own ambitions arose from the acceptance of two of my short stories by the K. G. Murray Publishing Company of Australia.

I still find it hard to talk of my own writings. I am prepared, when escape is impossible, to assemble words in answer to questioners who wish to know whether I write or type my manuscripts, how often I scratch my ears, how many words I set down at a sitting, or seek information about sales and marketing and royalties.

But my writings for good or ill are whatever has life within me and I cannot speak of what I do not always myself understand.

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The next year crept by at a snail's pace. I went to New Plymouth at the end of each term. Jean came to Palmerston North for one week and in that week she refreshed the good opinion of her that my parents already had.

I don't think our happiness during these reunions could be described as complete. Jean became, to me, an increasingly positive personality with strong likings and equally strong intolerances. We quarrelled over a number of things, none of them important.

I suppose I was casual in dress in those days—I am still. Because we attach more importance to comfort and less to conformity I find no one to criticize me now. My dressing was the subject-matter of more than one of our disputes.

My indifference to promotion in my profession also annoyed Jean. My indifference was much more sensible than she understood. As I had been teaching at that time for only a year, it seemed slightly presumptuous to predict when I should be a headmaster. Jean didn't see it that way.

"How many years will it be before you get a headship?" she asked.

"Probably never," I replied.

She stamped her foot then. There were quick tears of exasperation in her eyes. "For goodness sake, Simon, you're not going to become one of those large, easy-going men who always miss their opportunities, are you?"

I THOUGHT this over. I gave it a serious answer. "I probably am—as far as teaching goes. I like teaching, Jean. I'm not sure that I'll ever want to be a Head. There's the writing——"

She shook her head fiercely. "The writing," she repeated. "It'll get you nowhere, Simon. And if you ever get anything accepted—what social position has a writer got? None," she said. "None at all. Now the headship of a good high school——"

"Oh, hell," I said.

"Don't you want me to be someone? Am I to be the little woman at home who sits by the fire all day, darning and knitting and sewing, locked up like a . . . like a . . ."

"Canary?" I suggested.

"Not even that," she said. "A sparrow—no colour, nothing. Just a sparrow by itself in a cage. And you coming home with your bundle of rejected manuscripts each day——"

"Let's change the subject," I said.

We didn't speak for a long time after

Then he looked at Jean; I was watching them

that. At last she said, "I wasn't made to be a wallflower, Simon. Life won't pass me by. You'd better remember it."

I didn't answer her.

But later her mouth felt like a skinned peach as it always did and we put our arms round each other. What she had said and what I had replied went from both our minds in the more urgent business of love-making.

Because I had come to see that any man who married Jean would do well to have some money, I lived very quietly in Blenheim. I became quite miserly, a characteristic foreign to me in normal circumstances.

But I drew pleasant pictures of the unbelting that was to come when Jean and I were married. Even though letters were so often unsatisfactory I think I felt more fondly of Jean when we were apart than when we were together.

IT was at this time that I received an important letter from Paul.

After Paul left Perth for Sydney there was a long time when no letters came. But in time I did learn that he had been accepted as a partner in a solid firm, that he had bought a fine home overlooking the harbour at a staggering price—"but Janet must have the best, Sim; she's been used to it."

He talked vaguely of entering politics and I came in time to believe that the interpretation of law did not sustain Paul, that his practice of his profession was merely the hobby of a man of considerable means looking for more obtrusive ways of exercising his abilities.

The letter to which I now come was brief. It ran this way:

"Dear Sim,

"I have news of the most pleasant kind to relate to you. On business I am paying a short visit to New Zealand. My work is in Auckland but it seemed so ridiculous to spend a fortnight in New Zealand without seeing my grandmother that I have arranged a brief stay in Wellington.

"Then it seemed even more fantastic that I should be so close to you and not see you that I decided something must be done about it. Accordingly I have obtained rooms for you and Jean at the Royal Oak.

"Janet will be with me. I can think of no more appropriate way of passing an evening than that the four of us—Janet and I, you and Jean—should sit together and talk. I have so much to tell you, Sim."

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I began to look forward to meeting Paul Mundy again. He had been gone three years. I wanted to see what a rich wife and a world tour had done to him.

Stronger even than the impression Paul made on me that afternoon and evening of the 11th May, 1929, is my memory of his wife, Janet. I can see her on her couch in a corner of one of the Royal Oak's lounges where she was laid out like a piece of expensive cloth displayed in a shop window.

She had the languid grace of a woman without any strength at all. But when Paul spoke to her she came to life. I'm certain that she drew her strength from him.

Most of the time she was a corpse, exquisitely gowned and groomed, utterly out of this world since she was so closely in touch with the next but for the life she sucked from her husband.

She battened on him, drew from his fierce existence a thin existence of her own which was not yet quite her own, being borrowed. I could see that she loved him.

I have thought both good and ill of Paul Mundy. That night I learned that he had qualities not many of us can claim. He had been married two years then. For all that time he had warmed this moribund body with his rich and complex life force.

Sometimes I had wondered whether Paul had married his heiress for position and money. I can still not answer that question fairly but I have a strong conviction that he did. If he did, he fulfilled his part of the bargain beyond the limits of any contract made on earth or in heaven.

Jean performed well that night. She was then twenty-two, I think, and of very limited social experience. She was dressed in something I hadn't seen her in before. She looked different. She might have been Paul's wife with his advantages shared. She surprised me and made me very proud.

I know that Paul looked at her a great deal and that he drew her into the conversation whenever he could. He did say to me, "Sim, you're really amazing. Look what you've got. You seem to lounge through life without purpose but in the end you get what harder-striving men fail to achieve. I can't understand you." We were alone at the time.

"You approve then?" I asked.

He smiled. He put his hand on my shoulder. "I approve," he said. "I'm surprised, old man. You've got taste."

He didn't mean to be insulting or patronizing. He said what he thought, which after all wasn't so very different from what my parents had said when first I had brought Jean home.

After dinner we talked until two in the morning and Janet on her couch seemed to sleep with her eyes half open, or to pass from life into temporary death.

PAUL spoke of things gone by. He did not go back to Palmerston North and Terrace End and Main Street. He kept to our time at Victoria College. He mentioned people. Then he talked of his life in Perth, of his travels and of Sydney.

He indicated his interest in a political career and hinted at what might await him within the next few years. Beneath the restraint it was easy to perceive the restless drive, the boundless confidence and ambition he possessed.

I found that I at last felt a strong wish to disturb the velvety waters. In the end I was given my opportunity to be unpleasant.

"I've been talking too much about myself," Paul said. This was about 1 a.m. "What about you, Sim? Will you stay in teaching?"

I sprawled lower in my easy chair. My coat had climbed up the back of my head, I had both hands in my pockets and my legs were crossed. I didn't wear suspenders even in those days and my socks had worked into folds.

"Yes," I answered.

"Some day when you're head of Wellington College, Sim, I'll come back to New Zealand. I'll give a talk in Hall on the wonders of Australia. You'll have the job of thanking me."

"I won't," I said. "You may give your talk but I won't be head."

HE shook his head at me. "Come now," he said amiably, "you rate yourself too low."

"I know my worth," I told him. "I'm not so sure I want to be a head anyway. I've no ambition, you know." I looked him in the eyes. "That's what worries Jean. She's almost as bad as you are."

"Paul," Jean asked, "do you think Simon's going to grow into one of those plethoric, beer-drinking men who remember the dear old football days and attend reunions and talk of the games they played when they were kids together?"

She said it lightly but she said what she wanted to say and it showed how she was beginning to think of me.

"You've described me," I said. I said it lightly, too, but I could have cut her throat.

"He needs pushing," Paul said, regarding me so fondly that I wanted to hit him.

"I don't know whether I can push hard enough," Jean said.

"You're going to have a most unhappy time of it," I told her. "You won't travel far with me, my girl. I'm the blight on your life. You should have married Paul."

"He's married already," Janet said. She said it like a ventriloquist without seeming to move her lips.

Paul looked at her. He smiled. "He's married, dear," he agreed. "To someone he wanted very much." I must admit that he couldn't have said it more adequately.

Then he looked at Jean. He held her eyes and he put everything into his regard of her. She met his dark eyes with her own blue gaze made a deeper blue by the powder-blue dress she was wearing. I was watching them.

I knew that each had spent a second considering the prospect of togetherness, that the most intimate of associations had not been overlooked, and that each had decided the other would do, would more than merely do—would be the answer to the unslaked search that goes on between the sexes. I was shocked by it, puzzled by it, angered by it.

Jean and I travelled north by an almost empty train. I was, of course, getting off at Palmerston North; Jean was going to New Plymouth.

"What do you think of Paul?" I asked jealously.

She woke up then. "Oh, Simon," she said, "I can't understand——" She broke off there and shut her lips tightly.

Then it came out in a flood. "When I think that you were at school together, you and Paul—and then at university too. . . . You're such old friends and

you've done such a lot of things with him. Now look at him—just look at Paul. He's got everything. He hasn't any more brains than you have but he's mad to get on, while you——" She looked at me with her face beginning to flush angrily. "Oh, Simon," she said, "why can't you be like him?"

"I don't want to be," I said. "He married a rich wife. You're forgetting that. It helps."

"He'd be where he is without Janet. That's only an excuse."

"You think Paul is all right then?" I asked with deceptive mildness.

"I think he's wonderful," she said. She meant it. She held no punches. "He's all man with a sleek and glossy veneer, but he's so hard and tough and such a fighter."

"And I'm soft," I said.

"You're not soft," she said reasonably. "You've just got no fight in you. You're a doormat people wipe their feet on."

"Am I?" I asked. "Am I?" I think there were a few spots in front of my eyes. "And Paul's grand. Hundred per cent male. That's why you gave him the old come-to-bed look?"

She went for me fairly convincingly then. I think I said a few unpleasant things myself. It ended at Paekak when she handed me back my ring. It was a dramatic gesture.

In this way my marriage plans were blown apart. I never pass Paekak without recalling the moment from my past when Jean, her blue eyes like seas under a hard sun, handed me back the ring I had selected with such care and so little discrimination.

This was what my few hours with a friend, Paul Mundy, brought me. It was his gift to me from over the seas. It took me a long time to decide whether I should feel hostility towards him for his part in my loss or whether I should feel gratitude. I know that shortly after I reached Palmerston I wrote a letter which explained the breach to him.

He wrote very agreeably in reply and sympathized with me. He expressed surprise because both he and Janet had been "so well impressed with Jean." He added, "I did not expect her to be so impulsive. She seemed so strong and dependable.

AFTER my great tragedy—in view of what happened later, this is heavily ironical—I went back to Blenheim where I taught with enthusiasm and wrote far into the night in my comfortable garret.

I worked on this novel for the best part of three years. In this book I used Clare and I used Jean. The physical appearance of my hero was very like Paul Mundy's.

I can remember even now with what faint hope of its acceptance and with what reluctance I at last wrapped up my manuscript, my principal companion and only friend of three devoted years, to send it on its long journey towards the firm of Goodjohn and Watt, London publishers. How impatient I was for their reply, although I knew that rejection was the only possible fate!

It was about this time that a letter from Paul reached me. I have kept many of his letters and this is one of them. Perhaps I have always known that they would some day be useful. For a very long time I think I have been under contract to write of Paul and to use the words he used.

"Dear Sim,

"I am writing to you in the greatest agitation which you will share when you read what I have to say. Janet is dead. . . ."

They were the boldest three words I have ever had from Paul.

He went on to describe the funeral and the people who came to it. It seemed to have been a major social occasion. But he came back to Janet in the end.

"Although it was impossible for us to have the normal relationship of husband and wife, I think we were very close. She did much for me, I know. But I think I gave her life."

During the first months of the next three years, the passing of which I am sliding over, I firmly believed that I had suffered a great loss in Jean. Not that, at any point, I felt a wish to humble myself before her or to ask her pardon or to make promises I should not wish to keep.

But I felt that it was dramatically right to suffer from a sense of loss and I harboured my distress. There were, moreover, strong occasions when I was acutely aware that Jean was no longer part of my way of life—at the end of term, for example, since vacations had so inevitably been centred around Jean, how I would get to her and what we would do together.

Having thrown off the coils of my first novel, I then felt sure I would never attempt another. I was reasonably well convinced that *Blind Street* would be returned to me, that I had tried and failed.

I HAD had moments of satisfaction, even of exultation in the writing of it. It was well done, I believed, but not well enough to allow it to clear the barrier of London prejudice against the work of a New Zealander.

Even those of you who have never written a novel, never wished to write one, will understand the amazed and never-to-be-recaptured joy I knew when I slit open an envelope bearing the Goodjohn and Watt crest, smoothed out the creases from their letter and read its opening paragraph.

"Dear Mr. Gregg,

"We have had half a dozen careful readings of your manuscript here in the office, and I hope you will be happy to know that we have all been very much impressed with it, and that we'd like to include it in our publishing plans for next Spring."

I have been fortunate enough to experience some excellent moments in the course of my life. This was my best. I think my first, certainly my strongest, emotion was one of unbelief.

And then the fear that I had missed a word which might change it all would come and I would again read that first paragraph. In the end I forced my gaze to travel down the page but I could not understand a word of it, in such heavy-breathing excitement was I held.

"It isn't often that an editor comes upon an unsolicited manuscript that is so worthy of attention as yours, and I sincerely hope that this is only the beginning of a mutually profitable and pleasant association. Certainly we have every confidence that your ability as a writer will lead to the production of many more fine works in the years to come."

Blind Street was published in April, 1931. You will remember that they were depression years. I didn't like the dust jacket much, which was a pity as it stared at me from every bookseller's window in every town I visited; but I've found that dust jackets rarely have much relationship to the contents of a novel.

Although people weren't buying books in 1931, *Blind Street* sold better than most. It was rather well received by critics in England and, later, in the United States. New Zealand reviewers were in general well disposed. One or two of them condemned it out of hand. I think they resented an unknown, who had not received the advantages of their tutelage or patronage, achieving publication.

But I soon lost interest in *Blind Street*. I was writing my second, and the misadventures of John Parker had no place in the world I was now inhabiting.

Nor had Jean Lambert a place. She had gone out like a snuffed candle. When someone—I forget who it was—told me that Jean had married well, all I felt was unconcerned pleasure.

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I liked England so well that I was disappointed when I was at last told that I must prepare myself for my return home.

Within a couple of weeks, which were taken up with injections and dental treatment and a host of other irrelevancies, we were on the boat. Paul was on the same ship. He was, in fact, my company commander. The passengers were all ex-prisoners of war, Australian and New Zealand, except for a few English brides of New Zealand Servicemen whose husbands had gone on ahead.

Paul pressed heavily on my shoulders, I think. But I admired him still.

He had been magnificent in England. Unaided, he was a whole tourist agency exploiting racial superiority. When he made mistakes, and he didn't make many of them, I felt eager to cover them up for him. Even then I could see flaws in Paul, but I didn't want others to see them. The unthinking world picks on the one fault of the almost perfect, forgetful of the frailties like a rash of spots on themselves, those who bay.

ONE day he looked at me gravely. "You want to get home?" he asked. Then he grinned. "You've got a wife, old boy. You'll want to see her?"

We walked slowly towards the officers' lounge.

"Yes," I said, a long time later.

"You're not very enthusiastic," Paul muttered. We had reached the lounge by this time. Paul stretched out in a comfortable chair.

Her mouth was just as I remembered it

"Funny thing," he said, perhaps a minute later, "I've never asked you whether I've met your wife. Not one of my old 'varsity flames, is she?"

"No," I said. "But you've met her."

He looked interested.

"I have? What is her name?"

"Jean," I said.

He sat up. Then he leaned towards me. His expression had a curious, still look. "Not Jean," he said.

Then he frowned. "I thought that finished years ago."

"It did," I said. "But it started again."

☆ ☆ ☆

Between the publication of *Blind Street* in April, 1931, and the acceptance of my third in May, 1934, I accumulated more understanding of life as other people live it than I had in the previous twenty-nine years. Royalties from the sale of *Blind Street* had swelled my bank account. I was then obsessed with my need for travel.

During my travels I wrote *Shadows In Our Way* which, surprisingly, was set in New Zealand. I doubt whether I have ever created a firmer character than Petrie in *Shadows In Our Way*. He was all Paul—distorted a little, robbed of many of his virtues, Paul's few flaws magnified. But I thought of Paul as I wrote of Petrie.

I settled into a boarding house for a time. When *Shadows In Our Way* began to bring me money I moved to a small house. It had a pleasant porch overlooking part of the harbour. By this time I was beginning to wonder whether I should continue to teach and in fact at the end of 1934 I did resign. For the last eighteen years, nineteen now, I have been a writer.

IT was about this time that I received a letter from Paul which irritated me then rather more than it would today. Paul never did have much humour, but he wrote this letter in mock-humorous mood. It was a failure.

"Dear Sim,

"The other day I happened to catch sight of a gaudy-looking dust cover with a bathing belle and a bloke of sorts on the cover. With horror and amazement I read the author's name as Simon Gregg, no other. I went in and bought it at once because I wanted to reassure myself that it wasn't my old friend Sim Gregg from little New Zealand what had gorn and done it.

"It wasn't as bad as the cover, praise God. I have since found that you have written two others. When I am able to find time I'll search them out and let you have my opinion of them.

"In the meantime, my congratulation, my surprise, my advice to you to choose your covers with greater care in future, and happy writing. I'm sure you will improve.

As ever,
Paul."

I don't know what was expected of me. Perhaps Paul had a picture of me glowing with warmth because he had bought one of my books, touched with gratitude because he had found its contents a little more acceptable than the completely vulgar dust jacket which I had had no hand in selecting.

Instead, I felt very angry indeed. *Blind Street* had been received with respect if not with enthusiasm by critics of authority in several countries. "When I am able to find time . . ." "my surprise," "my advice. . . ." I could have hit him with a blunt instrument. My first wish was to write as angrily as I felt. My second was to be coolly sarcastic. My third was not to write at all.

THERE was one more letter from him. It was easier this second time. I tore it up within thirty seconds of receiving it. There were no more. Paul and I had ceased to write.

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Who should bob up in Auckland at my home one day but Nobby Carson! He was precariously established in his practice in New Plymouth by then.

"You know, Sim," he said, "when I got married I wondered whether I would be able to sustain it—narrow and straight path and that sort of thing. But, boy, it's no effort at all."

Then he looked sternly at me. "You had your chance with Jean," he said.

"I had it," I agreed.

"Have you ever felt you'd like to have your chance over again, Sim?"

"No," I said.

He said, "You haven't seen her for a long time, Sim. You've forgotten how good she is. She's a woman in a thousand."

"She's married," I reminded him.

He started up at that. "That's all over," he exclaimed. "They're separated, you know. Have been for a couple of years."

We went on talking about Jean since Carson seemed eager to make her the subject of our conversation. She was living in Auckland, I was told. She had been living in the same town as I since her separation. She had a flat in Hurstmere Road which she shared with a friend.

He thought for a moment. "Would you like to see her?"

"Who—Jean?"

"Who else?" he said.

I thought it over. The longer I thought it over, the better it seemed.

I said, "Yes, I think I would."

"What're you doing tonight?" Carson asked. "There's a small show at her place."

"I'll come," I promised.

I went to her flat in the car of one of Carson's friends. When we entered the large lounge, I found that a mixed company of about forty was already there. Although tobacco smoke limited visibility and the sound of all these voices was both distracting and intimidating, I picked Jean out at once. Because she was not looking our way I had time to study her.

She was wearing a black evening dress cut to show off her shoulders. Vigour glowed from her; her flesh was so firm and excellently modelled; the lines of her face and her throat were so clean-cut; her hair shone with such health.

When Carson led me to her I had lost the power to deal indifferently with her. She looked at Carson and smiled and her eyes of cobalt blue were as commanding as I had remembered them.

Carson said, "Someone you know."

She lost her colour for a moment and her expression was suddenly blank. But her moment of being disconcerted was very brief and she smiled a little and she said. "Why, it's Simon!" as though she were pleased.

I said, "Hallo, Jean."

She held out her hand and when I took it her fingers were as cool as they should have been. I held her hand for longer than necessary and I looked into her face all the time I held it until she dropped her pretence of ease and became confused. She said hurriedly, "We must have a long talk some time."

I nodded. "Yes," I said.

I watched her most of that evening. I had a curious sense of proprietorship over her, as though the affair between us had never ended; as though not six years but six days divided us, and she had never married or separated from her husband. I found it difficult to restrain myself from moving close to her and putting my hand on her shoulder as I had done so many times in the past. In the end I grew impatient for her company, knowing that she was avoiding me.

At last I got her to myself. "What about our long talk?" I asked.

She seemed about to refuse, although I felt that she did not wish to refuse me. In the end she said nothing; just glanced quickly to either side of her to see there were no observers, and went from the room. I followed her.

THE night was cool but there was a pale sickle of moon and there were many stars. She turned towards me and she said, coolly enough: "Now say what you have to say." But her words seemed to shake and I knew that it was not words she wanted from me.

When I put my arms around her I trapped her fists against my chest. I knew what she would do and she did it. She tried to throw me away from her. She struggled silently, her breath coming noisily as though she were sobbing, with all the fierce strength of her vigorous body, but I held her and dragged her in. Then I found her mouth which still felt like a skinned peach. And at last she went limp, resisting no longer.

That was how things started again between Jean and me.

That same night we settled things. Jean's period of separation had a few months more to run before she would be free of Carruthers. After her release there would be no impediment to our marriage. We agreed to marry.

After that I saw Jean almost every day. I didn't go to her flat again because neither of us wanted anything to interfere with the orderly passing of the months that would set her free to marry me. But I took her out to dinner and to the theatre and drove her to the sea. Each time I delivered her to her front door where the woman who shared her flat could observe that I left her without compromising gestures.

"Stay and scribble then," she shouted angrily

One afternoon I asked Jean about Carruthers. "He must have had some attraction. Why did you marry him?"

We were in a small teashop at the seaside at that time.

JEAN looked down at her plate. Her cheeks flushed. It was something she hadn't learned to control. She did not look up when she answered.

"We weren't suited," she said. He used to call me 'my dear girl.' He patronized me. I don't like being patronized."

"Who does?" I said. Then I added. "There's something more. You haven't given me the main reason."

"He was so un-physical," she said, gently.

It was then that I knew we were getting down to business. "Go on," I said.

Unexpectedly she smiled. Her eyes lit up and her teeth showed white between her parted lips and she began to laugh quietly.

"Some day," she whispered.

"Now," I said.

"We had a quarrel one day. It was over the toast," She smiled briefly, bitterly. "I lost my head and I threw the toast at him. Nothing like that had ever happened to him before, I suppose, and he went quite mad. The table was between us but he ran round it and he was puffing and horrible and he grabbed me. I don't know what he thought he was going to do but we struggled a bit—I'm strong, Sim dear—we wrestled around and he wasn't any good—not even with a woman—and when we finished up on the floor I was on top. Then all the anger I'd felt for—oh, for months and months—came out and I gave him a thrashing, Sim. It was horrible really. . . ." She covered her face with her hands.

"It was all over then," she explained. "I suppose I gave him hell. His health deteriorated. He became like a cat round the place, creeping here, creeping there, eager to please—oh, God! It was *awful*. I wanted to harm him every time I saw him, I despised him so. Then I decided to end it. You should have seen him when I proposed that we should separate. It was so pitiful I felt ashamed of myself." She looked sternly at me. "It's true, Simon. You think I'm pretty hard, don't you?"

"I didn't say so," I said. "You're tough. You endure."

I said, "Will you throw toast at me?"

"I may."

"You won't end on top," I told her.

She laughed. "I know," she said. "It'll be a change."

And that is the last time we talked about Jean's marriage.

Marriages are extraordinary things. An outsider rarely knows what goes on inside them.

All in all, Jean and I did reasonably well together. I am a sociable animal—quite a different thing from a society animal into which Jean tried to turn me. I now had money and in the first expansiveness of marriage I bought a large home in Takapuna, across the water from the city. Because I like sea bathing and the sun its situation pleased me. In its quiet way our place became something worth seeing.

That was half the trouble. Jean insisted that all who were socially eligible in Auckland should see it. It was like keeping a five-star hotel where no one paid except the proprietor.

Before the wedding I had written my fifth novel. My fourth had been in the possession of the publishers before *Shadows In Our Way* was published. Financially, I could allow myself a reprieve from writing but the financial had never been my chief inducement. It is always *after* a manuscript is completed that I begin to wonder what money it may make for me. If, when I wish to write, there are obstacles in the way of my writing, I become ill-tempered. I became that.

One evening in bed—it was almost the only place where Jean and I were ever alone together—I told Jean, "For God's sake, cut out this entertaining. You're a dear excellent hostess and you've proved it. Calm down for a month or two. I want some time for writing."

"But you *are* sociable?" she asked. "They all like you so."

"I'm a writer," I told her. "You've heard that before. A writer writes. He needs time to write. Just leave me out for the next month or two. Make your plans if you want to, but don't include me in them."

THE next evening, when a crowd of the usual size arrived, I was not there to meet it. Jean came, not in panic, but in sergeant-major mood, to my study.

She said, "They're here! Heavens, Simon, you're not even dressed!"

I was wearing an open-necked chequered shirt, gardening pants and velvet slippers.

"I'm dressed," I said, pen in hand. "I told you."

Her blue eyes displayed her anger. "You're not coming out?" she asked, her voice shaking a little.

"I'm not."

"Stay and scribble then!" she shouted. A moment later the door slammed behind her. I turned the key in the lock. That was how I obtained the seclusion necessary to write *Focus*.

Her social progress was such that before long she could not attend a race meeting without having her clothes described in the next morning's papers. At all major functions her presence was always observed in the social notes of half a dozen journals. Frequently her photograph appeared. I hated it. It was something from a world I did not wish to penetrate. But Jean loved it.

Jean lived. Vitality seemed to come from her like a constant exhalation. She had no classic beauty but she breathed joy in living. We grew away from each other, I know, but I couldn't endure the publicity I received as Mrs. Simon Gregg's husband. I was photographed with my wife. I was on the point of becoming gossip in the social pages.

I wasn't unhappy. I think we still had as much that we shared as many husbands and wives. In time I stopped caring about Jean's way of life and she about mine. We had agreed, tacitly, to allow each other to pursue ambition each in his own way.

At one time I had hoped that the arrival of Jean's first baby might change things for the better. But the years went by and there was nothing to suggest that Jean would ever be a mother. Once I asked her, "Look, old girl, what about this family?"

"It'll come, some day," she said. She thought for a moment. "Or it won't. Perhaps I can't have children." She said it so off-handedly, it made me mad.

"Perhaps you don't want any," I told her.

She looked up at me, her gaze cool and remote. "I don't," she agreed. "What would a woman in my position want with children?"

We had an angry set-to then, I remember. But Jean stuck to her statement: she did not want children. Children would tie her down to housewifery and motherhood. They would fetter her.

"If I'd known this before I married you——" I began.

Her eyes opened very wide. She set her mouth in strong lines of dislike. "You wouldn't have married me?" she asked.

"I don't know," I answered truthfully.

She was, I think, quite beside herself with rage.

She said, "Why, you fool—d'you think you gave *me* anything by marrying me? Look what I've given you. What social position you have, has all been my doing. Who were *you* before you married me? Just an unknown scribbler no one who counts cared a damn about!" She sat back. She was also trembling. Then she got up and walked quickly away.

At the door she faced me again. She had her voice under control now. "I didn't say, 'Perhaps I can't have children' for nothing, dear Simon," she said, quietly. "A doctor told me that. D'you know when he said it?" Her mouth seemed to shake.

I shook my head.

"When I had my first child," she said. She tried to smile but could not. "By my first husband," she added. Then she ran from the room, weeping as she ran.

I have never been so shocked in my life.

IN time I found out all that Jean had to tell me. She had then quite recovered from the distress of her first disclosure and she related everything in a matter-of-fact way.

"A boy," she said. "David."

"And Carruthers looks after him?"

"His sister has him," she explained, equably. "I understand that she's devoted to him. She's a much better mother than I would have been."

"God, Jean, you're . . . you're unnatural!"

She smiled briefly. "You're finding out a lot of new things about me."

"What age is he now?" I asked.

She thought for a moment. "About seven," she said.

"Can you get him back?"

It was her turn to feel surprise. "Would you have him?" she asked.

"I would."

"It will be different when you come back," she said

She frowned thoughtfully. Then she shook her head firmly. "It wouldn't be fair. He's all John's got." John was Carruthers's Christian name.

"What have you got?"

"You," she said. The queerest thing about it was that she meant it. She wasn't deriding our relationship.

That was early in 1939. Only one event worth relating took place before war engulfed me as it did the younger men in most countries. This was the return to New Zealand of Paul Mundy. It was Jean who told me of it. She had had it from one of her friends.

"Aren't you going to get in touch with him?" she asked. "He's your oldest friend. He's quite a person too."

"He can find out where I live if he wants to," I said. "It's up to him."

"I don't see that," she disagreed. Brightening, she added, "Maybe he'll just drop in on us."

"Maybe," I said.

But he didn't. Nor did I expect that he would.

In time I came to wish that Paul would walk in on me. The scornful criticism of my first novel which had caused me to stop writing to him was less of a wound now.

HE made no gesture towards me. It lay like that when war broke out and closed over me. Paul must have joined up before me and have been posted almost at once to an overseas unit. Because of my known literary bent I was kept doing minor staff jobs and compiling pamphlets for the first two years of war. In the end I got to a territorial infantry battalion and at last I had my chance. In July, 1943, I left with the Tenth Reinforcements for the Middle East.

In the years that I wore a uniform in New Zealand I was able to return home fairly frequently. Jean made much of me on those brief visits.

She was more upset on my final leave than I had expected. She even cried and the tears were for me.

She said, "Darling, we haven't done too well, have we?"

We were sitting in the car at the time. She was pressed close to my side and I had my arm around her.

I said nothing.

"There's only one fault I've ever found in you——" she began.

"I know," I interrupted her. "No ambition." We said nothing for a long time. "I have," I said at last. "Only it's different."

She pulled herself away from me and blew her nose and wiped her eyes. She looked at me with forced brightness.

"It'll be different when you come back. It'll be quite different, Simon. I'll be a home body then. I'll sit by the fire and mend your socks and you can write at the table and we'll talk only a very little not to disturb you. . . . It'll be lovely, darling." Her eyes were shining. "Won't it be lovely?" she asked.

"You'll always be lovely," I evaded.

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I hope I have succeeded in explaining why it was that Paul seemed very much a shadow from my past when he came through the cigarette haze and on to the stage, indifferently lighted, of the block I inhabited in Moosburg Stalag. Perhaps I have also explained why I was so slow to tell him that Jean and I had joined up again and that we had married and how our marriage had worked out. I wasn't, for that matter, at all confident of what wedded bliss with Jean would hold for me in the future.

Perhaps I have underplayed the feeling I have always had for Jean. Did I love her? Love is a difficult word to define since we use it so loosely and its meaning differs with the user. Clare set aside, I have felt for her as I have never felt for any other woman.

IN those weeks of our voyage home, Paul asked me many questions about Jean. It was easy to see that he remembered her clearly and with respect.

"She had much dignity, Sim," he explained to me. "She had an obvious social talent too. It's the best of all qualities in a wife."

"*Your* wife," I said.

He shrugged. "I wouldn't marry one without it."

"You'll marry again?" I asked.

"I'll need to marry. I want to do things you can't well do single."

"Such as?"

"Local politics—that sort of thing."

It was then that I asked him the question I had wanted to ask him for some months. "Why did you come back? What's wrong with Sydney?"

He looked at me and he didn't look pleased. In the end he said, "I'm no one's apprentice, Sim. The party wanted me all right. I can speak and so many of the others can't. You know that I contested an election?"

"I didn't," I said. "I'm very interested——"

"It was my blooding," Paul grunted. "I had no chance. It was a solid Labour seat but I accepted it." He worked one shoulder as though it ached. "I did pretty well—detached a thousand or two voters on the count. I thought that I'd done well enough to be given a fair go next time, but they didn't see it that way. They wanted me to stand in the same electorate. I walked out. It meant the finish as I knew. But I don't let anyone push me around. I'll never do that, Sim, not for any office this world holds."

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We came into Wellington first where we off-loaded, among other things, Major Paul Mundy who had sworn to visit Jean and me in Auckland within a month. Then our ship headed north for Auckland where Jean awaited me. I think I was as impatient to berth as any man on the ship.

A bag in each hand I went down the gangway, when my time came, with an eagerness not usually mine. I had some difficulty in finding Jean. Indeed, she found me. I'm sure that you can't call Jean beautiful. Yet she had loveliness for me; loveliness together with poise and distinction and a lot of other things. She was better than I had pictured her. Shyness held me away from her for several seconds. I had no small-talk ready for her.

"Why . . . why, Jean," I said. I took her hand.

"Simon," she said. "Dear Simon. It's been so *long*."

"Oh, darling," she said, talking quickly, "it's so heavenly to have you back. I've been marking the days on the calendar."

She glanced at me anxiously once or twice. In the taxi she came close to me and I drew her in. We kissed.

When we were at last alone she heaped affection upon me. Jean had talents of many kinds but love-making has always been her greatest accomplishment.

I found settling down difficult. I was too suddenly a civilian again—too peremptorily burdened with a home too large and too luxurious for my tastes and a wife (very much to my liking in so many ways) whose purposes were incompatible with my own. I felt hemmed about by acquaintances of Jean's choosing, caught round by a way of life which had flowed with no significant change throughout the war.

A few months after my return Jean made her gesture. "Simon, dear," she said one night in our bedroom, "Simon, dear, I've been thinking things over. You remember that I once said that it would be different when you came home? I said I would sit around and—oh, knit socks and do things and you'd be over there writing. Well, I don't think I'm cut out for just sitting around. So I thought it would be better if I became really interested in your work—if I helped you more. I could be a sort of secretary. I can type, I can answer the letters you say you never answer. I could do your banking and post your mail and give you more time to write."

I said, "It's quite a thought. What'll you do it for? Name your price."

She dropped her brush then. Jumping on to the bed she sprawled over my chest. I felt her lips on my mouth. She whispered, "For love, darling. For love."

She didn't type the next day, nor the day after that. But she did take away all the mail I discarded as requiring no urgent reply and she composed graceful letters to people who had read my books and liked them and even more graceful letters to people who had read them and hadn't liked them at all and felt compelled to tell me this.

She was quite delighted with her work, I think.

BUT she had larger plans. One morning she came into my study.

"Darling," she said, "you'll do something for me?"

"Anything for you," I answered. I was in that sort of mood.

"It's the Business Women's Club," she said. "I want you to speak at our next meeting."

I nodded. "That's all right," I agreed.

"It's like this, dear. I think there are a great number of women who've never met an author. I think it would be a good thing if you just came along and were charming to them. They'd all rush to buy your next. It's business, you see.

I'm thinking of your interests. I'm going to help you a lot."

She did too. In the next month or two I addressed the Rotary Club, the Citizens' Lunch Club, the Athenaeum Club, the Pony Club, four Parent-Teachers organizations, the Women's Christian Temperance Union and several branches of the Women's Institute together with a caucus or two of the Women's Division of the Federated Farmers.

From time to time during these months I was mystified by occasional paragraphs in newspapers in which chatty pieces of news about the sales of my books or foreign translation rights or the condition of my health were disclosed. They were Jean's doing, too. She was "extending my public," she said. Now and again there were photographs.

A TIME came when my placid temper bubbled like hot water in a gas copper. One newspaper ran a three-column report of an interview with me. It was fantastic. "No, I never plot my novels. I just sit and write and the inspiration comes. Some of my books seem to have written themselves." I thought of the harassed months and the weeks of careful plotting before I put pen to paper that precede the writing of each book.

I went to Jean about this article.

"But, darling," she said, her blue eyes wide, surprised, faintly motherly, "It's publicity. All publicity's good. You'll find out."

Jean was right, you know. *Penny Wise* came out in the local edition in the dying stages of Jean's campaign on behalf of S. Gregg, author. It sold twice as many copies in and around Auckland as any other one of my books has sold in Jean's territory.

But the position had become so hopeless that I knew I must attack her without delay.

But I did delay, a week or two. By then my verbal assault upon her wasn't necessary. Paul Mundy turned up in Auckland and he gave Jean another interest. In our association Paul has done me a good turn or two but this was the best of them. Or perhaps I should say it was the second best. One other and better came later.

Before I go on to Paul there's one more matter I wish to mention. It has some significance because I think, more than anything else that came between us, it estranged me from Jean.

One day Jean came to my room carrying an opened letter. She seemed angry, but even more disturbed than she was angry.

"Simon," she said. "I need your advice."

I put aside the letter I had been writing. "Well?" I asked.

"David's coming here. The boy."

"You'll want to see him?" I asked.

She clasped her hands in front of her and then dropped them into her lap. She seemed excessively agitated.

"It's impossible. Quite impossible. I didn't give him up easily. I know what I told you. But I knew I'd make a poor mother. It was such a wrench to leave him and then it was all over and everything was settled and now ten years later he's coming—oh, Simon, I can't bear it! I won't know what to say or do and he's bound to hate me and I don't deserve that because I did it for the best!"

She sat there with her hands in front of her, her fingers twisting and twitching. Tears came into her eyes.

"What advice do you want?" I asked.

She looked at me, her eyes smudged by her tears, seeking pity. "Shall I say he can't come? Can I do that, Simon?"

"No," I said. "You can't do that. The boy wants to see you."

"What shall I do?" she asked. It was one moment in which she leaned heavily upon me for my support. I knew the answer I should give but I didn't give it.

"You'll see him," I said. "You'll be charming and remote like a distant aunt so that he can have his curiosity satisfied and not feel let down. He'll admire you and yet he won't want to see you ever again. By the way, how old is he now?"

She wiped her eyes. She thought. "Fifteen," she said. She began to make repairs to her face. "You think it's best this way?"

"It's the only way," I told her.

And that was how David Carruthers came to enter my life.

Very clearly I remember David as I first saw him. I met him on our front lawn.

His face was dominated by Jean's extraordinary eyes. The cool, remote blue of his eyes was strangely commanding. They looked better, I think, in his face—or would come to look better—than they did in Jean's because the eyes they had in common are essentially masculine.

"Sir," he asked, "are you Mr. Gregg?"

"I am," I said. "And you are David Carruthers?"

"Yes, sir," he said. He spoke quietly.

"Come with me," I said. "You'll want to see your mother."

"Yes, sir," he agreed.

Jean did well. She was expensively dressed. She looked rather grand and she played aunty-not-too-close competently. The boy was on his best behaviour. But how he watched her! He just looked and looked and I think that when Jean got up in a flurry and said that she must go because she had a meeting, she was as near to collapse as I have known her.

MANY years later I asked him what he thought of his mother on their first re-meeting.

He dismissed her in one word, "Hard."

That afternoon I was left with David. He asked more intelligent questions about my work than many an interviewer has asked me.

At last he said, "It's nice having you in the family, sir."

I took him home in the car. When I stopped he turned to thank me. "I'm coming in," I said. It was said on a moment's decision.

I spent half an hour in that cottage. When I came out I had secured his aunt's permission to take the boy around Auckland with me for the duration of the next day.

We got along better than father and son. It was the best day I have spent for years. It wasn't the last either. The boy was at Brown's Bay for four weeks and I showed him everything Auckland had to show.

It was something that I kept from Jean. She doesn't know about it yet.

I DON'T know even now why Paul Mundy changed his abode from Wellington to Auckland, but I think he came to Auckland because it is New Zealand's largest town. Paul was always impatient of secondary things.

I know that when Jean heard that Paul was coming to dinner with us—he had rung me to tell me that he was in town—she was less pleased than I had expected her to be.

"You might have asked me," she complained. "I've a Patriotic Council meeting at eight as you know."

But she was all sweetness and light and shattering femininity when Paul, looking rather more grand than usual, came knocking at our door.

"I'm settling down in Auckland," Paul said.

We must have looked our surprise.

"I like it here," he explained. "I like the sun and the beaches and the urgency of it. It's growing, too. I'll see over a million in this town before I die. It's big enough to want to do something with it."

I asked, "What'll you do here, Paul? Another practice?" I was a little puzzled by the flippancy of his pursuit of law.

He thought for a moment. "Not this time, Sim. I think I'll concentrate on the sort of life I really want."

"And that's public affairs."

"Yes. I've quite a capacity for service." He laughed with a gesture of embarrassment that he did not feel. "One man's ambition is another man's poison, eh, Sim?"

I shrugged.

"You and Jean would do well together," I said.

I saw their eyes meet. Paul was Jean's answer. I knew it then although I didn't accept my realization. But I think it was then that their cogs slipped into place which wouldn't have mattered at all had they not been of the complementary sexes, the two halves of an apple.

"Simon likes solitude, Paul," Jean remarked. She smiled as she said it.

I asked, "What have you in mind here, Paul? You talk of public affairs—how are you going to go about it?"

Paul looked into the fire. "City Council to start with," he said. "I've a lot of contacts here, you know. Battalion people mainly, but they're a power."

"You'd better enlist Jean," I advised him. "She knows every woman in Auckland."

Jean laughed. She became animated then and when she became that I almost felt I loved her truly, she was so pleasant to look at. I still can't find the right word for Jean.

Now she said eagerly, looking at Paul hungrily, "Not all of them. But I could help. I'd like to do that."

Paul said, "I hoped you would offer,

I was winning friends—and losing my wife

Jean. I've been told of the work you're doing here. I shall need you."

"I'll be your secretary-organizer." She clasped her hands in her delight. "It'll be the greatest fun I've ever had. I'd love it, Paul; simply love it."

That is how Jean and Paul first got together. Within weeks of his coming here he was on the committee of goodness knows how many semi-public organizations. He became news and the press treated him well.

I was writing *Come Home, Stranger* at that time, a book built around a theme which greatly interested me. It was a tale I wanted to be with, eating, setting the fire, following the motor mower around the lawn, but for the first month of Paul's advent I seemed to have almost no time to myself. Pressure from Jean and Paul uprooted me from my study, had me careering here and there from one group of faces to another in pursuit of happiness. I think they wanted me as a chaperone.

Paul and Jean were sensible, mature people with more than the average fear for the world's good opinion of them. They wanted things kept on a level of comradeship. They were terrified to be left alone together.

But I had plans of my own. In the end I dug in my toes. *Come Home, Stranger* became impatient for outlet and when a book wants to be written it wins against anything else on earth. I went back to my study, leaving Jean and Paul to it.

I was not prepared for the measure of Paul's success. In a field containing notable figures who had given community service for many years, this newcomer from Sydney was elected second, only a few hundred votes from the top of the poll. We had a slap-up for him at the Sycamore the following evening. Jean arranged it. I was happy to be there.

The evening began well. I toasted Paul who, in replying, glanced briefly at me and paid gracious compliments to Jean. Jean blushed prettily throughout his oration. I must admit that she managed to assume the expression of platonic devotion that was correct for the occasion.

DURING the evening we drank a good deal; we arrived at a state of well-being even if it was synthetic.

Near midnight Nat Hosking snuffled up to me. He is a man I dislike.

He said (long and thin and mud-coloured and malicious and looking it), "This Mundy is a friend of yours?"

I was ready to bear even Hosking. "We went to primary school together."

"I don't trust him," he said. "He's too slick and smart. Too good-looking. You'll see. Women'll be his trouble."

It made me laugh. "He's been brushing 'em off like flies since Adam was a kid," I told him.

"Your own wife's a handsome woman. Watch out, Gregg. They're beginning to talk," he whispered at me.

I found Paul and Jean together. I said, "I've been talking to Hosking. He tells me women will be the ruin of you, Paul."

I looked at Paul. "He particularly warned *me*," I said. "He told me that you and Jean had naughty habits." I watched Paul glance at Jean. He laughed a little, then he looked at me and there wasn't a perturbed flicker in his expression.

But I then switched my gaze to Jean. She never could control the flush of colour that came when she least wanted it. It came now. And when it went she was as white as the spray on her black evening dress.

IT is ironical that, at the time of my greatest literary success, I should encounter defeat at home. For once the critics and the book buyers were in harmony. *Come Home, Stranger* had an extraordinarily healthy sale. Yet at the time that I was winning new friends the world over, I lost my wife.

It's quite a shock to learn that your wife is playing fast and loose. I know the state of apoplexy to which my knowledge should have reduced me.

But I did nothing, I said nothing. I went on smiling sweetly, an amiable husband to Jean, a companionable bosom to Paul.

Above all, I was kept quiet by my strong dislike of emotional display. To avoid upheaval I pretended that nothing was happening. I was rather more pleasant to Paul than I have ever been and in the end I think he suspected that I knew what was going on, and he felt confident that I would ignore it. He began to despise me.

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When activity that entails more than muscle is required of me, I am remarkably slow to move. But the worm turns in time, as I did.

But first let me add one or two more exculpatory sentences which will place me in a different, if no more favourable, light. I didn't care enough for Jean to feel cheated or trespassed upon. She just wasn't what I wanted, I guess. I have sometimes a suspicion that unconsciously I stacked her up against Clare, and that Clare won every round.

Paul was a success as a councillor. The name of Mundy became synonymous with action and efficiency.

At length the time came when, shaking off my sloth, I decided to do something about the despicable state into which I had descended. My decision came out of nothing momentous, just a few ill-chosen words. It was on one of those nights in winter when Paul had stayed to dinner.

"What's your plan, Paul?" I asked. "Your ambitions don't end with a place on the Council, I take it."

"Mayor," he said.

"No!" I exclaimed. "Next election?"

He nodded carefully.

I frowned, thinking it over.

"Mayors are always married," I said. "You'll need a wife."

"The mayor's job is for a man. A wife might help. But her functions are secondary. There are women of experience who are capable of doing the work which normally falls to a mayor's wife."

Glancing from Paul to Jean I grinned amiably. "Like Jean?"

"Like Jean," Paul said. "They've got used to us together." He thought for a moment. "Doing the city's business," he added.

It was at that point my private dam broke. I was suddenly enveloped by a black and sullen rage.

I looked at Paul and I smiled sweetly and thought how good it would be to smash my fist into his too perfect face.

"You'd better have her," I said. "She'd suit you well, Paul."

He laughed his proprietorship. "It's a pity you're not immoral."

"Or dead," I said.

And we laughed together, all three of us. But when I looked Paul in the eyes, suddenly he stopped laughing altogether and looked puzzled and a little apprehensive because he had learned that he and I were laughing about quite different things and he never did like what he couldn't understand.

Paul had a bungalow in a bay he owned to himself. It was a lovely little place set in trees with the sea only a short sprint from the front door.

He took Jean there, I found out. How did I find out? I had my means. Yes, I even hid in those trees one night and saw them climb from Paul's car. They were so confident, you see.

When I was certain, I set about devising my plan. I could think of nothing better than the private detective agency's method of discovering illegal love.

It was at that point that I thought of Carson. Nobby Carson's practice in New Plymouth could hardly have been called flourishing. I think he and Leonie had a hard time of it.

I knew that Carson was the man I wanted as soon as his name came to me. I felt relieved that I had thought of him because it's nicer to keep dirt in the family, and Carson had been a part of my family ever since we had got down in a scrum together back in our hairy-chested days.

ON a windy night that same summer Carson and I crept down the track to Paul Mundy's bungalow in the little depression in the coastline which is commonly known by the people in those parts as Sugar Bay.

Our plan was to open the back door quietly and to creep equally quietly along the passage until we had reached Paul's bedroom door which we would throw open with loud exclamations of comradely sound as though we had come first footing or house warming.

We had a key for the backdoor. All backdoor keys are pretty much the same and if you have one without indentations it will open all the backdoors in New Zealand. I had one.

Looking back soberly, I still think the plan was a good one. If Paul were alone we would pass as a merry surprise party and the bottle and our exhilaration would have been better than a dozen letters of recommendation.

Side by side we crept round the wall of the house. We were so close together that Carson kept bumping me.

Breathing hard we went along the passage and I know that, before I reached the bedroom door which was not shut, I hoped fervently that Jean would not be

there and that we three men might have a convivial hour or so together. As I put my hand through the doorway, feeling along the wall for the switch, I heard my first sound from those who slept in the room.

It was the startled cry of a woman.

I found the switch. Light flooded the room. We went in, Carson behind me. It was the fairest cop you could imagine. I have never seen two more bewildered and terrified faces than those which looked at me with sleep-blind eyes screwed against the light.

I said, "Meet Mr. Carson."

Paul pushed the bedclothes back. He sat up. Apprehension, self-disgust and fury were mingled in his expression. "You snooping swine," he said. "Get out of this room!"

I DIDN'T like his tone. Jean was my property after all. Public opinion, for once, was on my side. I became angry, a little.

I said, "Get dressed, both of you. We'll talk this over."

With Carson I went down the passage and into the lounge.

"It's time for you to go," I told Carson. "I'll get in touch with you in the morning. I'll tell you how it went."

"You've known all the time," Paul said. "I've known," I agreed.

Jean had a dressing gown over her pyjamas. Her feet were in slippers. She had done her face and her hair. She was worried.

Paul had done as I had ordered. He was dressed.

"You thought I didn't care," I said. "You believed that old Sim was so broad and simple and so much subservient to you that he would grin and bear it till you'd tired of Jean and thrown her over, didn't you. Didn't you?"

Jean got to her feet. Colour flooded into her cheeks. "I won't stand it, Simon," she shouted at me. "You're a dirty beast!"

I said, "Keep out of this. It's between Paul and me."

She looked at Paul and her gaze pleaded. He gave her a wan smile. "He's right, Jean. It's between us."

It was true, you see. It went back to my first day at Terrace End when the boy with bare legs across the aisle had said, "Simon, Simon." Then, "*Simple* Simon."

Yes, I had waited a long time since that day.

"Carson's a friend of yours," Paul said. "His evidence won't stand up."

"It will," I contradicted him. "But whether it does or doesn't, you are sunk. Mayor of Auckland——" I laughed with scorn that was theatrical.

"What do you intend doing?" he asked.

"Expose you," I said. "Rake muck through the courts."

I heard Jean's gasp of dismay.

"No, Simon—you wouldn't," she whispered.

Paul said nothing. He appeared not to hear Jean. When he spoke next he didn't look at me. "You did the same to me once, Sim," he said, quietly.

"I did? I certainly didn't."

"With Clare," he said.

I don't think I was as surprised as I pretended to be. I knew now the spot that Paul had marked with a cross in the time-line of our relationship.

"You'd have married her?" I asked.

"I intended to," he said in a flat voice.

"You've wanted her all these years?"

"Hardly that. I don't live in the past. We'd have done well together. She was right—for me, she was right."

"And Jean here—she's just a fill-in because the star player isn't available? It that right?"

He shook his head. He looked at Jean with synthetic affection.

"I love her," he said quickly. "The other—that has been over for twenty years. But I wanted to remind you." He seemed to recover some of his old masterfulness. "What's the alternative?" I liked him better when he fought back.

"How do you know there is one?"

"There will be," he said.

"You're counting on my big soft heart," I told him. "You used rather to despise me for it."

HE was puzzled for a moment. Then he looked arrogantly at me and he smiled. "I think I did," he agreed. "I'm glad of it now."

It came out clean and honest and it brushed me down.

"The other alternative is that you should marry Jean," I told him. "We'll separate. Three years from now you will marry her. Furthermore you'll keep her in the meantime in circumstances suitable to her position as my wife."

I looked at Paul. "Well?" I asked.

"It's generous," he said. Jean put her hand over his which was resting on the arm of his chair. They looked uxoriously into each other's eyes.

"You and Jean suit," I told him. "We don't."

"We do," Paul agreed. He said the words flatly as though he was not sure, but I think his dampness arose from disgust at being dictated to rather than from lack of warmth for Jean.

"If Jean and I fulfil these conditions there'll be no trouble?" he asked.

I nodded. "No trouble."

"You want it in writing?"

"No," I said.

He looked at me with gratitude. "I'm glad you trust me, Sim." He meant it.

I stood up. "I trust you both," I explained. "We're all getting what we want."

The next day I told Carson most of what had taken place. He listened somberly. When I finished, he exclaimed, "I knew he was a swine!"

"He's done me the best turn a man ever did a friend," I corrected him. "If Auckland picks him as mayor next election it'll be doing better for itself than it realizes. My vote goes to Mundy. Four-square Mundy is *my* man."

☆ ☆ ☆

This brings to an end the manuscript I began to write at Mount Maunganui in December, 1953.

So much for me, Simon Gregg, the author and hero-villain of this chronicle. We leave him in robust health, with more than his share of the world's possessions and commendation. What of the others whose names have appeared in this manuscript?

Nobby Carson I see more frequently now. I am godfather to his youngest, their first boy. I don't think it will be their last. They don't live as well as I should like to see them live, but they get by. And they laugh a lot. I've been able to help now that their oldest is going to high school. They don't refuse my aid because they think of me as one of their family.

But I have my own family, you will remember—Jean's boy by Carruthers. His father died two years ago. David doesn't go to see his mother. Once was enough. On one occasion I tried to explain to him that Jean was a mother, in her way, to be proud of. He looked at me with a smile faintly evident near his mouth. His eyes so like Jean's regarded me amiably. He said, "I'll be proud." He added, "From a distance."

He is the best thing I have. I wouldn't swap even *Come Home, Stranger* for my share in him and any writer will know how much my best work must mean to me.

And Jean and Paul? We don't see each other. Paul stood for the mayoralty and he won easily. He has retained his position in subsequent elections.

JEAN'S marriage to the first citizen raised more than a few eyebrows, particularly as I am not unknown. But Jean is a fighter and she was in the centre punching as soon as the ring was on her finger. I think she is accepted now.

Whenever I remember that she was once my wife, I feel a strong sense of unbelief. She went from my house leaving no trace, few memories. Certainly I have no regrets. When I think along this groove it is Clare whose ghost I see.

There is one last point, but it is important. Between Christmas Eve, 1953, and January 31st, 1954, this country was visited by Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II and her husband Philip, Duke of Edinburgh. The triumphal nature of their progress is a matter of history. On the even of Her Majesty's departure she was pleased to reward several of her New Zealand subjects for their public services. If you are a New Zealander you will know that the name of Paul Mundy was among those who were recognized. He is a K.B. now. Since you may be a foreigner from Dorset or Melbourne or Dallas I include this information.

Sir Paul Mundy has come a long way from 231 Main Street, Palmerston North. I can think of no one more deserving of the high honours he has attained to. The same goes for dear Jean, Lady Mundy.

**SWEET WHITE WINE, by Guthrie Wilson, is published by Robert Hale, price 12s. 6d.*

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Stork Wives Club

ORGANISED BY THE STORK MARGARINE COOKERY SERVICE

* * *

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Three (Popular) Wives

I am so glad to hear that last month's feature "Three Wives" was interesting and helpful to many of you. This will be a regular feature of the Stork Wives Club page. Isn't the gingham pannier in the picture pretty? When we photographed the Cheese and Prawn Puffs, I suddenly thought you might like to know how to make a pannier of your own, to hold rolls or fruit, so there's an article about it on this page.

We have enrolled so many members since the Club began in April. Have you joined yet? If not, it's very simple. You'll see just how to go about it from the form on the right.

I'll be writing again in the next Wives Page in a few weeks' time, so until then, very happy holidays to those of you who haven't been away yet.

Yours sincerely,

Margery Appleton.

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3 RECIPES FOR 3 WIVES

Which wife are you?

ARE YOU A WIFE **with a job to do during the day, as well as having a house to run? Or are you at home all day with a family to cook for in the evening? Or perhaps you're a wife with children to look after. Whichever sort of wife you are, you'll find a recipe below planned to suit your timetable.**

For the wife who's out all day.

Continental Tartlets

RICH SHORT PASTRY: 8 oz. (8 heaped tablespoons) plain flour, pinch of salt, 5 oz. Stork Margarine, 1 tablespoon water.

FILLINGS: Mixed tinned or fresh fruits, sliced if necessary.

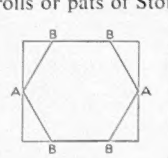
TOPPING: 2 level teaspoons arrowroot, ¼ pint fruit juice, sugar to taste.

Sieve flour and salt; rub in Stork, mix with water, roll thinly, cut, and line fancy patty tins. Bake filled with paper and beans 10 minutes, in fairly hot oven (Regulo Mark 6 : 400°F.) on second shelf from top. Remove paper, etc., and bake 15-20 minutes longer with tins removed. Cool. Fill with assorted fruits. Blend arrowroot, juice, and sugar. Boil 3 minutes. Cool. Pour over fillings. Leave until set. Makes 18-20.

* * *

WANT TO MAKE THE GINGHAM PANNIER?

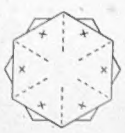
The very pretty gingham pannier for rolls, fruit or biscuits is a charming summer table-centre, as you see in the photograph, and folds flat for washing and ironing. You could put a glass dish in the middle, with little rolls or pats of Stork in it.



Take two pieces of material 13" by 11½". On the shorter sides of each piece mark the two centres (A). On the other sides mark two points 3½" from the corners (B). Cut from A to B, making two six-sided shapes. Finish each with picot edging.

Place one piece of material over the other so that the corners of one come in the exact centre of the edges of the other. Sew from the outside edges towards the centre for a length of 4½" as indicated by the dotted lines in the diagram below.

Make six little loops with cotton for the drawstring, about 1" from the centre of each edge of the top piece of material (shown by crosses on diagram). Thread the string through, pull loosely and tie—and your gingham pannier is made.



For the wife whose family come home for an evening meal.

Cheese and Prawn Puffs

CHOUX PASTRY: 4 oz. Stork Margarine, ½ pint water, 5 oz. (5 heaped tablespoons) plain flour, pinch of salt, 4 eggs.

FILLING AND DECORATION: 4 oz. strong-flavoured cheese (cut in small squares), 1 pint fresh, frozen, or tinned prawns (or shrimps), chopped parsley, 1-2 oz. grated cheese to garnish.

Bring Stork and water to boil. Remove. Stir in sieved flour and salt. Return to heat. Cook, stirring vigorously until mixture comes away from sides. Remove; beat well; cool to lukewarm. Beat eggs in separately until thick. Using forcing bag with large rose tube, pipe a layer of mixture into 18-24 bun tins brushed with melted Stork. Press 3 cheese squares, and 2-3 prawns into each, and top with a second layer of piped mixture. Bake for 40-45 minutes in moderately hot oven, (Regulo Mark 5 : 380°F.) on second shelf from top. Remove from tins, insert three prawns in holes made with skewer on top of each, garnish with grated cheese, and chopped parsley. Serve hot. Makes (approximately) 18-24 (according to size).

For the wife who looks after children all day.

Plum Gateau

4 oz. (4 heaped tablespoons) self-raising flour, 4 oz. Stork Margarine, 4 oz. (4 rounded tablespoons) castor sugar, 2 eggs.

FILLING: 2 lb. very ripe sweet plums, ½ pint thick Stork Imitation Cream, castor sugar.

Sieve flour. Cream Stork and sugar. Beat eggs in separately, adding a little sieved flour with second. Fold in remaining flour. Put into 8-inch sandwich tin with round of grease-proof paper in bottom, and brushed inside with melted Stork, bake for 35-40 minutes on middle shelf of moderate oven (Regulo Mark 4 : 360°F). Cool on wire tray.

TO FILL: Wash plums, dry, halve and stone. Cut cake in half. With 6-inch pastry cutter cut out centre of top half. Pipe or spread thick layer of cream on bottom half, top with half plums. Replace top half of cake, fill in hollow centre with half remaining plums, pipe cream round, decorate with remaining plums, and top with cut-out round. Sprinkle with castor sugar. Serves 8 portions.

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